Saturday Review

OCTOBER 30, 1954 / 20¢

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Gauguin Self-portrait
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84 Countries Cooked Up this Book

By Thurman Price

"One of the reasons people go abroad," a famous actress once said, "is that they get tired of home cooking."

But not everybody can go abroad every time he gets a pallid palate. Perhaps the next best thing is something I came across in my recent literary travels. It's "The Complete Round-The-World Cookbook," just published by Doubleday & Company.

Myra Waldo, who compiled this exciting book with the help of Pan American World Airways, introduces 600 recipes from 84 countries and 6 continents. And the book goes beyond the recipes to the customs of preparing, serving and eating the foods. As a result, it is also a unique and sprightly travel guide.

You don't have to go to Austria if you yearn for *senf kartoffeln* instead of boiled potatoes. Or, if you're pining for a plate of *bengal muchlee* instead of fried fish, you can just turn to the right page.

Here's a sample dish I cooked up in my own kitchen . . . and the gratifying result makes me most eager to try the other 599:

Filet Mignon Rossini

¼ pound butter
6 beef fillets
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
4 black truffles, sliced thin
½ cup brandy
1 cup beef stock

—and if you want to know what to do then, write me and I'll supply the rest or . . . better still, buy the book. It's worth its weight in black truffles—and even gives you a list of shops in the U.S. that carry such exotic ingredients.

To feast your way around the world, just buy Myra Waldo's "The Complete Round-The-World Cookbook" at your local bookstore or nearest Pan American World Airways office. It costs only $5.00 (just a pinch above a penny a page). The next step is to try these dishes out in their native habitats. Pan American will be happy to fly you to any one of the 84 countries and colonies whose dishes please you most. You'll also like Pan American's courteous service, great speed and comfort, low-tourist fares and easy Pan Am "Pay-Later" Plan. (And the meals on the plane are pretty special, too.)

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The Saturday Review

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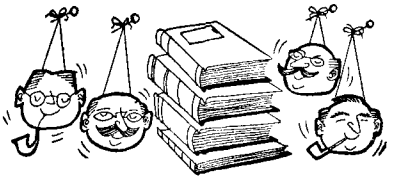
TRADE Winds

COLLECTORS OF SESQUIPEDALIAN law-firm names will have a field day with "Walter S. Carter," the biography of a famous, pioneering lawyer by Otto Koegel, himself the puissant legal eagle of Twentieth Century-Fox (Round Table Press, $6). Featured in its 491 pages are such euphonious combinations as Mack, Macauley, Spiegelberg, and Gallagher; Cravath, De Gersdorff, Swaine, and Wood; Hornblower, Byrne, Miller, and Potter; and the author's own firm of Dwight, Royall, Harris, Koegel, and Caskey. Collecting these names is a particular hobby around the offices of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner, and Beane, the Wall Street combine also known around the Exchange as "We the People."

Walter Carter was a dynamic gen-



tleman who ran a veritable nursery for young lawyers of talent. "Carter's Kids," who had later counterparts (not necessarily with the same political leanings) in "Holmes's Secretaries" and "Frankfurter's Hot Doggies," included some of the ablest barristers who ever baked a tort. Of Carter's proteges the most famous undoubtedly is Charles Evans Hughes, who clerked in Carter's firm, married the boss's daughter, became a partner, and went on to become Governor of New York, Chief Justice, and even President of the United States until the returns came in from California. Other famous graduates of the Carter indoctrination course include John Garver, James Byrne, Henry W. Taft, Paul Cravath, George Wickersham, and Frederic R. Kellogg.

The essence of Carter's drilling was never to become boring—a precept that Koegel took pains to remember when he wrote his biography. Carter liked to quote the famous comment on Evarts's speech in the Andrew Johnson impeachment trial: "He sought to make his fame immortal by making his speech eternal." Mr. Carter's little legal pills are recommended particularly to present-day attorneys who suffer spells of being long-winded and obtuse themselves.

PIERRE LAMURE, WHOSE "MOULIN ROUGE" turned out to be a gold mine, evidently is coming up with more of the same his second time out. His new novel, "Beyond Desire," is based on the life of composer Mendelssohn, and although it is not scheduled for publication before August 1955, movie producers are already standing in line waving checks. A very exhilarating breeze this creates, too, admits Pierre. Incidentally, this versatile author also banks royalties from ASCAP for songs he has composed, has drawn covers for *Time* magazine, and dazzles his publishers by passing through their portals with some of the most beautiful girls in the world. . . . Elek Books, publishers in London, have come up with a brand-new problem. Their ad in the *British Bookseller* urgently requested "the immediate return of all shrunken heads which were on loan from them for display purposes." Editors, perchance? . . . Sam Kaufman is trying to persuade Sylvia Fine (Mrs. Danny Kaye) to do some new lyrics to the music of the French composer Vincent d'Indy. He's already smacking his lips over the billing: Fine and d'Indy.

THERE'S A BOOK COMING OUT in a few days by the most unorthodox Broadway columnist I know: he actually checks the items that are fed to him by the usual run of press agents and other informants with an axe to grind before he prints them! This strange procedure may not have endeared him to his rivals, but it did win him a byline in the sacrosanct *New York Herald Tribune*. On the side he does regular Sunday pieces for *Parade*, presides over a daily ABC radio show, and plays the drums occasionally in Sammy Kaye's band. His name is Hy Gardner, and Henry Holt expects big things from his book, "Champagne for Breakfast." The preface is by Fred Allen.

The way Hy Gardner cracked the *Trib* should interest youngsters on the

threshold of a journalistic career. Hy laboriously turned out, set in type, and pulled galley proofs of full columns for thirty consecutive days, then sent them, special delivery, to thirty-seven top execs of the paper at their

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homes. A small box at the bottom of each proof reminded them, "This is a column which SHOULD be running daily in the *New York Herald Tribune.*" "I think," says Hy, "it was the wives of the executives who got used to reading my piece every morning. I'm not one of the dolts who underestimates the buying power of a woman!"

MARIHELEN MACDUFF, publicity wizard for Neiman Marcus in Dallas, admits that she never really hits her stride until shortly before noon. "What can you expect," she inquires, "of a day that begins in the early morning?" ... Henry Fonda, discussing "The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial" with Donald Freeman of the *San Diego Union,* declared, "If there's a real villain in the piece, it has to be Keefer, the shallow, trouble-making intellectual. And I think Herman Wouk saw something of himself in this character—himself fifteen years earlier perhaps, with an intellectual wetness behind the ears he had grown to despise. I'd say there's a lot of Wouk in Greenwald, too. Wouk is incapable of writing anything obvious," concluded Fonda. "He's a tremendously mature artist, only at the threshold. Playing the part of Greenwald I came to appreciate in full the author's deep convictions and powers to express them. 'The Caine Mutiny' is just the beginning for Herman Wouk." ... Charles Laughton, adds Don Freeman, summarized "The Caine Mutiny" as "a patriotic drama with many semi-villains but only the Navy as its hero" ... Wes Lawrence, collecting "Little Willie" rhymes for

his breezy column in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer,* came up with a dilly the other morning:

Playing his wooden oboe, Will
Swallowed the horn at the top of a trill.
Said mother, watching Willie go:
"What mighty aches from oak horns grow."

BRUCE ROGERS, AT R. D. 3, Danbury, Connecticut, has several copies on hand of one of his most beautiful productions: "A Selection of the Writings of St. Francis of Assisi," which B. R. designed in a limited edition for the Rowfant Club in Cleveland. I believe the issue price of $15 a copy still obtains. Collectors of typographical gems

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should write to Bruce Rogers direct. . . . Walter Karig, no stranger to the best-seller lists himself, is the surprise appointment as book-editor of *The Washington Post*. Mary McGory, previous incumbent, is moving on to other fields. . . . Quail Hawkins, longtime co-manager of the Sather Gate Bookshop in Berkeley, is now an executive at the University of California Press. Quail writes that during a recent severe rainstorm one of the Press's storerooms leaked. Most of the rain fell, appropriately enough, on neatly-stacked copies of MacKenzie Brown's "The White Umbrella."

DR. NATHANIEL MICKLEM retired as principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, recently on reaching sixty-five. His father, just turned 100—the oldest living member of the British Bar—was not too pleased when world-traveler

Irving Hoffman broke the news to him. "Bah," grumbled Papa, "I thought I had that boy settled." . . . In his invaluable new treatise, "Never Say Diet," Corey Ford claims that the following elbow exercise is bound to produce results: "Stand in vertical position, with elbows braced on edge of mahogany bar and right foot resting firmly on rail eight or ten inches above floor. Grasp glass in right hand and bend slowly until rim of glass touches lips. Lower elbow, refill glass, and repeat routine until chin is level with bar. Once proficiency has been attained this exercise can even be continued in a horizontal position." . . .

THE UNIVERSAL APPEAL of a title like "The Power of Positive Thinking" certainly has played a part in keeping Norman Vincent Peale's inspirational book on the very top of non-fiction best-seller lists for two solid years. Aspiring authors, therefore, are continually beseeching Dr. Peale to provide sure-fire titles for *their* immortal prose. Dr. Peale counters with the story of the author who made a similar demand of J. M. Barrie. Barrie made no move to open the 1,500-page manuscript, but drawled, "Tell me, young man: are there any drums or any trumpets in your novel?" "Mr. Barrie!" protested the author. "It's not that kind of a novel at all." "Perfect," beamed Barrie. "Call it 'No Drums, No Trumpets'."

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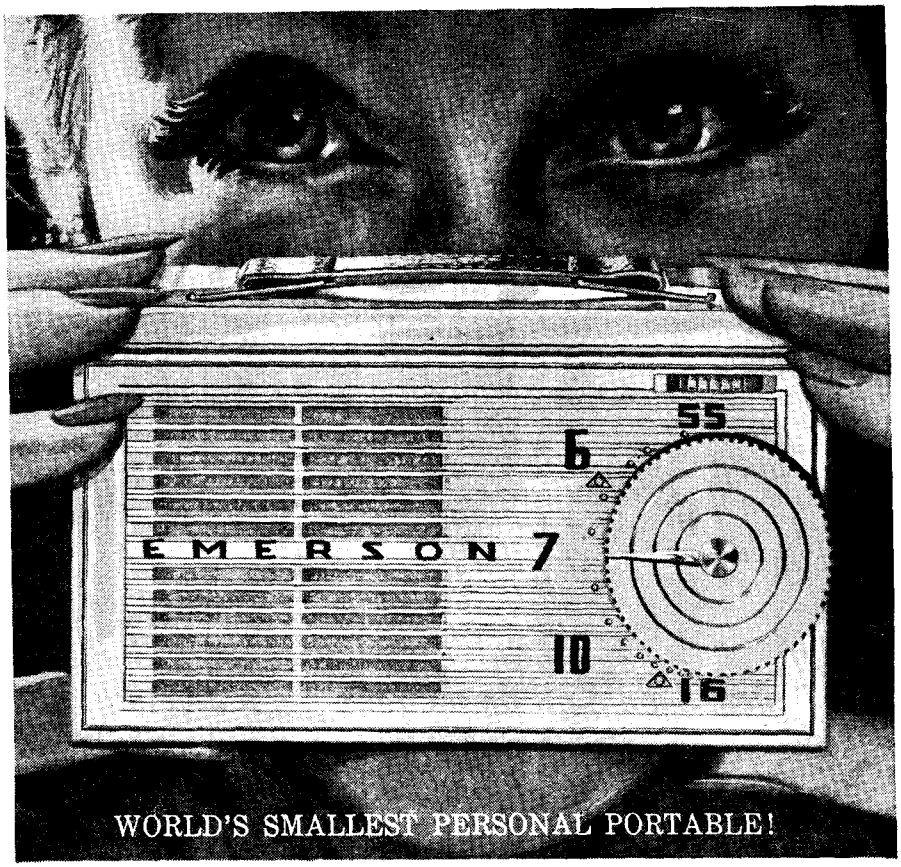

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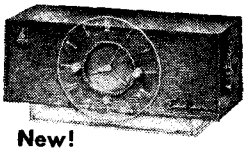

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The Last Hunt by Milton Lott • "Except for A. B. Guthrie's *The Big Sky* and *The Way West* I can think of no novel about the Old West published within the last fifteen years as good as *The Last Hunt*, by Milton Lott. This is the real thing." — *Orville Prescott, N.Y. Times*
"It is as though the author had somehow been part of it all himself . . . if this is not what it was like to hunt buffalo, then the reality is not to be found in print anywhere." — *Joseph Henry Jackson, San Francisco Chronicle* $3.95

Seven Days to Lomaland by Esther Warner • "This is a book to take slowly, to savor and to re-read for it speaks to the heart, as well as the head, in words that challenge and illumine and are unforgettable." — *Alice Dixon Bond, Boston Herald*
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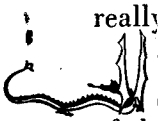

The Fellowship of the Ring by J. R. R. Tolkien • "A system of mythology as coherent, complete and detailed as that constructed by the ancients from the city-cults of the Levant . . . a book to be read for sound prose and rare imagination." — *The London Times* $5.00

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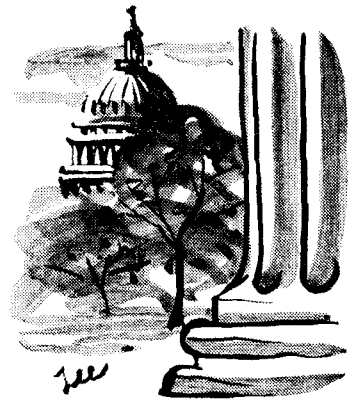
The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 30, 1954

THE UNIFORM OF JUSTICE

1. Frankfurter—the Big "Little Jedge"



EDITOR'S NOTE: *In recent years there has been increased awareness of the part played by the United States Supreme Court in shaping American traditions and institutions. Though it has traditionally been regarded as the central stabilizing mechanism of government, the Court has been associated with many of the most profound changes in the life of a free society. Within the Court itself, changes either in the composition of its members or the ideas of its members have been reflected in history-making decisions. Perhaps no member of the present Court has been more identified in the public mind with the dynamics of change than Felix Frankfurter. Sixteen years ago he was regarded as an architect of the most advanced aspects of the New Deal. Today he is more often associated in the public mind with the strongly conservative viewpoint.*

The following study of Justice Frankfurter is the latest in a series on eminent contemporaries by John Mason Brown. Previous articles have been concerned with President Eisenhower, Adlai Stevenson, Harry S. Truman, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Walter Lippmann. Mr. Brown's study of Felix Frankfurter will be continued in an early issue.

By JOHN MASON BROWN

JUSTICE is a principle, and a great one; a Justice is merely a man who may or may not be great. By convention a member of the Supreme Court, wherever met and even when not wearing his robe, is addressed as "Mr. Justice," as if the principle in some miraculous though very cozy way had taken human form.

Quite rightly, the building which houses the Court is anything but cozy. Its every emphasis is on the principle rather than the persons who are its guardians. Seeking to give physical expression to an ideal older than the Greece and Rome with which it is linked by the Corinthian columns on its portico, its façade is deliberately austere. Its lines are serene and strong and highminded in their simplicity, its matching wings have the balance of scales. The acres of white marble, inside and out, continue the symbolism. They speak for the purity of justice as a principle and are as cool as reason. Architecturally, the room in which the Court sits is less successful. It is hard to see in, hard to hear in, poorly planned, and poorly lighted. With its oppressive display of Ionic columns, bronze, mahogany, and red velvet, it sinks to the gaudy in reaching for the grand. Yet, in spite of itself, it does succeed in suggesting the majesty of its purpose.

This majesty is also expressed in the ceremony enacted each day in this room at the stroke of noon whenever the Court is sitting. A warning gavel raps for silence, everyone present rises as the curtains part, and the Chief Justice and his associates enter, dressed in their black gowns. In tones appropriately awesome the marshal chants, "Oyez, Oyez, Oyez! All persons having business before the Honorable, the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the Court is now sitting. God save the United States and this Honorable Court."

Upon the reading of these words, with their firm assertion of present power in terms of phrases from the past and their coupling of the nation's safety with the Court's, the gavel raps again, the Justices take their seats as do those facing them, and the day's business begins. During these preliminary moments it is easy to believe that, instead of nine men

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coming into a room, "Justice" itself has made an entrance. The black gowns contribute to the illusion. They are vestments which set their wearers apart. Although similar to the gowns worn by judges in courts high and low throughout the country, they take on a special significance in this, the highest Court.

Perhaps it is the number of them that makes them here the more eloquent as symbols. Perhaps it is the awareness of the authority and finality of this Court, and its terrible responsibility. Whatever the explanation, the gowns, like the building, are reminders of a noble concept.

—*Wide World.*

Justice Felix Frankfurter—"none more colorful or controversial."

Even before the marshal has finished reading, the illusion of justice as an abstraction has vanished (or almost vanished, because it never quite vanishes in this courtroom), and visitors, no matter how impressed, have become aware that beneath these black gowns are men, very mortal men. They are men whose only assured uniformity is the color of their robes; men known for their records, and liked or disliked for being "liberal" or "conservative." Spectators either recognize them at once as excitedly as if they were movie stars or are eager to have them identified.

They are men who vary in their regional accents, and other more important accents too. Different in their personal and professional backgrounds, fed on different philosophies, and fired by different dreams, they can—and many times do—come up with opposite conclusions after reading the same precedents and listening to the same arguments. Regardless of the outward imperturbability they either possess or have been careful to cultivate, their annoyance with each other, no matter how controlled it may be in the conference room or in the Court, is often sharply stated in their written opinions, frequently spills over into their conversations or letters, and has been known on rare occasions to swell into expressions of anger which have found their way into newspapers. Above all, these nine stand-ins for justice are no more able than other men to escape completely from themselves. In spite of the white marble, the black gowns, and the respect they share for the law and the Court, what they are as individuals determines what they are as Justices and is bound, therefore, to change the history of the Court, hence of the country.

NO ONE is more conscious of this than Felix Frankfurter, affectionately called "the Little Jedge" (behind his back) by his law clerks. And none of the "Mr. Justices" is more colorful as a personality or has been more controversial as a figure. Nearly twenty years have passed since, because of his closeness to Roosevelt in the early days of the New Deal, he was called "the most influential single individual in the United States" and damned as an "alien-minded mentor from Vienna." Still unforgiven by political enemies he made then, still feared by conservatives who think of him as a dangerous radical, and now accused by liberals of having become a conservative, Frankfurter, after almost sixteen years on the Court, remains a figure of enormous influence. The controversies involving racial tolerance, civil liberties, and suspicion of the foreign born, of which he was the storm-center, have not disappeared. They have merely moved on in all their ugliness to involve others, and in the process given a renewed significance to Frankfurter's career and the part he has played as one of those nine individuals, dressed as judges, who have taken a solemn oath to administer justice "agreeably to the Constitution and laws of the United States."

Frankfurter recognizes the mystical and transforming significance of the black robes, and when asked, as he frequently is, "Does a man become different when he puts on a gown?" he answers, "If he is any good, he does." To Frankfurter the gown is very definitely the uniform of a principle. As such, it is something to make all members of the Court, in spite of their human inadequacies and limited insights, remember that disinterestedness is their obligation and that, in interpreting the Constitution, they owe "allegiance to nothing except the search" for EQUAL JUSTICE UNDER LAW, those noble words of promise carved large above the portico of the Court building.

Yet the same Frankfurter who has maintained that ultimately men are governed by ideas or by ideas about ideas is well aware there can be no government of laws except through men. To him the Court is not an abstraction. It is an institution, the actions of which have always been determined by the character of the "fallible creatures," responsive or resistant to the spirit of their times, who happen to have been on it.

FRANKFURTER cannot understand why anyone in his senses should be surprised when the Justices disagree. For that matter, he cannot understand why, chosen as they are for their special capabilities, they should be expected to agree any more than scientists, historians, or critics. The Court, like the law, as he sees it, draws its juices from life. He has pointed out that "the inclination of a single Justice, the buoyancy of his hopes or the intensity of his fears, may determine the opportunity of a much-needed social experiment to survive, or may frustrate for a long time intelligent attempts to deal with a social evil."

So ardent is his belief in the importance of the individual that it once tempted him to write, "There is no inevitability in history except as men make it." Although such a generalization invites challenge, few would question Frankfurter's contention that "it would deny all meaning to history to believe that the course of events would have been the same if Thomas Jefferson had had the naming of Spencer Roane to the place to which John Adams called John Marshall, or if Roscoe Conkling rather than Morrison R. Waite had headed the Court before which came the

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Granger legislation." In his opinion an understanding of what manner of men the Justices are or have been is crucial to an understanding of the Court.

Trying to understand what manner of man Frankfurter is is a fascinating but tantalizing task. To describe him is easy enough, and made the simpler because there is not too much of him to describe. He stands a mere five feet five. He is the shortest of the Justices, this bantam who sits two down to the right of the Chief Justice. When seated in the smallest of the black leather chairs, with his head just peering above the bench, he faintly suggests the Dormouse. In scale only, of course, because the Dormouse slumbered through the Tea Party and drowsing is the last thing Frankfurter's confreres, his former students, and his friends or enemies would ever associate with him. His manner, which is jaunty to the point of cockiness, has no slumber in it. He is one of the most utterly awake and completely alive of men. Everything about him proclaims this, including his fine bluish-gray eyes which are forever flashing and sparkling behind his pince-nez.

Although most of us would not choose the faces we have, Frankfurter has no reason to be dissatisfied with his. It is decisive and handsome; an intellectual's face, quizzical, sensitive, and worldly, yet not disillusioned. Its eagerness counterbalances its sophistication; its friendliness softens its penetration. It is the face of a performer, not a spectator, and its mobility should be the envy of actors. Many have noted the Justice's birdlike expression. But there are birds and birds, and Frankfurter complicates this comparison by refusing to remain within one species. He does tilt his head with the questioning alertness of a robin, and in a robin's fashion he does tug at life as if it were a juicy worm he had been lucky enough to get hold of and was determined to gulp down. It is, however, with a tern's swiftness that he moves and thinks and dives at an idea.

Had his height been a matter of choice, Frankfurter would undoubtedly have elected to be taller than he is. Jokingly he said not long ago, when speaking at the University of Virginia's Law School, that he thought all Justices of the Supreme Court should be strong, big, powerful-looking men, and added that a jowl also helps. His being small should not bother him. He is a proof that bigness is not a matter of stature. In the opinion of many Americans this littlest of the Justices is one of the largest figures on the Court, and some would say the largest.

Such is his excess of energy that a friend of his told me he could only liken him to a golfball dropped from a considerable height onto a cement floor. The trouble with this image is that, whereas a golfball's bounce diminishes, there is no end to Frankfurter's. Or almost no end. This is as true today when he is nearly seventy-two as it was when at fifty-six he was appointed to the Court. His mind is never still, his tongue seldom, and his gestures and movements are agile enough to keep up with both.

MANY men rely on sports to tame their energies. The Justice does not and never has. If, when summering at his somewhat sunless old house at Charlemont, Massachusetts, he spends most of his time indoors, he has his reasons. One is that he agrees with his close friend Wilmarth S. Lewis that nature is supposed to be looked at through glass; the other (and the better) is that being Felix Frankfurter is in itself a violent form of exercise. To be sure, he does like walking and in Washington continues to walk to work as he did in Cambridge during the twenty-five years he was on the faculty of the Harvard Law School. Indeed, one of the sights of the capital must be seeing him and another of his old and dear friends, Dean Acheson, striding—the short and the long of it—the good half-mile from Acheson's Georgetown home to his law office where the Justice is picked up by his car and driven to the Court.

The inner Frankfurter is far more complex than the spruce, confident, and bustling outward Frankfurter seems. Some of those who know him best deny this. They insist he is simple and, as Wesley McCune pointed out, when trying to prove it become complicated themselves. It is easy to see why. Compact as he is in his person, Frankfurter is markedly diffuse as a personality. If his interests are many, so are the contradictions in his nature.

Considering how numerous and mutinous these are, it would seem that he is an outstanding Justice because of his gifts and in spite of his temperament. The judge's dispassion must often come hard to a man whose zeal as an advocate is instinctive. Regardless of the detachment Frankfurter achieves intellectually, emotionally he is a participant. His heart is as warm as his head can be cool. Though his mind, a brilliant one, is a Catherine wheel always twirling and sending off sparks, his ability to concentrate is no less marked than his mental restlessness. His mastery of large ideas and intricate legal problems is equaled by his relish for small talk and gossip.

One of the most gregarious of people, he is a scholar who over the long years has been on intimate terms with the loneliness scholars must know. He neither shuns pleasure nor avoids drudgery, and in conversation is as gay and indiscreet as he is serious and judicial in print. Just as the Court gains because of his presence, so do parties. He enjoys them, "makes them," and is one of the last to leave them

(*Continued on page 45*)

"No agreement in sight yet—the union demands 6 per cent while management refuses to pay more than 4 per cent for a $750,000 loan from the union."

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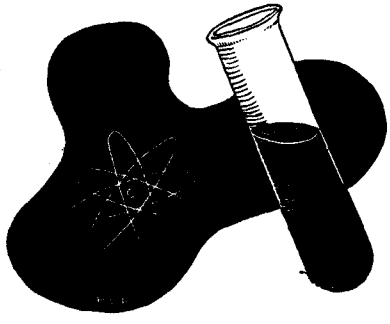
At Home With the Atom

"Atoms in the Family," by Laura Fermi *(University of Chicago Press. 267 pp. $4), is a wife's-eye-view of Enrico Fermi, the physicist who made fundamental contributions to the invention of the atomic bomb. John Pfeiffer, our reviewer, has long been covering the field of science for magazines and newspapers.*

By John Pfeiffer

"HIS lips were exceedingly thin and fleshless, and among his upper teeth a baby tooth lingered on, conspicuous in its incongruity. But his eyes were cheerful and amused; very close together, they left room only for a narrow nose, and they were gray-blue, despite his dark complexion." Laura Fermi was favorably impressed but not uncritical when she first met her future husband thirty years ago in Rome. Now with the publication of "Atoms in the Family" she becomes his first biographer and presents a charmingly written and informative story of the career of one of the world's foremost physicists. Enrico Fermi occupies a central position in the history of atomic energy and the atom bomb.

A small group of scientists, working under the direction and developing many of his original ideas, produced the first self-sustaining chain reaction of uranium. That was on December 2, 1942 in a squash court beneath the stands of Stagg Field, the University of Chicago's football stadium. The experiment proved once and for all that an atom bomb could be built and later, at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory in New Mexico, Fermi played a major role in helping build it. As far as the general public is concerned this represents by far his most dramatic achievement. But his scientific fame rests on fundamental research conducted before the coming of World War II and atomic weapons, and the book describes his early work in clear non-technical terms.



At the age of seventeen Fermi applied for a teaching position in Pisa. He wrote a brilliant paper, and one of his examiners called him in for a special interview to make sure that a person so young could actually have so much knowledge at his command. At the end of the interview Fermi learned that he was "exceptional." Later at the University of Rome he went on to pioneer experiments in atom-smashing—on a small scale. No multimillion-dollar cyclotrons or laboratories were available in those days, and the Italian physicist worked under conditions that would be considered crude today. For example, Fermi and a colleague often had to run down a long corridor at top speed to a homemade Geiger counter to measure the radioactivity of "hot" elements. "They always raced, and Enrico claims that he could run faster. . . . But he is not a good loser."

THESE races and other adventures, including tests conducted in a goldfish fountain behind the laboratory, yielded important facts about the atom and how to split it. Among other things, it was found that relatively slow-moving neutrons were more effective than fast particles in knocking chips off atomic nuclei—a principle used in the design of atomic weapons and furnaces. For such work Fermi was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1938. The day he learned of the award was eventful for another reason. Mussolini decreed a set of anti-Semitic laws, depriving Jews of full citizenship, passports, and other rights, and Laura Fermi is Jewish. Less than a month later the family traveled to Stockholm for the Nobel Prize ceremonies and did not return to Italy. They kept on traveling, to the United States.

During the same month German physicists, using slow neutrons, found they had produced uranium fission. Fermi was soon involved in the atom-bomb project, first in Chicago and later at the Los Alamos laboratory, under its director, Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer ("Oppie" to his co-workers). Laura Fermi's account of life on the New Mexico mesa is a high point of her interesting book. Every morn-

THE AUTHOR: The excitement generated by the publication of "Atoms in the Family," by Laura Fermi, was marred the other day by the news that the big atom in the family had undergone surgery at Billings Memorial Hospital, Chicago. Happily, the last word is that Dr. Enrico Fermi, the fifty-four-year-old Nobel Prize physicist who is known as "the architect of the atomic age," was making satisfactory progress. Chronicling the odyssey of the Fermis in the spectacular world of fission represented a kind of triumph of talent over dishwashing, a story Mrs. Fermi modestly recounted the other afternoon at a book luncheon held in the Green Room of the University Club, Chicago. It seems that when she first began writing about her life with Dr. Fermi she asked Guilio, her son, who is a student at Oberlin, whether he would scan her work every night. Well, he scanned the first night's output and it turned out that he was less impressed than the critics would be a few years later. In fact, he'd just as soon do the dishes as read another line, he said. On the spot Mrs. Fermi and Guilio struck a bargain: she'd go on writing on her own, he'd do the dishes. Guilio spent a couple of weeks at the sink before his curiosity got the best of him. He began peeking over the soapsuds at Mrs. Fermi's pyramiding manuscript and found that he liked what he read. On the spot he renounced dishwashing and became "Atoms in the Family's" first reader.

Mrs. Fermi wrote the book slowly, in English, surrounded by English and Italian dictionaries and thesauruses. It is not her first book. Back in the Thirties, in Italy, she, along with the wife of another physicist, wrote "Alchima del Tempo Nostro." Mrs. Fermi spent the past summer in Italy, visiting her family. Here, she and the other atoms live in a large house, full of Italian furniture, in the South Side of Chicago. It's not far from the University's athletic field, where, on December 2, 1942, Dr. Fermi directed the experiment that overnight changed the history of the world. —BERNARD KALB.

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ing at seven sharp a siren would sound, announcing that work would start in an hour. Her husband would awaken, yawn, stretch himself: "Oppie has whistled. It is time to get up." While he worked on the bomb she held a clerical job. "I was given a blue badge that admitted to the Tech Area, but did not permit that I be told secrets . . . I could mark medical histories 'secret' in red with a rubber stamp."

The book includes anecdotes about shopping in Santa Fe, water shortages, and community gossip concerning the fortunate occupants of attractive cottages on "Bathtub Row." Laura Fermi may not have been in on research secrets, but she was more aware of people and personal relationships than her husband. She tells about the tragic death of the first American to suffer from exposure to intense atomic radiations. She includes brief descriptions of scientists at the laboratory: Dr. Oppenheimer, who "carried the burden of his responsibilities with an enthusiasm and a zeal bordering on religiosity"; the great Danish physicist Niels Bohr, who out-skied many of his more youthful friends; and the traitor Karl Fuchs. There is also an appreciative sketch of John Baudino, Fermi's bodyguard.

AFTER the war public release of some hitherto classified information brought a surprising change among Los Alamos scientists. Men who had kept their lips sealed in times of super-secrecy talked almost constantly about the atom bomb—and many of them were shocked by the power of the weapon they had created, now that it had been demonstrated over Hiroshima and Nagaski. "Perhaps they were not emotionally prepared for the absence of a time interval between scientific completion and the actual use of their discovery. I don't believe they had visualized a destruction whose equivalent in tons of TNT they had calculated with the utmost accuracy." The physicists, concerned about the future in 1945, established what is now the American Federation of Scientists to form and take action on atomic policies.

Enrico Fermi did not join the group. "Inside the ivory tower contributions to science were an end in themselves. Enrico is fond of stressing this point." Today at the University of Chicago he is using a mammoth new atom-smashing instrument to probe deeper into the nature of the nucleus, and to learn more about the elusive atomic particles called mesons. Laura Fermi, her story told and told well, emerges as a perceptive writer uniquely qualified to comment on some of the human aspects of nuclear research.

Antibiotics Author

"My Life With the Microbes," by Selman Waksman *(Simon & Schuster. 346 pp. $5), is the autobiography of a pioneer worker in the field of antibiotics. Marston Bates, who reviews it below, is professor of zoology at the University of Michigan and author of "The Natural History of Mosquitoes" and other books.*

By Marston Bates

ONE picks up the autobiography of a scientist with the hope that it may provide some insight into the workings of that particular variety of creative personality, some searching of the soul, some analysis of the drives that keep a man diligent in the laboratory over long, laborious years. But I am afraid that Selman A. Waksman is not given to that sort of introspection—perhaps fortunately, since cosmic doubts have thus not interfered with his concentration. In "My Life With the Microbes" he has written a plain, straightforward success story about the poor Ukranian immigrant who, with nothing but his honesty, integrity, perseverance, and intelligence, managed to play a major part in the establishment of a special science, microbiology; to make a major contribution with antibiotics in the "war on disease"; and to achieve universal recognition for these accomplishments, including the Nobel Prize for physiology and medicine in 1952. There is no discernible deviation from the Horatio Alger pattern. Maybe things do work that way.

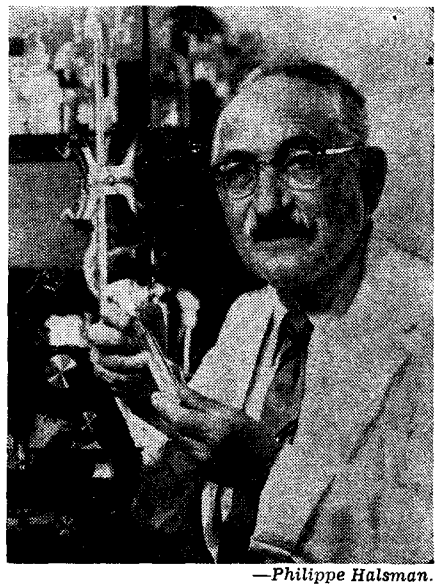
There is, however, much interesting material in this life with the microbes, material that kept me reading despite the tedious and stilted prose. Dr. Waksman gave us detailed memories of the problems of growing up in the Ukraine, of the terrible struggle for an education, of the putrefaction of imperial Russia, of the almost insuperable difficulties of breaking out of the chains of the past. Dr. Waksman is describing the surface of his memories, but with a detail that makes it possible to guess at what must lie below, at the forces that were gathering to give him the drive for his really remarkable accomplishments.

Waksman finally managed, against all odds, to pass the competitive university examinations at Odessa. But then what should he do? "It was out of the question to apply to a Russian university. Since the number of admissions was limited I could hardly compete with the day students of the gymnasium who had gold and silver medals, and among the Jews it was only the holders of such medals who had a chance to be accepted. Then, my mother was dead, and I was waiting from day to day to break away completely from my past." So he listened to the urgings of his cousins in America and, in 1910 at the age of twenty-two, emigrated, with forty dollars in his pocket beyond the cost of his passage.

He was admitted to Rutgers University the following year and, with his intelligence and industry, encountered no serious scholastic difficulties. He has been closely associated with Rutgers ever since, except for a two-year interval at California, where he earned his Ph.D. degree in biochemistry.

Most of the book is the Rutgers story—the story of the development of microbiology and of the discovery of streptomycin, and finally of the establishment of the Institute of Microbiology at Rutgers. Dr. Waksman invented the word "antibiotic" and one sometimes almost gets the impression that he feels he invented this whole area of medical therapy. This perhaps is inevitable in writing an autobiography since the author's main interest is in himself. Dr. Waksman is occasionally able to pull himself away from this fascinating subject long enough to say something about the work of René Dubos or to mention penicillin. But the ideas and concepts behind microbial study get little more than casual mention.

The catalogue of speeches, honors, travels, and triumphs in the last part of the book seems interminable; but here, too, the amassing of detail becomes fascinating. Accounts of prewar and postwar visits to Russia are of particular interest, even though Dr. Waksman, as always, limits himself to a description of the surface.



—Philippe Halsman.

Selman Waksman—"success story."

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Thermonuclear Cabal

"The Hydrogen Bomb," by James Shepley and Clay Blair, Jr. *(David McKay Co. 244 pp. $3), purports to give the inside story behind the development of a great weapon of war. Since its publication several weeks ago it has become a subject of nationwide dispute and controversy. Herewith* SR *publishes a report on it by John Haverstick. The pros and cons of the book and the controversy will be debated at greater length in a forthcoming issue.*

By John Haverstick

ON A Sunday evening late last month a dapper, boyish-looking young man appeared on a radio program called "Comment" and dropped a bomb into the worlds of both politics and publishing. The bomb: that Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, had tried to buy up the young man's book and, in order to keep it from being published, had sought to lock it away for twenty-five years in a safe. Later the admiral confirmed that he had indeed tried to do exactly that. The book which the admiral tried to suppress: "The Hydrogen Bomb. The Men, The Menace, The Mechanism," by James Shepley, the young man who appeared on the radio program, and Clay Blair, Jr.

At the time of the broadcast the book itself had not yet been published, though several of its chapters had already been seen in the pages of *U. S. News and World Report,* a widely-circulated weekly magazine published in Washington by the ultra-conservative columnist David Lawrence. When the book did appear several days later—despite Admiral Strauss and despite also the efforts of a former chairman of AEC, Gordon Dean—it received more space in the newspapers than is usually accorded a book. It was praised by the rightist press and damned by the leftist press.

The thesis of the Shepley-Blair book is this: the development of the hydrogen bomb was dangerously delayed by a faction of scientists headed by Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer and the staff of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratories. This delay, according to the book, might have proved fatal in this country's race with Russia had it not been for the thermonuclear discoveries of Dr. Edward Teller, who split off from his fellow scientists, built a separate atomic laboratory at Livermore, California, and, by this means, galvanized the Los Alamos scientists into more productive action. As a result of this thesis, Dr. Teller, who had until this time been relatively little known, has now been widely publicized in national magazines as the "father of the H-bomb."

The circulation of this thesis has hardly soothed the feelings of the past and present Government officials directly concerned with atomic development, who had already taken their stands on some of the most vital issues involved. Foremost among these issues is the dismissal of Dr. Oppenheimer from the General Advisory Committee of AEC and his subsequent barring from restricted atomic information. Other issues on which scientists and military men have taken sides include the bad blood between the military and the scientists as to who should control atomic development and the Defense Department's own intramural disagreement, in which the Air Force is fighting for control of atomic development to the exclusion of other branches of the service. When the book was published its thesis was called "vicious" and "untruthful" by many of these men. It was specifically denied almost point by point by Dr. Norris E. Bradbury, chief of the Los Alamos laboratory, who held his first press conference in eight or nine years in order to do so. It has also been denied by almost every other Government official familiar with the atomic program except Admiral Strauss, who comes off very well in the Shepley-Blair book and who has been suspected of being one of their sources and, except for Dr. Teller, their book's hero.

"These two boys," Gordon Dean has said, referring to the thirty-seven-year-old Shepley and the twenty-nine-year-old Blair, "have done a serious disservice. Their book may very well do what the Communists would love to do—undermine the atomic-energy program of the country." Dr. I. I. Rabi, now chairman of the General Advisory Committee of the AEC, has said that the book's authors "should have their heads or their motives examined." The book has been labeled "the best effort of the year thus far in the field of fantasy and science-fiction" by *The New Mexican,* a Santa Fe, New Mexico, newspaper which keeps close watch on the doings at Los Alamos.

THERE have also been those who have intimated that the book was inspired by military men who want to disqualify scientists from holding posts as advisors to the Government. Others have pointed out that the book is part of a campaign on the part of the military to recapture control of the atomic-energy program from civilian authority.

Even the technical information con-

Acme. Acme.

Authors Shepley and Blair, scientists Fermi and Oppenheimer—"Strauss sought to lock [the book] away for twenty-five years."

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tained in the volume has come in for its share of criticism by Dr. Henry DeWolf Smyth, former member of AEC. The book, Dr. Smyth has said, "simplifies complex problems of nuclear physics to the point of absurdity." And again: "[The authors] seem to have talked at length with a few people who knew parts of the story, but they presumably have not had access to the basic documents, which are classified."

To such accusations the David McKay Co., publishers of the book, have replied that one of the authors, Mr. Blair, was also the author of another book dealing with atomic politics, "The Atomic Submarine and Admiral Rickover" (Henry Holt & Co.), and that both Mr. Shepley and Mr. Blair, the former of whom is chief of the Washington bureau of Time, Inc., and the latter a correspondent in the same bureau, have been reporting stories of nuclear and thermonuclear energy for the past several years. In this connection Time, Inc., itself has run stories in its publications *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*, using research supplied by Shepley and Blair. *Time*'s "Letter from the Publisher" column has printed the statement that "Shepley and Blair a few months ago took on a spare-time project: editing and condensing into book form the reams of research they had compiled in their work . . ." But none of the Time, Inc., publications has as yet run direct quotes from the book or reviewed it in their book-review sections.

The David McKay Co. has also distributed a list of the sources from whom, it says, the authors obtained their information. It is a long list, running the gamut of Washington officialdom. To this list, however, the *New York Herald Tribune* columnists Joseph and Stewart Alsop, who have championed Dr. Oppenheimer, have taken exception. The Alsops have noted the list contains the names of only three scientists, each of whom they have talked with by telephone. Dr. Charles Lauritsen, one of the scientists listed, told them: "I have never heard of these two characters [Shepley and Blair] before—I'm sure I never talked to either of them. The book? I think it's dreadful, full of inaccuracies and distortions . . ." Dr. Lee DuBridge told them: "I've never heard of them before in my life. . . . The book is a highly misleading and distorted picture of the thermonuclear program . . ." Dr. Smyth, though he did not deny talking with the authors, said, "I spent a miserable Saturday reading it."

The Alsop brothers have also contributed to the general controversy a speculation which, if true, would be a devastating indictment of the book. In the third of their series of columns on the book, a column which they called "The Dud," they said, "There is publicly available evidence which strongly suggests that the hydrogen bomb designed at Dr. Edward Teller's Livermore Laboratory turned out to be a failure during the Pacific test series last spring." Some substantiation of this charge has come from Los Alamos. In a press release Dr. Bradbury asserted that the Los Alamos Laboratory "developed EVERY SUCCESSFUL THERMONUCLEAR WEAPON THAT EXISTS TODAY" in the free world (capital letters are Dr. Bradbury's). Senator Clinton P. Anderson, the ranking Democratic member of the Joint Atomic Energy Committee of the Senate, has given an even broader hint to this effect by saying, "I wish that the AEC would remove from its classified character the report of what happened to the bombs designed by Dr. Teller and the Livermore Laboratory. The authors . . . might have asked the AEC how Dr. Teller's thermonuclear bombs have thus far exploded."

The Atomic Tomorrow

IN **"Atomic Science, Bombs and Power"** *(Dodd, Mead, $4.50), David Dietz, science editor of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, tries to answer two questions: What is atomic energy? What does the atomic age hold for mankind? Here are a few of his prognostications:*

• • "A non-stop flight around the earth's equator in twenty-four hours in a jet-propelled plane that keeps pace with the sun's progress across the sky, a plane that travels more than 1,000 miles an hour so that if it starts at noon, the time remains noon for every instant of the flight, is one of the miracles that can be expected in the new Era of Atomic Energy."

• • "A 240,000-mile rocket trip to the moon, the earth's nearest neighbor in space, is another miracle that will come to pass with the aid of atomic energy."

• • "No baseball game will be called off on account of rain in the forthcoming Era of Atomic Energy. No airplane will bypass an airport because of fog. No city will experience a winter traffic jam because of heavy snow. Summer resorts will be able to guarantee the weather and artificial suns will make it as easy to grow corn and potatoes indoors as on the farm."

• • "It is conceivable that the day will come when gold and platinum will be extracted from the ocean, not because of their monetary value but because they are ideal substances for containers to handle acids and certain other chemicals. It is entirely possible, therefore, that the day may come when the world will have great factories in which all the tanks, pipes, valves, etc., will be made of pure gold or platinum."

• • "It will be possible, for example, to keep airfields free of snow and ice by means of a network of steam-pipes in the concrete runways. It should also be possible to send enough heat into the air to dispel fog over an airfield."

• • "At the present moment, only one method is known by which atomic energy can be put to work for the peaceful pursuits of mankind. That is by the use of the device known as the nuclear reactor. . . . The nuclear reactor gives up its energy in the form of heat which can be used in place of the heat of coal or petroleum to operate an electric power plant. . . . The great hope which atomic energy holds for the future of mankind is the vast increase which it will make in the amount of useful power at the command of mankind. In this connection, it is instructive to remember that one pound of Uranium 235 contains the heat equivalent of 3,000,000 pounds of coal."

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English Eyes Upon Us

"American Writing To-day: Its Independence and Vigour," edited by Alan Pryce-Jones *(The Times, London. 100 pp. 50¢), is a special number of* The Times Literary Supplement *that offers a comprehensive picture of American writing, reading, and publishing. Here it is reviewed by Malcolm Cowley, American critic and editor, whose "The Literary Situation" is being published this month.*

By Malcolm Cowley

NEVER before has a weekly journal of one nation devoted so much space and such close attention to the literature of another nation. The American number of *The Times Literary Supplement*, dated September 17, is more than an issue of a magazine; it is a complete book, better edited than most symposiums in hard covers and more widely distributed through American bookstores. It is also a historical event, one that would have been impossible in 1934 and unthinkable in 1919. It is the formal recognition by the English, offered ungrudgingly through their most respected literary organ, that American writing has become a province, even a world, in itself; that it has developed a lasting tradition of its own; and that in many respects it is richer than contemporary British writing.

"American Writing To-day" is full of thoughtful essays that try to describe the present status of our literature in all its branches or try to define its permanent qualities. Especially useful attempts at definition are "The Emergence of a National Style" and "A Search for the Conscience of a People." The first of these asserts that there is "a basis of scepticism, of realistic rigour, in the best styles that America has produced. . . . There is a persistent sense that to be learned, specialized, privileged, or anti-social, is to exclude one's self from the rights and vitality of the community." What these statements mean is shown by many examples. The second essay explains convincingly that our fiction is "nothing if not critical" and is also "highly self-conscious . . . because its underlying theme is so often what it means, or ought to mean, to be that mysterious thing an American. The American scene at any moment is being checked against the shaping dream, the ideal conception."

Some of the less ambitious essays contain fresh observations of the American scene; I might mention those dealing with publishing, bookselling, reading habits in the South, poets at Oxford and Harvard, serious literary quarterlies, and the public status of American writers. Others are disappointingly shallow—like those on detective stories, science-fiction, and the comic strips—and a few are too technical for the average reader. Usually that reader knows what to skip and what to skim, after reading two or three paragraphs, but here he will find at least a score of essays that should hold his attention to the end. I recommend the number as a whole to anyone who is looking for a comprehensive picture of American writing. On the other hand, I should hesitate to say that the picture is without distortions or false emphases.

Some of the distortions are due to the problem of distributing the right subjects among the right authors. "American Writing To-day" contains forty-six essays, besides fourteen new American poems—a brilliant anthology—and, in its back pages, many reviews of important American books reprinted from earlier issues of *The Times Literary Supplement*. The poems are signed and so are two of the essays on poetry, by Edith Sitwell and W. H. Auden, but everything else in the number is anonymous. The reader is likely to believe that all the contributors are Englishmen. The impression is strengthened by the frequent occurrence in the text of phrases like "here in England" and "on this side of the Atlantic," meaning the eastern side. Many of the phrases, however, were inserted by English copy editors. Most of the forty-four anonymous essays—I should guess two-thirds of them—were written by Americans.

Some of the American contributors are authorities on various technical branches of writing and publishing. Many more—I should judge from internal evidence—are academic critics of the type that often appears in literary quarterlies like the *Sewanee* and *Kenyon Reviews*. This dependence on academic critics leads to some rather specialized judgments of American writing. Although the critics differ among themselves, and although one of them, exceptionally, has a good word to say for John O'Hara and the humorists of *The New Yorker*, most of them repeat what have come to be the orthodox opinions of the quarterlies. They ask us to admire only the canonical books that have been accepted by a sort of ecumenical council as forming part of the American critic's bible.

BY now we have learned that sacred work by rote. Its Old Testament consists of Melville, Hawthorne, Mark Twain, and Henry James, with some talk of admitting Poe (because he was a Southerner with pretensions to aristocracy) and Whitman (because of his feeling for American myths). More often Whitman is excluded, like Emerson and Thoreau, all of whom are charged with a crime variously described as optimism, idealism, innocence, or the belief in human perfectibility. The critical New Testament is built around William Faulkner. It includes Hemingway (with reservations), Fitzgerald (because he wrote novels of manners), and some younger Southern novelists headed by Robert Penn Warren. It includes several poets, beginning with Pound and Eliot (though the critics aren't sure that Eliot can still be regarded as an American); and finally it saves places for the new academic critics, especially R. P. Blackmur and Lionel Trilling. It doesn't include any realistic novelist from the North, except possibly James Gould Cozzens, or any rebellious writer whose rebellion is less than thirty years old.

My quarrel with the critical testaments, old and new, is not for the authors they include, all of whom are gifted and important, but simply for its standards of inclusion. Too often the test would seem to be what the author believes (does he think that traditions are a good thing?—is he convinced that evil is in the human heart?) rather than his literary achievements. By excluding the whole optimistic and egalitarian strain in American writing, it makes our literature seem poorer than it is in reality.

A special example of this willingness to impoverish a literature for the

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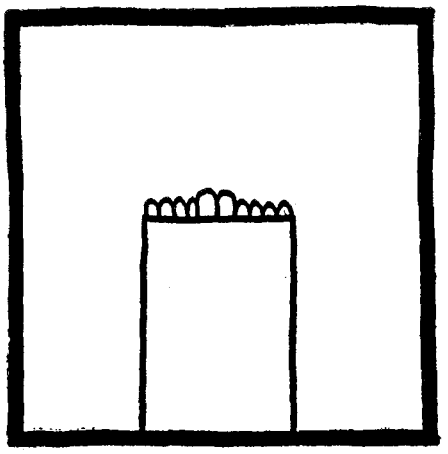
sake of a doctrine is the treatment of the Southern revival. There are three essays dealing with this important development, which is also mentioned in many other essays. No other American section receives separate treatment—not even New England, which is reviving its tradition, or California, which is trying to create a new one. The emphasis is justified, however, by the new position of Southern literature, which has achieved the same prestige in our time that New England enjoyed before the Civil War.

One reason for this prestige is the richness and diversity of the new Southern writing, which is produced by authors of many social backgrounds, many different opinions, and at least two races. One would never suspect this fact from reading "American Writing To-day." The Southern writers praised there, after Faulkner, are either members of the Fugitive group or younger authors admired by that group; they are Allen Tate, John Crowe Ransom, Robert Penn Warren, Cleanth Brooks, Eudora Welty, Katherine Anne Porter, Caroline Gordon, and Peter Taylor. All of them deserve the praise. One is disappointed to find, however, that there are only unfavorable comments, or none at all, about Thomas Wolfe, Carson McCullers, William March, Erskine Caldwell, Hamilton Basso, Tennessee Williams, Harriette Arnow, Lillian Smith, and Richard Wright; these seem to be exiled or excommunicated. What we are being asked to admire is not the writers of a geographical section but the adherents of a doctrine or the members of a school.

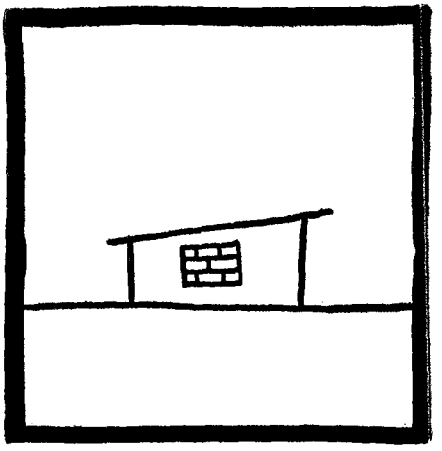
ANOTHER fault of emphasis, this time in the general picture of American writing, is that the mood is a little too confident and congratulatory. The American contributors to the number, writing their abroad thoughts from at home, sometimes make home more attractive than it is in reality. "See," they might well be saying, "the stories and poems in our garden are bigger and glossier than those in yours." The English contributors agree with them, because they are all specialists in American literature and like to emphasize the virtues of their specialty. The English are too polite, as the Americans are too patriotic, to discuss at length the dangers that threaten literature in this country.

The principal dangers, as we see them now, are three. There is first the growing prejudice against intellectuals, which has lately been extended to writers and their books, so that we are faced with loyalty purges of school libraries, blacklists in the entertainment industry, and police-court censorship of books. There is second the fact that literature is too closely connected with the universities, with the result that it threatens to become either timid and traditional or excessively formalized. The third danger is the greatest of all: it is the decline of the reading habit in the younger generation, partly as a result of radio and television, but chiefly owing to the fact that our schools aren't teaching children to read. All these dangers are mentioned in "American Writing To-day," but briefly and discreetly, so that one is left with the impression that our literature is about to enter a still more brilliant period than the one that is ending. It may indeed enter such a period, thanks to its vitality and its talent for correcting mistakes, but one can also picture a situation in which serious reading would be largely confined to postgraduate students and doctors of philosophy, while criticism would languish for lack of important new books to criticize.

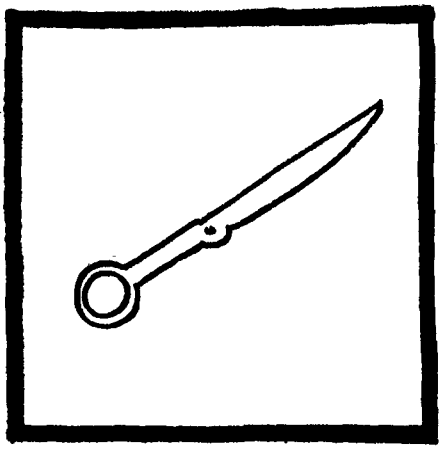
"American Writing To-day" has to be read critically, as it is written critically, but we can all profit by reading it. We can be grateful to *The Times Literary Supplement* for giving us a general picture of our literature, even if some details of the picture have to be corrected. No American magazine has yet produced such a useful survey of our writing.



"Esther Williams on Diving Board as Seen by Fish."



"Modern Home That Is All Glass Except the Windows, Which Are Brick."



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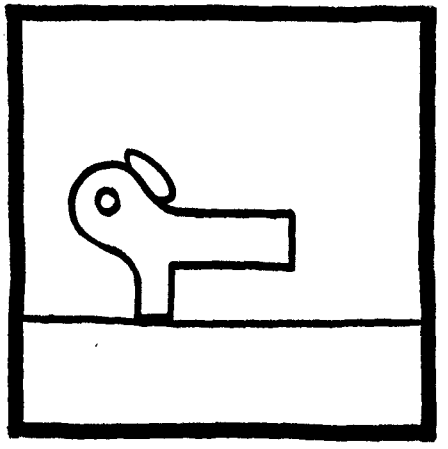

"Psychiatrist's Couch for People Who Are Only Half Crazy."

"DROODLES," SAYS ROGER PRICE, "are contrived doodles that you don't understand until you ask, and then it's too late to wish you hadn't." The droodles on this page are from Mr. Price's latest droodle anthology, entitled **"The Rich Sardine"** (Simon and Schuster, $1). Any questions?

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Search for a Soul

"The Invisible Writing," by Arthur Koestler *(Macmillan. 431 pp. $5), continues the autobiography the novelist began in "Arrow in the Blue"; this volume describes his infatuation with and breaking away from Communism. Here it is reviewed by Maxwell Geismar, author of "Rebels and Ancestors" and other studies of the American novel.*

By Maxwell Geismar

THE uneven career of Arthur Koestler suggests the plight of an intellectual who is trying to be a novelist. "Darkness at Noon" is still a memorable drama of the Russian tyranny and the collapse of revolutionary idealism. (Igor Gouzenko's recent book describes a later stage in this process.) But when Koestler tried to discover the psychological origins of his own revolutionary sympathies in "Arrival and Departure," the narrative was unconvincing; and his next two novels were mediocre.

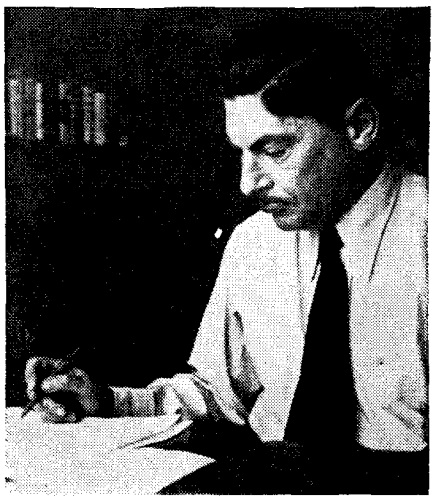
His volumes of non-fiction and essays have been, on the other hand, both interesting and illuminating. Such books as "Dialogue with Death," "Scum of the Earth," and "The Yogi and the Commisar" are a valuable mixture of contemporary history and contemporary thinking. If Koestler goes with the tide of events, he is at least always a little ahead of it—and he interprets the European scene very brilliantly. He is a journalist of ideas on a very high level—the kind we lack and need in this country—who functions midway between the realms of art and of society, but whose function is indispensable, if thought is to be part of a culture.

As autobiography, the present volume combines the previous elements in Koestler's career. Much of the early part is a summary of material which has been treated elsewhere; and the effect of a writer continually invoking his earlier books to support his present convictions is sometimes oppressive. It almost seems that the "closed world" of Communist thought has merely been followed by a closed world of self-acclamation. Yet Koestler himself is impatient with the descriptions of his early Communist activities in Berlin or his Russian travels in the 1930s. When he meets the "East," in Bokhara and Samarkand, or when he returns to the incestuous warmth of literary society in Budapest, trembling before the black night of the Anschluss, his narrative is admirable.

The great propaganda battle between Berlin and Moscow over the Reichstag fire trial is another interesting chapter—though Koestler has the common conviction of all ex-Communists that their liberal allies of the period were always dupes and fools. Well, perhaps so; but were *they*—the then Communists—so much wiser merely because they were so much wronger? And perhaps it is better merely to be a fool, which is after all the common lot, than to have been actively corrupted by evil. In the nightmare atmosphere of Party "discipline," Koestler had also denounced the Russian Nadeshda, whom he loved; from here began his first serious conflict as to the moral nature of the political creed to which he had dedicated himself. "What happened to me in Baku made me into a bad Communist, and a bad anti-Communist, and thereby a little more human."

It was about time; though Koestler still kept his political faith, with increasing doubts, through the purge trials of the old Russian revolutionaries and the Spanish Civil War. What is valuable to remember now is that in the face of an ascendant fascism, Russia was not only the lesser evil but almost the only opposing force. But with the final blow, the Russo-German pact, the "invisible writing" in Koestler's tormented and typical mid-European biography became all too clear. The emphasis in the present book shifts to his literary apprenticeship and his personal life; though he continued to be involved in the tortuous developments of the European scene.

About this scene he remains highly interesting to the end of the present narrative; about himself and his own life he is still, as he was in the first volume of his autobiography, a master of the half-insight. At the center of the revolutionary yearning is a curious void in the writer's personality which has not yet been reached or understood. Familiar with Freud, Jung, Adler—as well as an amateur sexologist under the name of "Dr. Costler," as he relates in an amusing episode—he uses these psychological weapons more to protect than to grasp his own temperament. The true novelist bases his craft on the sense of human values which have survived—so far, at least—all sorts of social disasters; but to understand these values he must first understand himself. "The Invisible Writing" is actually the record of Koestler's search for his own soul, concealed by a series of different ideologies. Only it may take a third volume of this autobiography to prove that he has found the center of his own existence and work.



—Erich Hartmann.

Arthur Koestler—"uneven career."

Lover of Books

"A Clerk of Oxenford," by Gilbert Highet *(Oxford University Press. 272 pp. $3.75), offers between covers a number of the talks on books and other literary matters the Columbia professor gives on his weekly radio program. Our reviewer is Bergen Evans, professor of English at Northwestern University and moderator of the television program "Down You Go."*

By Bergen Evans

THE title Gilbert Highet has chosen for his new collection of radio talks, "A Clerk of Oxenford," has no bearing on any particular thing in it. He simply wishes to say that he, like Chaucer's clerk, studied and taught at Oxford and that he, too, would rather have at his bed's head twenty books, bound in black or red, of poetry and philosophy than any twentieth-century equivalents of "fithele or gay sautrye."

And, certainly, the man is a lover of books, an ardent lover of many books, and it is fortunate for all of us that he is willing to try to communicate the pleasure he finds in them to an immense number of people through a medium so markedly indifferent, in its usual courses, to books, esthetics, and ideas.

In his choice of subjects Mr. Highet has shown courage. The man who talks over the radio about the art of Prose, the variation of stress in the heroic line, the wisdom books, or the imperfection of William Butler Yeats is a bold man. Yet Mr. Highet carries it off. One would not have thought that anything new could be said about the Gettysburg Address, for example, but

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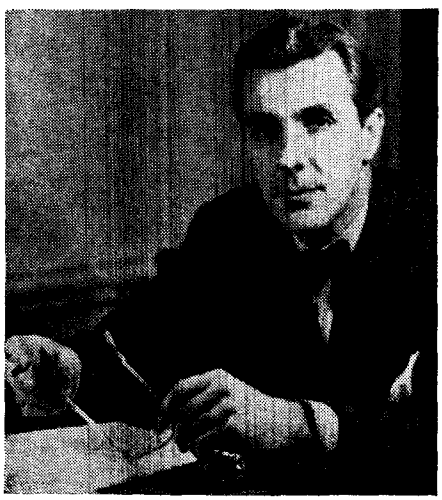
he says a good deal and says it well. The essay on Japanese *haiku* poetry is charming. His analysis of A. E. Housman's misanthropy ("The mortal sickness of a mind/ Too unhappy to be kind") is searching and moving. And in the little essay in which he traces the various rewritings, through two thousand years, of the anacreontic verse "The black earth drinks and drinks again" as it changes "first into a Renaissance ode, then into a lavish baroque witticism, and finally into a romantic love poem," where he can bring his knowledge of many literatures to bear on a single point, he is superb.

But, though the jacket assures us that "in book form the essays are suited to the needs of the reader as the talks were suited to those of the listener," the thoughts having been "revised and enlarged upon" to this end, the perfect felicity of the transposition at all times may be questioned. Dr. Johnson once said that a man who had been drinking runs the risk of encountering imperfect sympathies if he goes into new company; and the same holds for talking, a highly intoxicating activity. What constitutes admirable clarification in a radio talk, for example, may sometimes, in a critical essay, where the mind is free to reflect and reconsider, approach condescension. Charm, persuasion, and even humor are, in talk, often expressed as much in tone, pace, and inflection as in the words chosen; so that when the voice is removed the thought may seem strangely different. A disagreement may become a scolding and banter seem more like petulance.

Dr. Highet takes the risk and is, generally, successful. But he does not escape entirely unscathed. To be told that the soldiers who decorate their barracks with pictures of half-naked women are "a little immature," or

(*Continued on page* 42)



—*Leja Gorska.*

John Selby—"uncomfortable truths."

FICTION

A Ladder of Women and Music

***"The Man Who Never Changed," by John Selby** (Rinehart & Co. 436 pp. $3.50), is the story of a man who made up his mind to become the conductor of a great symphony orchestra —and achieved his goal. Here it is reviewed by Marcia Davenport, author of a number of biographies and works of fiction dealing with music; her latest novel is "My Brother's Keeper."*

By Marcia Davenport

ANY character study of overweening ambition is unpleasant *sui generis*. And any novel about a musician is notoriously dangerous to undertake and difficult to carry off. John Selby in "The Man Who Never Changed" has had the courage to tackle this forbidding assignment, contriving out of both potential pitfalls a startling and almost entirely believable character in Denis Sandzen, the young American conductor of such genius that he has no exact parallel in reality. This degree of genius is the only element in the whole novel which is not drawn from reality to such photographic extent that the book in large part is more reportage than fiction.

It is, indeed, difficult to find any other way to write about musicians and musical life. Those who have tried and failed have made themselves laughable. Saturation in that half-dedicated half-diabolical, completely closed world is the only equipment for dealing with it in writing. John Selby is saturated. He knows what he should, which is nearly everything musical, and everything too of the peripheral jungle of money, management, influence, matriarchy, prejudice, and intrigue which is symphony orchestra politics in the United States.

Through this he has laid a careful course, personified by his creation of Denis Sandzen, to emerge at the end of 436 pages (the book would have been much improved by wise cutting) with an accomplishment of importance, credibility, stature—and yet, of curiously unsatisfying flavor. It may well be that this is the measure of his success in the very difficult task he set himself. For Denis Sandzen, like all musicans, is a whole man only in respect of his art. For the rest he is deficient—in heart, in warmth, in perceptiveness, in human quality. And so are the prototypes from whom he springs.

Denis Sandzen, at the age of twenty-two, with the musical education behind him which would have spelled Philadelphia to the initiate had Mr. Selby not done so, swore by the time he was thirty-five he would have become the conductor of the New York Symphony, which means, of course, the top. John Selby's novel is the account of the intervening twelve years, for Denis gets under the wire a little sooner than his self-set deadline.

He starts off under the egis of the inevitable maternal millionairess; the inevitable manager who controls all the conductors in the United States, with his highly recognizable Irish secretary; and the inevitable appointment to a small city with a new symphony orchestra. Here, non-fictitiously New Orleans, and three years later in the fictitious and authentic Midwestern city to which he is promoted, he finds that the orchestra is run by a devoted, middle-aged, rich woman of social prominence who, like all the key characters, is somebody we have all known. She is a strictly American phenomenon, like the members of the orchestras' boards of directors.

DENIS'S musical stature—for his creator naturally makes him better than anyone he resembles—is of the very highest. He is uncompromising in his art, and eventually about the ballet and dramatic music for which he has to fight for the right to compose. He never bothers to come to terms with anything else, most conspicuously the painful intrusions of the emotions of those who love him. He can give himself to no love, though he teeters on the brink of a homosexual attachment whose protagonist is sensitively drawn. The girl who loves him comes off no better, but she has a stronger instinct for self-preservation. It would be hard to understand why these two and the whole galaxy of his supporters and promoters love Denis, except that we have all watched the process in reality and know that it can be so. Mr. Selby has written an uneasy, an uncomfortable book; and this is because it is compounded of a lot of uncomfortable truths.

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The Itching Palm

"The Temptation of Roger Heriott," by Edward Newhouse *(Houghton Mifflin. 241 pp. $3), is a skilful and perceptive reworking of the theme that the want of money is the root of all evil.*

By William Peden

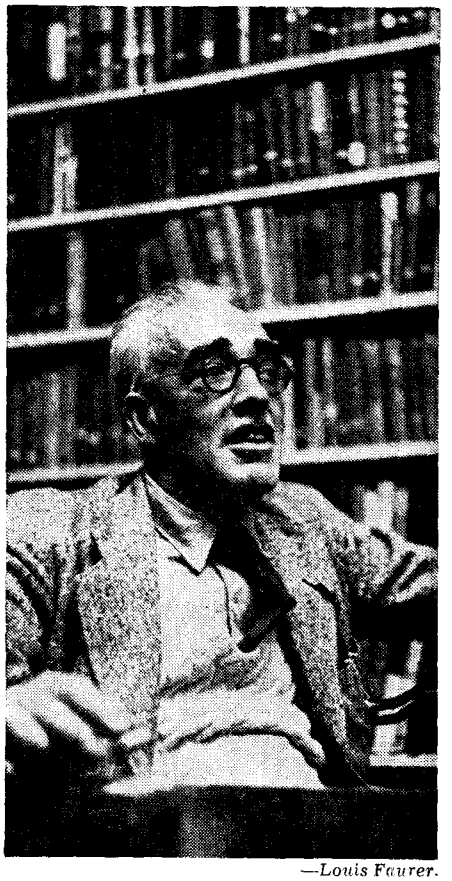
AS READERS of his short stories have known for years, Edward Newhouse is a writer of real stature. Now, he again demonstrates that he is an equally talented—if, unhappily, an undervalued—novelist. "The Temptation of Roger Heriott" is one of the really good books of this or any other season.

Mr. Newhouse builds his novel around an adaptation of one of the oldest themes in literature: the need for money is the root of all evil. Roger Heriott, a decent and intelligent man in his late thirties, has a lot of things to be thankful for: a sensitive and loving wife, two bright and attractive children, a comfortable position. But Roger's ten thousand a year is spread pretty thin; his precocious son needs special tutoring, the country home he and his wife treasure needs repairing, the family car is about to fall to pieces, and so on.

Roger and his family are the focal point of two converging and ultimately interrelating problems. Sidney Rappaport, a young violinist of breathtaking genius, is almost certain to sweep the national competition sponsored by the foundation of which Roger is executive secretary. But Sidney, raised in the New York slums with a demented sister and a praying mantis of a mother, steals an heirloom from Roger's aunt who controls the foundation and with it Roger's future; in espousing Sidney's cause, Roger puts himself upon the chopping block. Simultaneously, Roger's father-in-law, S. T. Munn, appears upon the scene. A self-made big operator who years before had deserted his family, Munn is now an apparently wealthy man whose only wish is to leave a considerable sum of money to his estranged daughter and Roger. To simplify a complex situation, Roger, with his almost obsessive love of his family and haunted by memories of the genteel poverty of his youth, wants the money; Mary, his wife, with her hatred and fear of her father, doesn't want it.

Swiftly and surely, without bombast or sentimentality, Mr. Newhouse depicts the ensuing tensions. Out of Roger's praiseworthy but dangerous assumption of other people's burdens grows his own sin: he tends increasingly to confuse ends and means. He is torn between the extremes represented by Christ's admonition ("Do unto others") and Rimbaud's ("Don't be a victim"). He fails to recognize that he no longer wants the money for the good he can do with it, but covets it for its own sake. The pressures which threaten to destroy Roger and his family are such as, in one way or another, endanger the happiness and security of all men and women of good will; their resolution makes "The Temptation of Roger Heriott" a moving and thought-provoking book.

This fine novel reminds us again that in prose fiction there is no substitute for the intelligent understanding and skilful delineation of recognizable human beings. Mr. Newhouse possesses his own special kind of genius for the usual. Like Trollope, he has created his own world of familiar people and familiar emotions. Here is significant writing about real and intelligent and responsible human beings. And, miracle of miracles, Edward Newhouse is a joy to read; his perceptive study of one man's ordeal is as suspenseful as a good whodunit, as entertaining as a Walt Disney documentary.



—*Louis Faurer.*

Frank O'Connor—"witty skill."

Irish Women

"More Stories," by Frank O'Connor *(Alfred A. Knopf. 385 pp. $5), is a second selection of the short tales the great Irish writer wishes to be remembered by.*

By Horace Gregory

FORTY years ago it was easy for people in the United States to be gloriously sentimental about the Irish. "John Bull's Other Island" had a "cause"; its people were reputed to have just grievances against the world, and all its men and women to have gold in their hearts, tears in their eyes, songs in their throats, and smiles on their lips. In New York, Boston, and Chicago professional Irishmen strolled the streets and drank behind the swinging doors of a saloon. Today the wind blows colder. There is talk today of "the vanishing Irish," and truly enough the professional Irishman has almost disappeared.

The stories of Frank O'Connor are among the few survivals of an elder dispensation; they are traditionally Irish, humorous, entertaining, artful, and gay. Among writers of fiction O'Connor himself is a rarity, one who has trimmed his craft to the writing and rewriting of short stories and nothing else; today he has put aside the writing of verse, novels, and biographies; he has made his choice and he sails his craft with witty skill.

At the moment he seems to be making a final selection of his tales: "More Stories" is the second volume of the writings he wishes to keep in print. In this book he has made a selection of twenty-nine stories with the elder pieces neatly rewritten and the new stories chosen from more recent publication in magazines.

Earlier readers of O'Connor will probably complain that in the rewriting of his tales, the rough edges, the "bite," the anger at human stupidity, as well as youthful disillusionment, have been cut away, for the young O'Connor came directly out of the "Troubles" of the long Civil War in Ireland. The complaint would be just enough, but the new O'Connor has discovered, like George Moore before him, that writing about women and girls, their love affairs and lovers has sustained his interest longer than the more violent distractions of war and sudden death. Few men writing today have a keener eye on women than has O'Connor; the fact that they happen to be Irish is a mere accident of geographical location; he makes them

(*Continued on page 40*)

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Woman in Command

"Many a Good Crusade," by Virginia Gildersleeve *(Macmillan. 434 pp. $3.50), is the autobiography of the woman who served as dean of Barnard College for nearly four decades, was active in international education, and a moving spirit in the WAVES during World War II. Mildred McAfee Horton, who reviews it below, is the former president of Wellesley College and was wartime commander of the WAVES.*

By Mildred McAfee Horton

THE memoirs of Virginia Crocheron Gildersleeve, distinguished dean of Barnard College for thirty-six crucial years, are full of facts and memories of events and people and movements and concerns. The accounts she gives, in "Many a Good Crusade," of the development of her beloved college, of Columbia University, of the International Federation of University Women, of education in the Middle East and in Japan, of the momentous meetings in San Francisco when the United Nations was established—these are of historic importance. The author was there, an eyewitness to and a participant in events which will be remembered through the ages as men look back upon the efforts of this era to build world understanding.

Memoirs chronicle the chronicler as well as historic events. It is the reporter rather than the report which makes this book particularly interesting to people who have watched Miss Gildersleeve in action. Her memories of her childhood, her delight in her homes in England, in Arizona, in New York City, her enjoyment of the out-of-doors, her satisfaction in literary excursions, these things are revealing of private concerns which this avowedly shy and truly distinguished woman did not disclose to casual aquaintances. It is good to know that this convinced internationalist and devoted American found pleasure in "the kinship felt for [her] by the French" because, as she puts it, "I look French, my gestures are French, my mother's family was French. . . ."

Anyone privileged to work with Dean Gildersleeve in any of her many good crusades knew before this book appeared that she was indefatigable in her zeal and creative in her imagination. These memoirs reveal that these crusades were her very life. Her participation in them had more than ordinary significance since each of them in turn became for her the most important project of the time.

Her account of each activity carries a note of urgency, of importance which is a revelation to her comrades-in-arms who worked with the conviction that what they were doing, though worth while, would not make the whole difference between life and death, victory or defeat. These glimpses into Miss Gildersleeve's estimate of the fulness of her responsibility make colleagues marvel at her patience with those of us who worked with her without realizing how vitally she was involved in her crusades.

This unusually full commitment of herself to her causes casts new light on a long-standing argument between Miss Gildersleeve and this reviewer about the relative merits of the trustees of Wellesley College and of Barnard. She was distressed by the reluctance of our "hardheaded Bostonians" to release the president of Wellesley for duty as director of the WAVES. I am afraid we did not realize that her mission to Boston was a "confidential, official mission from the United States Navy . . . a formal request to the Wellesley trustees that they release their president to perform a very important service for her country." We thought, as I remember the episode, that she was sounding us out with official approval but without official authority. The memoirs make me sure that she misunderstood the trustees and they her. Perhaps this is the price a vigorous crusader pays for throwing herself wholly into her crusade.

—*Pach Bros.*

Virginia Gildersleeve—"unswerving."

ANYONE who has worked with Miss Gildersleeve knows that she is unswervingly loyal to her friends. Perhaps her satisfaction in being a part of the "Navy family" derives from her recognition in herself of a trait characteristic of any good commanding officer. "Whoever is a sailor on *my* ship or station is to be defended against all comers." That is a stimulating loyalty which draws out the best in associates. It is a tribute to her college and her university that her long years as dean left her assured that there is no institution which can match them. It is also a tribute to her belief in them.

It is good to have for posterity the word pictures of the many friends who meant and mean so much to the Dean. WAVE veterans are glad the list includes Elizabeth Reynard, with whom Miss Gildersleeve has "cast her lot" in recent years. Miss Reynard pioneered in preparing women for war duty. Her physical limitations which necessitated her resignation from the Barnard faculty may well be traced to her vigorous and self-forgetful service as an officer in the Navy.

Miss Gildersleeve's friendship is not limited to women. It is good to know of her appreciation of Captain Amsden, who magnificently established and commanded the WAVE Training School at Hunter College. Her tributes to President Nicholas Murray Butler and the many other men with whom she worked at Columbia and in connection with her activities as delegate to the United Nations indicate that she sees men and women as persons to be enjoyed. Always a proponent of full responsibilities for women, she is no feminist expecting or demanding special favors for women.

There would be many good crusades if there were more good crusaders like Dean Gildersleeve.

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Editor in a Lioness's Mane

"Always in Vogue," by Edna Woolman Chase and Ilka Chase *(Doubleday. 381 pp. $5), is the autobiography of the woman who made* Vogue *the influence in the world of fashion that it is today. Agnes Rogers, who reviews it here, is the author of "Women Are Here to Stay" and other books.*

By Agnes Rogers

ONE of the brightest things—possibly the very brightest thing—that the notably astute Condé Nast did in the course of his long and successful career as a publisher was when in 1909, the year he acquired the magazine *Vogue,* he retained the editorial services of Edna Woolman Chase.

When Mrs. Chase had joined the staff in the Nineties as a girl of eighteen it was scarcely a case of type casting. Brought up by Quaker grandparents in a small New Jersey village, this "little girl from the country" could hardly have been expected to be at home on a sophisticated fashion magazine. But the young Edna was highly intelligent, quick to learn, ambitious, and keenly interested not only in clothes but also in the ways of the fashionable world.

It was her first and only job, and for nearly sixty years she served it with passionate dedication. As she says, herself, "My job has been the true love and focus of my life."

Her early marriage with a good-looking, somewhat irresponsible young man in the merchant marine and the arrival of a baby daughter failed to divert her from her professional life and in due course Francis Dane Chase disappeared from the scene. Later a long and happy married life with Richard Newton was to come.

Condé Nast's love of France and his informed interest in art, the theatre, and decoration (not to mention his business acumen) were important elements in the development of an authoritative magazine of fashion at a time when the great Paris houses still dominated the fashion world, but Mrs. Chase's judgment, taste, and uncompromising standards of perfection were the real heart of *Vogue*'s success. She stood up to advertisers with the courage of a small, ferocious lion, and flatly refused to give an editorial mention to any merchandise she thought in bad taste in order to win—or even to keep—an advertiser.

In the earlier passages of "Always in Vogue" the older reader will be reminded of the extraordinary flowering of the magazine in the decade or so following 1914, the year Mrs. Chase became editor-in-chief, and—for so wide and deep has been its influence—younger readers will be surprised at the many inventions *Vogue* produced. For in that golden period an entirely new kind of magazine was developed. A brilliant format was designed by Heyworth Campbell; a new standard of fashion drawing was set by encouraging real artists, both French and American, to turn their talents to "commercial" art; Baron de Meyer introduced a revolutionary style of photography; fashion reporting for the first time had sparkle and precision. The result was a product of originality, elegance, and distinction.

THE Condé Nast publications carried great prestige. Mr. Nast deliberately turned his back on mass circulation in favor of an audience with money enough for luxuries, while Mrs. Chase's strict editorial judgment made *Vogue* a real power in the field. By 1926 *Vogue, House and Garden,* and *Vanity Fair* ranked second, third, and seventh in income among American periodicals although the circulations of *Vogue* and *House and Garden* were limited to 150,000 and that of *Vanity Fair* to 90,000.

Working at *Vogue* was something like going to school—and not an easy school at that. Mrs. Chase expected her staff to have the same driving force that animated her, and her standards of performance were uncompromising. In a group of highly charged personalities, the atmosphere was frequently electric and seldom restful. Indeed, it was the magazine's policy to encourage a certain amount of friction—"keeps people on their toes: they do better work," was the way Mr. Nast put it. But, if it was a hard school, it was also an immensely valuable one. So valuable that the problem of raiding was a real one. William Randolph Hearst, the owner of the rival *Harper's Bazaar,* was the chief offender in the eyes of the *Vogue* forces. Because of his great wealth, according to Mrs. Chase, ". . . after waiting for *Vogue* to develop staff members and contributors he was in a position to lure them away with money often beyond their worth and beyond what Condé was able to pay." Various members of the *Vogue* staff succumbed to the more than a handful of silver jangled by Mr. Hearst, but the transfer of Carmel Snow from *Vogue* to *Harper's Bazaar* was the one that cut deepest.

"Always in Vogue" is a remarkably handsome book, lavishly illustrated. It covers the changes in fashions and many of our mores since the turn of the century. It gives an enlightening insight into the complex workings of the world of fashion with its feuds and rivalries; the shift from Paris to America as dominant in fashions for American women; and the gradual decentralization from New York and the rise of regional (notably Californian) American styles. The book shows clearly the difficulties of conducting the mouthpiece of the luxury trades during wars and depressions.

For those less interested in the business workings of one of our great industries there are engaging and penetrating revelations of such colorful figures as the delightful Frank Crowninshield and his famous trio, Robert Sherwood, Robert Benchley, and Dorothy Parker; of the youthful Clare Boothe Luce at work; and high life in general at home and abroad. (The captious reader may wonder if the sprightly and sometimes caustic wit of her celebrated daughter and co-author, Ilka, had not been unduly curbed by Mother's discretion.) The young aspirant to the world of fashion as a career will find sound advice. And *any* woman, whatever her income, will be the better dressed for pondering Mrs. Chase's thirteen rules for smartness.

The book has much to offer in many directions, but the clear and lasting impression is the portrait of an important and invincible woman.

—Horst.

Ilka and Edna—"penetrating revelations."

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Holocaust's Aftermath

"A Woman in Berlin," by Anonymous *(translated by James Stern. Harcourt, Brace. 319 pp. $4), is the journal of a German woman caught up in the rapine of the conquering Russian troops. Doris Peel, who reviews it below, wrote of her observations in post-war Germany in "The Inward Journey."*

By Doris Peel

"A WOMAN IN BERLIN" is a book curiously overdue. There have been invasions in the world since the beginning of history; and wherever there have been invasions there have been women there to experience them. Not women cast as men—the Boadiceas, the Joans of Arc; or women in ministering-angel Florence Nightingale roles. But women as victims immemorially counted among the spoils of war. Apart from any question of prudence or good taste there is something fitting in the fact that this record should be signed with the word "Anonymous." We're accustomed enough to the Unknown Soldier. It's a bit late in the day—and even, in an atmosphere of Kinsey reports, perhaps slightly incongruous—to speak of a niche for the unknown raped woman. But here, at any rate, in these ruthlessly unself-pitying pages there is at last set down by a woman herself a part of war as old as the ruins or the troops. That the women are German women and the men Russians is, at one level, of secondary account. They are human beings—on both sides: ripped out of the context of any "normal life," and equally lost, in a moral vacuum. One of the most remarkable things about this document is the capacity of the writer in the very thick of her ordeal to concede to the violators the basic humanhood of the violated.

". . . it is perhaps easier for the others, the many, who don't understand a word of their language, because they can remain strangers to them; they can . . . persuade themselves that these people are not human beings at all—only savage beasts. This I cannot do. I know that they are human beings like ourselves . . ."

The journal opens on April 20, 1945 with the fall of Berlin to the Russian Army. It closes abruptly two months later. There is no leading up to it, and no leading out. It is a direct, stark passage of experience which only the very rash or ignorant reader will glibly pass judgment on. There are no heroes and no heroines. What takes place takes place in no recognizable state of society but in a world that has already turned into a nightmare. A whole city waits, the women, the children, the aged, the few men: crouched, tense, in thousands of cellars, "split into tiny units, all isolated from one another." And on the verge of starvation.

The journal records what happened to the occupants of a certain house, first under the impact of a nameless horde, then with the emerging individual Russians. The young soldier eager to talk about Pushkin; the schoolmaster courteous, protective, with his political theories; the seventeen-year-old Vanya, who after attacking a middle-aged widow haunts her home, washing up dishes for her, trying to be of help. ". . . Vanya said out of the blue, with his profoundly serious, childish expression, 'We human beings are all bad—I am bad too—I have done bad things'."

—*Jacket design for book.*

BUT it is the diarist herself who poses for the reader the most difficult question. A woman of thirty, gifted, experienced, with a knowledge of half-a-dozen European countries (including Russia) and the only one speaking the invaders' language, she is at first—and several times in rapid succession—the helpless victim. Suddenly, with the cold deliberation of the desperate, she chooses her course, the only course she can see by which to survive.

The only security from repeated outrage, she concludes, is the protection of an officer. She solicits the attention of an amiable lieutenant, and when he is transferred of an intelligent major, to whose gentleness she finds herself (with a different kind of horror) at one point responding. She has appraised her resources as realistically as might a general his men, his equipment, and his military objective. She has wits, knowledge, physical stamina—and a negotiable body. Others benefit from the food that comes to her as payment; she is in a position to save at least two lives. It is war fought back, on her own terms. And only at moments, all the more agonizing for their brevity and obliqueness, does the revulsion disclose itself. In a waking dream she sees herself "lying there, while out of my body arose a radiant white being. . . . My *I* just let the body . . . lie there. The *I* withdraws . . . into a white distance. My *I* shall have no part in what happens to me here."

It is a state beyond cynicism. It is without hatred, self-pity, conviction, or faith. All that rings out is the will to survive, and to remain, at some core, uncontaminated and uncorrupted.

In an introduction by a German editor, the reader is warned (and rightly so) of the danger of judging what one has never been called upon to face. But one thing seems implicit throughout this book. By the time these experiences came upon her the writer was a certain kind of person. We are told that "personal taste and experience" prevented her from being involved in any Nazi activity. But it is clear that in spite of her scrupulous honesty—and she says some devastatingly percipient things about both the regime and the German nation—she brought to her final ordeal in Berlin no positive faith in any existing moral order. Her extraordinary detachment seems the mark not of a spiritual integrity, but of a practised withdrawal. For a long time, one suspects, she has lived in a vacuum. And in the strategy she adopts for her own survival there is disclosed her basic concept of man: victim even as he manages to survive. For in the last analysis she doesn't challenge—as certainly some Berlin women did—the outward circumstances. She maneuvers within them, with skill, with immense courage, with an astounding resilience. She is among those (of whom Germany has more than its share) who are equipped to withstand evil, but not to defy it.

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The Saturday Review

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The People, the Parties, the Issues

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Saturday Review *is proud to print as this week's guest editorial an analysis of next month's election—an election which has generated far more excitement than the usual off-year hustings—by Elmo Roper, famed public-opinion consultant and "poll-prophet."*

SUCH diverse political tides are running throughout the country as Election Day approaches that the voting public has as many and as deep currents to sound in these tides as at any time in recent electoral history. These tides are governed by currents which are seldom or only dimly visible to the average voter.

Even for the social scientist, the professional politician, or public-opinion analyst it is difficult to determine precisely what wreckage of what political aspirations will be found on the shore in November when the tides recede.

Not only the great currents of foreign policy and of the national economy and employment, of Communism at home and civil liberties, of farm parity and income, of the vigorous personal appeal of President Eisenhower are at work throughout the various regions of America, but within both major parties cross-currents of factional strife or uneasy truce may have a more important bearing on the results in some states than the major issues themselves. Within the Republican Party it is hard to find a modern political parallel for the savage internecine struggle for control now being waged in certain areas. The Democratic Party, outwardly at peace with itself as it struggles to return to power, has a number of latent schisms.

Certainly, by any standards, the elections to be held on November 2 are shaping up as among the most important "off-year" elections in recent times. It may well be that, whatever the outcome, there will be little *visible* difference in either our foreign or domestic policy, but, nevertheless, the nature of the issues involved is such as to mark November 2 as a date of considerable significance.

One of the most important issues can be stated very simply: Who will control the Republican Party? It is perfectly clear to any student of the political scene—with or without the benefit of public-opinion surveys—that in many states a desperate life-or-death struggle between the so-called right and left wings of the Republican Party is taking place. In no state is this more clear than in the State of New Jersey, where former Representative Clifford Case, a liberal Republican who has in the past achieved a notable voting record and who has on occasions attracted the support of labor, is involved in a bitter two-way battle. On the one hand he is opposing a thoroughly decent, intelligent, and respectable Democrat, Representative Charles R. Howell, and on the other he is being vigorously attacked not only by outright pro-McCarthyites but by others in the Republican Party who are on the extreme right of the economic spectrum. The defections from these quarters are large enough to spell sure defeat—*unless* enough Democrats can be persuaded that the continuation of a liberal—or at least a middle-of-the-road—Republican Party is important. But the problem of those Democrats in New Jersey who are disturbed at the vigor of the right-wing attack on Clifford Case is a very real one. It can be summed up in the expression of a woman in New Jersey who described her situation in these words: "I don't know exactly what I'm going to do. I'm a Democrat, and under normal circumstances I'd vote for Howell because he's a very able man and one we Democrats can be proud of. On the other hand, I know it's inevitable that Republicans are going to take over now and then, and when they do take over I'd shudder to think what would happen if that party were in the hands of people like those who are fighting Mr. Case here in New Jersey. I'm thinking about switching this time and voting for Case for just that reason, but I must say if I do I'm going to feel guilty about not voting for Mr. Howell, because he's certainly all right too."

Nor is the conflict between the two elements of the Republican Party confined to New Jersey; it is present in New York and Connecticut—to name but two Eastern states—and doubtless elsewhere. It may well be that the *most* important issue settled on November 2 is the issue of who will control the Republican Party. If the Republicans win in Illinois and lose in New Jersey, for example, it will be a serious blow to the Eisenhower wing of the party—however they may later rationalize it.

THE Democrats have no such comparable issue. Many of the questions of party control which appeared earlier in the year have been resolved. In almost every state the so-called liberal wing of the party won the primaries. This was not true in

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IN THE UNTIMELY death on October 14 of Ralph A. Beals, director of the New York Public Library, New York City and the library world in general have suffered a grievous loss. A man of gentle mien and quiet friendliness, Mr. Beals under a disarmingly restrained demeanor hid the zeal of a crusader. He had a passion for books and libraries—an enthusiasm which he communicated to all who came into contact with him. Under his administration of the New York Library new techniques of service were introduced, librarian salaries were increased, collections were preserved and enhanced. But above all else Mr. Beals succeeded in making the Library an essential obligation of citizenship, enlisting in its behalf committees of men and women who put the weight of their efforts behind his own ardor. He made it, as never before, an integral part of the life of the city. All who love books and learning owe him a lasting debt of gratitude. —A. L.

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Texas, but even there the conservative wing of the Democratic Party got a real scare by the increased size of the opposition vote. Intra-party fighting may show up again by 1956, but there is working unity now.

The Democrats do, however, have another problem, one which may not be of great significance in 1954 but may well have an effect on 1956 and later. That problem can be simply stated too: Are the Democrats making a mistake in relying so heavily on older men who have been proven vote-getters in the past? In three states, for example, the Democratic candidate for the United States Senate will be eighty years old or more (one will be ninety-three) if he is elected in November and if he finishes his term. Fortunately for the 1954 prospects of the Democrats, all three of these men —Alben Barkley, Theodore Green, and Matthew Neely—appear to be healthy in both mind and body. Political commentators in all three states feel that all three men have a good chance to win. But there is also some indication of an uncomfortable feeling on the part of a good many normally inclined Democrats that, in order to nominate "proven winners," the political powers have passed over a number of younger eligibles who might also make great Senators and who might prove towers of strength for the Democratic Party in the future. After all, the best training for political leaders is to be found in office.

Another major issue which shapes up is the broad complex of economic problems. In Connecticut, for example, both candidates are spending a great deal of time talking about what they have done or will do to keep industry from leaving Connecticut and what they will do to bring new industry into the state. New industry represents employment. In a number of other states, such as Pennsylvania, unemployment is also an issue. An unemployed man in Pennsylvania posed his dilemma this way: "I switched in 1952 and voted for the Republicans because I thought they'd do a better job of hunting those Commies in Washington. After they got in, here I am, standing up cheering this Commie-hunt when the first thing I know I'm out of work and faced with another kind of a hunt—for a new job."

THE number of these 1952 "switchers" who become 1954 "switchbacks" may be the deciding factor in these areas. The farm problem presents a related, if slightly different, picture. To the individual farmer the decrease in farm prices represents a drop in income rather than the total elimination of income which the loss of a job represents to the laborer. Nevertheless, a number of farmers are unhappy about lowered farm prices and, while Secretary Benson's farm program has received surprisingly large support from farmers who say they are thinking about the long-term economic good of the country as a whole, there are still lots of farmers who don't like what Secretary Benson proposes any better than what Secretary Brannan proposed. In fact, some see little difference.

Perhaps nowhere does the stated intention of the Eisenhower Administration to get the Government out of competition with private business present so clear an issue as it does in the Pacific Northwest. It finds concrete expression in the combustible issue of private versus public power. The private-power advocates, after taking quite a beating for a good many years, seemed to have at least stopped the rapid advance of public power and to be in the process of settling down into some kind of a workable partnership with their public-power competitors. Now there's a feeling on the part of a good many that the Republicans are "going at this too fast" and, instead of just stopping the war on private power, are rather aggressively trying to undo what many regard as the progress made by the public-power people in the last two decades.

Another major issue is that of foreign policy. On the plus side for the Republicans is the fact that since they were elected the war in Korea has stopped. Another plus factor is that even though EDC failed, what many people regard as an almost equally good arrangement for the consolidation of Europe against Communist influence has been achieved. Another plus factor is that we finally did not get into war in Indo-China—although Indo-China provided some minuses for the Republicans as well as pluses. There are many who feel that we alternated between a sane and realistic acceptance of the facts there and a rather belligerent demand for the impossible. On the minus side for the Republicans is the increasing worry of a number of people that Mr. Dulles may be just a trifle too belligerent. Some who believe that it's important for America to have really firm allies are a little disturbed to find that one of the most recurring headlines in our newspapers starts with the words "Dulles threatens. . . ."

EVEN though it does not appear on the surface to any pronounced degree, what is being generally called "McCarthyism" is something of an issue. This is no place to go into the merits of McCarthyism or anti-McCarthyism. As an issue it is hard to see how it can help the Republicans. The convinced anti-McCarthy people are well aware of the fact that Senator McCarthy was elected on the Republican ticket, and this doesn't give them any strong urge to vote for Republicans—except, of course, for anti-McCarthy Republican candidates. But in many states (as in New Jersey) anti-McCarthy Republicans are running against anti-McCarthy Democrats, and so that cancels out. The pro-McCarthy Republicans seem to be almost as angry at the Eisenhower Administration for not backing up Senator McCarthy more than it has as they are at the Democrats. And while it doesn't seem likely that many of them will vote the Democratic ticket, they might translate their protest against what they regard as the failure of his party to support McCarthy by staying home on election day.

Among the major issues is the question of Eisenhower's personal popularity. There is a vaguely uncomfortable feeling on the part of many that things aren't really as much better in Washington as they had hoped and expected when they voted for Eisenhower in 1952. I can't find much evidence that the status of the Republican Party—as a party—has been enhanced by the events of the past two years. On the other hand, I can't find much evidence that any considerable number of people blame President Eisenhower for what are regarded as Republican sins of either omission or commission. So one of the issues, as people go to the polls on November 2, can be summed up in the words of an independent voter in Connecticut who said, "I must say, I feel a little let-down at what the Republicans have done since they got in—although I voted for them. I can't see that they've improved things very much—in fact, I can't see that things are very much different. I can't tell Dulles's foreign policy from Acheson's except that Dulles is always running around the world telling people what

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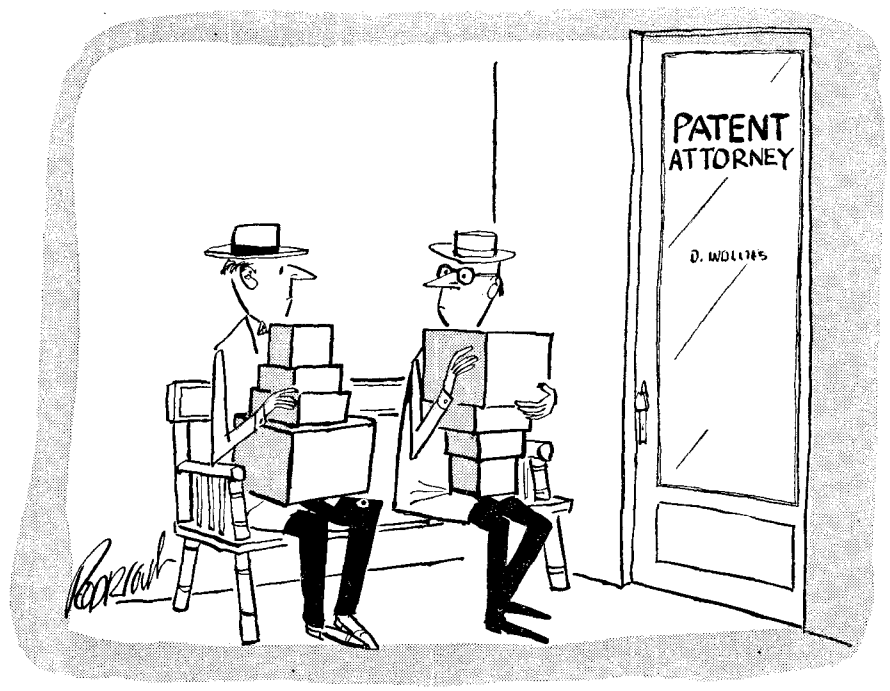
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BY ALL MEANS EQUAL



CLIFFORD DOWDEY'S STATEMENT of the Southern view of segregation ["A Southerner Looks at the Supreme Court," *SR* Oct. 9] starts out well. Some of his points should stimulate sober thought. We Northerners have undoubtedly been unjust in our self-righteousness. But Dowdey then launches into a long, partisan, defensive account of past history that serves only to vent animosity and weaken his credibility.

The term "Southerner" he reserves for whites only. They have, it seems, a Negro Problem. Perhaps the Negro has a White Problem as well. "White superiority," both North and South, stems largely from educational and economic advantages. The basic trouble that is now in focus is a result of the "separate but equal" myth. The *separateness* would be less criticized if the *equality* were more nearly realized. The system of public education was based upon the rule: "As equal as may be convenient, but by all means separate." As a result, the Supreme Court pretty well had to decide as it did. It may result in a new rule: "As separate as may be convenient, but by all means equal."

As long as the Negro continues too excessively to be shortchanged in his economic and educational opportunities the progress of the whole South will be impeded. With equal school facilities and improved employment possibilities the Negroes can begin to coexist, still in a parallel society, as a contributing factor to a South less backward in its economy.

HOWARD P. WILE.

Woodmere, Long Island, N. Y.

ACCEPTANCE OF ESTABLISHED FACT

YOUR FEATURE ARTICLE by Clifford Dowdey [*SR* Oct. 9] describes consistently an attitude that has prevailed in the United States since the importation of the first Negro slave. It is correct in its assumption that this attitude is nationwide. Mr. Dowdey is correct in his emphasis on what numbers mean to the situation. He is correct in his description of ways in which the issue has been evaded in the North, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Furthermore, there is no doubt concerning the influence of the international situation on the Supreme Court's decision of 1954.

The basic ground on which that decision rests, however, is what Mr. Dowdey seems to evade, that the human race is one in blood, anatomy, mental capacity, and moral and spiritual potentialities. Substantial data supporting this were not available in Abraham Lincoln's time. The trouble with Mr. Dowdey is not so much his reasoning as the premise from which he reasons. He assumes that there are basic racial differences and that white people are supreme.

The Supreme Court was convinced unanimously at this point, as revealed in its own statement, that "separate" is in and of itself a fundamental form of inequality. The maturing of emotions, intelligence, and morality rests upon mutuality. Mr. Dowdy has failed to note in his digs at missionaries and abolitionists that this time it was the Negroes themselves who pressed the case. A lawyer from among them impressed the Court more convincingly than white lawyers. Moreover, the Court questioned him at length concerning conditions incident to separate schools.

The problem is not how a dual social order may be perpetuated. The issue is the acceptance of the scientifically established fact that the human race is one, as truly as the world is round, not flat. Hence, no group may dictate where certain members of the family must sit. Parallel lines never meet.

FREDERICK L. BROWNLEE.

Brasstown, N. C.

CHEERIER PICTURE

MALCOLM COWLEY, in his very informative "How Writers Earn Their Living" [*SR* Sept. 25] might have presented poets with a cheerier picture had he added a monthly to his "two or three American weeklies (that) publish a fair amount of serious poetry." *The Ladies' Home Journal* spends well over $5,000 a year for poetry, buying the work of new writers as well as that of such well-known poets as W. H. Auden, Charles G. Bell, Walter de la Mare, Babette Deutsch, Lord Dunsany, Oliver St. John Gogarty, John Holmes, Randall Jarrell, Sister Mary Jeremy, Merrill Moore, Phyllis McGinley, Henry Rago, May Sarton, Mark Van Doren, Marya Zaturenska, and Jose Garcia Villa—to give a cross-section! However, the *Journal*'s top rates probably do not attract this diverse group of contributors so much as does the chance to enter over five million American homes. That's the real prize!

ELIZABETH MCFARLAND.

New York, N. Y.

NEM SOHA!

THE HUNGARIAN TRANSLATOR took entirely too much liberty with his translation of Hardy's "A Pair of Blue Eyes" [Your Literary I.Q., *SR* Sept. 25] He tried to foist off Polish as Hungarian, and we proud Magyars resent it. If "Szafirowe Oczy" is the Hungarian translation for "A Pair of Blue Eyes" I've forgotten more of my native tongue than I care to admit since I left Zsofiapuszta, Veszprem megye.

Kindly tell your readers about this unpardonable error before you arouse the wrath of all us highly emotional, intensely nationalistic Hungarian-Americans. It's bad enough to have our native land unwilling hosts to the Reds, but to confuse our native tongue with what is evidently Polish is too much. Nem soha!

EMIL L. TELFEL.

Lawrence, Kansas

IDEAL OF BROTHERLY LOVE

A LINE to tell you how heartening this reader found N.C.'s recent editorial "The Point About Schweitzer" [*SR* Oct. 2]. Bravo for him for taking to task those benighted travelers who bring back word not of the great man's sacrifices for the ideal of brotherly love, but only of such trivia as mattresses without sheets. The pennons of materialism indeed ride the wind when sheets become the gauge of *caritas*.

PATRICIA MACMANUS.

New York, N.Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Take Us No Nembutols

"Sing Me No Lullaby" has more to say and says it better than any play this season. Its author, Robert Ardrey, has searched his conscience in an attempt to find out why the fine responsible young men who came out of college just before World War II, and who proved their courage and sense of responsibility in that war, now seem unwilling and/or unable to cope with the new responsibilities created by the discovery of atomic fission. "We can only live. And dread. And flail about. And turn our enormous anger on the experts," says Ben Collinger, the play's central character.

However, Mr. Ardrey is careful also to show us that this same Mr. Collinger in 1939 recognized that moral integrity in one's personal life must always be asserted against a strong wind of futility. "Why," asks the immature young Ben, "can't there be high, high places to stand where a man can fight himself clear and shake himself loose and prove to himself and everybody else that he's something more than an unhappy, unwilling, predetermined horse-turd?"

Through the course of the play the despairing Mr. Collinger must make a readjustment to 1) a wife who feels she cannot survive one more year without "the man she married," 2) an old friend whom he discovers is being hounded reluctantly into the Communist camp because he is denied the right to earn a living as a consequence of his leftist political past, 3) another old friend who despises his gutless profession as a public-relations man ("I disguise the mediocre with a bright paint job, so they won't look too bad. And the bright ones I disguise with mediocrity so they won't scare anybody"), and who is so frightened of having any connection with a loyalty investigation that he deserts Ben, and 4) his hard, realistic, political boss of a mother who at one point upbraids her son for telling the truth in campaign speeches with, "If what you stood for was so important to you, then why were you so careless as to come in fourth?"

Ben's adjustment, which he feels applies equally to daily personal relationships and to world politics, is to take positive action in the right direction but to reject absolutes. "If this is what you most profoundly believe —that it's one side or the other—then what you are—good, bad, innocent, guilty—is of very little significance. In the end you are trapped. You may be a thousand times right. The last time you are wrong. . . . You have accepted a doctrine of death and annihilation. And in the end you are trapped in the prison of your own most profound profanity."

At the business of threading his deliberately constructed characters through this obstacle course of experience and revelation Mr. Ardrey is admirably uncompromising and adroit. More than that, he has a good sense of how the theatre can elevate the individual to high ground and at the same time face facts. And, finally, he has a relieving if slightly bitter sense of humor. "If Abraham Lincoln were alive today he'd take two Nembutols and go straight to bed." Or "The truth is something that a man to be President must be larger than."

Despite all these wonderful qualities, there are some serious shortcomings to "Sing Me No Lullaby." It lacks the relaxed and moving simplicity of "The Male Animal," the irrational passion of "Awake and Sing," or the penetrating fancy and range of invention which Shaw used to bring to such problems. Instead it is a procession of tightly-reined horses along a frequently beautiful but well roped-off route.

This is a trying discipline for actors, and indeed the excellent cast at the Phoenix seem to move a trifle too neatly—under the remote control of the playwright rather than under their own impulses. Richard Kiley, Beatrice Straight, Larry Gates, Jessica Royce Landis, and Marian Winters all give clean, hard performances, as does Jack Warden, who is nevertheless miscast as the displaced scientist. There is a beautifully severe set by Ben Edwards, but director Paul Stewart and Mr. Ardrey have not arrived at the best method of getting "Sing Me No Lullaby" across. They have tried to present a selected series of fast-moving realistic images within the framework of a naturalistic convention. If considered as a naturalistic play "Sing Me No Lullaby" may be confusing and stiff. But its moments of reasoned indignation and intense reality are stimulating Benzedrine in an era when Nembutols are more popular.

* * *

In **"The Tender Trap"** Max Shulman has put mousetrap bait in a snare

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starring
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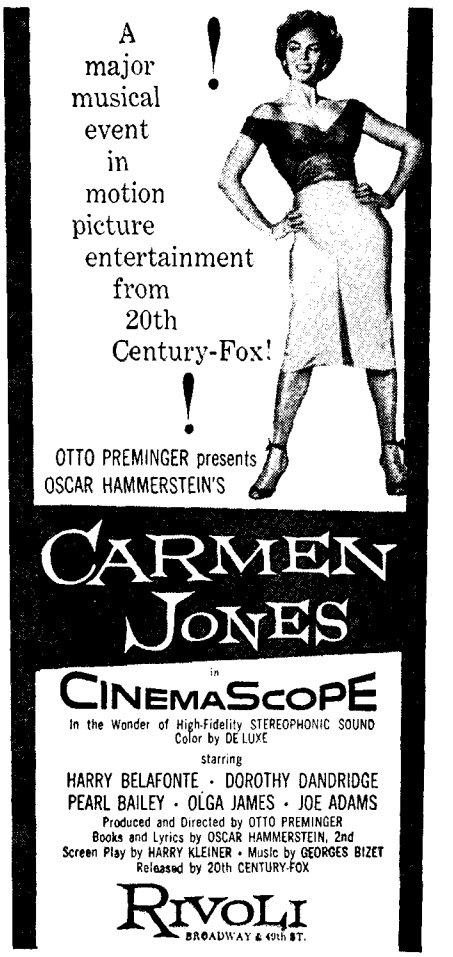
ROSEMARY CLOONEY • VERA ELLEN
with DEAN JAGGER
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Lyrics and Music by IRVING BERLIN
Produced by Robert Emmet Dolan
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ
A Paramount Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"SHOWTIME"
Gala new revue produced by Leonidoff . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Glee Club . . . Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige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powerful enough to catch a lion. On the surface this is a comedy about a bachelor who finds that his mere eligibility for marriage is sufficient to keep a stream of pretty young ladies running to his apartment in a futile effort to bag a husband, but who finally ruins his set-up in a moment of self-disrespect.

Nevertheless, not very far below this surface is the pathetic picture of a "happily married man" whose wife has a mania for spending his earnings on wall-to-wall carpeting, and a thirty-three-year-old intelligent and attractive woman who has given up thoughts of love in a practical search for a reasonably companionable husband.

None of these improves his position during the comedy, although it is made clear that they could have fallen in love with each other. Girl says to boy in rejecting his advances, "The only way to have girls is not to marry them. Then they become wives."

Unfortunately, this dilemma is not explored, and except for a wildly funny leap by the hung-over bachelor at a surprise blast from a concertina, the evening never goes into high gear. Kim Hunter, as the realistic woman, is alert enough to make us believe that she is capable of being both a girl and a wife at the same time.

* * *

"Fragile Fox" turns out to be a war melodrama concerning a colonel whose incredible cowardice costs the lives of most of his battalion, and ending with his being shot by one of his junior officers. "I don't suppose we'll ever get another one like him again," says one of the survivors in mock reverence, and many of the audience wonder where playright Norman Brooks found this one.

Good performances by Dane Clark, Crahan Denton, James Gregory, and Don Taylor hold "Fragile Fox" together long past the point when it becomes apparent that this highly contrived play has no new comments to scatter on an old subject.

—Henry Hewes.

Solution of last week's

Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1074)

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS:

THE PLACE

There is a strip of climate
Between sleep and the last drift of stars,
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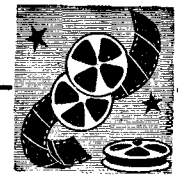
Where the unleashed heart may wander
For a timeless interval . . .
Moving within tides of exuberance
Recognized and acknowledged
Long after waking.



SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Saying It with Music

HOLLYWOOD'S current, questionable practice of turning out musical versions of past successes is almost justified by **"A Star Is Born"** (Warner Bros.). Almost, but never quite. Inevitably, the marks of major surgery are still visible. Inevitably, too, the relentless drive and pace that made the 1937 original so unforgettable are missing, and missed. Songs, dances, and production numbers come as a constant interruption to the central theme—a hard, mordant study of the disintegration of a talented human being while his wife climbs on to stardom and glory. With Judy Garland as the star in question, however, it is not too difficult to ignore these deficiencies—for a while, anyway.

For Miss Garland has the true star quality, that "extra plus" which adds an indescribable poignancy and charm to everything she does. Past the first sunny radiance of youth—the bubbling, ebullient Judy that her early fans remember—she can still create on the screen (and does, in her "Born in a Trunk" number) an affecting sense of adolescence. There are an ease and grace to her every movement, an originality and intensity in her gestures that go far beyond the merely skilful authority of the experienced actress. Her tremulous mouth, her voice always on the verge of tears, her large, brimming eyes can evoke any emotion at will. And when she sings, which she does at least a dozen times in the course of this long film, it is with a felicity of phrasing, an inner awareness of both the rhythm and the meaning of her songs, that strikes straight to the heart of the listener. Her role in "A Star Is Born" gives her talents full scope.

Nor are the talents of Judy Garland the sole asset in this film. James Mason, her co-star, is no less effective, no less affecting as the drink-sodden actor who first recognizes her potentialities and prods her forward towards stardom. It is a difficult, demanding, dangerous role, filled with opportunities for hammy flamboyance, yet Mason acquits himself with notable restraint. In fact, the casting throughout is flawless. Jack Carson as a hate-ridden and hateful publicity chief, Charles Bickford in the somewhat improbable role of a lovable studio executive, Tom Noonan as Judy's sympathetic accompanist and arranger all surround the star with characterizations that ring remarkably true.

Scarcely less remarkable is the physical production itself. For some reason, Hollywood has rarely been very successful in reproducing Hollywood; yet many of the scenes in this film achieve a high degree of verisimilitude, even when edged with satire. Starlet Vicki Lester's first contact with the studio—the make-up department's painstaking efforts to create for her a Dietrich eyebrow and a Crawford mouth, the publicity department's brusque brush-off, her first experience as a bit player ("We'll have to shoot that again, Miss Lester. We could see your face.") —all present a rare picture of Hollywood actually laughing at itself. On the other hand, a recording session, glimpses of actual shooting on a sound stage and of a Hollywood "sneak preview" are reproduced with sharp accuracy. The climactic scenes at the funeral parlor, with the crowds going wild for a glimpse of the star, may strain too hard for an effect, but such excesses are rare. Taste and discretion more aptly characterize George Cukor's direction.

This is especially true of the numerous musical sequences that punctuate the story. The temptation to stage large, opulent, heavy production numbers for a picture that cost $5,000,000—and in CinemaScope!—must have been overwhelming. Yet the temptation was resisted and a real effort made to integrate the music into the action, with the original plot cannily rearranged to encompass the many facets of Judy Garland's unique song-and-dance personality. As the film opens she is a singer with a band, and her silk-stockinged strut to "Gotta Have Me Go with You" is bright, agile, and gay. Later, in a dimly lit after-hours jam session, she delivers "The Man That Got Away," a tearful blues lament that is almost too much to bear. In the privacy of their home, with James Mason an audience of one, she whirls through a madcap burlesque of the "American in Paris" ballet. And in the studio she climbs into clown costume for a delightfully choreographed shuffle number, "Lose That Long Face."

But the high point of the picture is unquestionably the thirteen-minute "Born in a Trunk" routine, introduced rather abruptly about mid-

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way in the film. (It looks as if the producers had some trouble deciding just exactly where it *should* go.) Through song and dance, Judy narrates the troubled career of a born entertainer—born in a trunk backstage at the Princess Theatre in Pocatello, Idaho. For this number, complete in itself, Irene Sharaff designed a series of sprightly and witty costumes, as well as a shifting *décor* that is at once simple and striking, abounding in imagination. Again the temptation to create something big and brassy was overcome; the sequence, written by Leonard Gershe, emerges as a nugget of almost perfect picture making.

Unfortunately, despite all these virtues—in addition to which should be mentioned superb color photography supervised by that master of fashion photographers, George Hoyningen-Huene, and some of the most artful pictorial composition yet devised for the ungainly CinemaScope screen—"A Star Is Born" somehow fails to sustain its three-hour running time. The fault is not in Moss Hart's consistently literate and perceptive script, nor in the tuneful Ira Gershwin-Harold Arlen score, and certainly not in Cukor's sensitive and skilled direction. The fault would seem to rest rather in the attempt to adapt a serious, even tragic work into a vehicle for a musical star in the first place. For in it Miss Garland, skilled actress though she be, remains always a *performer*. The essential element that might have held the film together, the tragic, all-consuming love of Vicki Lester for her has-been husband, is repeatedly dissolved in the necessity for a song or a dance. Even in their scenes together, whether casual, intimate, or dramatic, Judy must always be the great entertainer, putting on a show. Her showmanship is superb, but the warmth and heart that made Janet Gaynor's Vicki Lester come alive are inevitably submerged by the musical numbers. And without that human core this "Star Is Born" lacks the power of conviction, the power to hold an audience in rapt absorption for a full three hours. It is a bountiful, beautiful film, but ultimately it becomes just too much for too little.

* * *

Bing Crosby's **"White Christmas"** (Paramount), despite the nostalgic overtones of the title, is not a remake of his earlier success, "Holiday Inn." Even so, the "original story" that Irving Berlin prepared for this one seems repeatedly like a re-make of virtually every backstage musical produced during the Thirties. It's one of those tedious affairs in which a group of golden-hearted showpeople get together, despite misunderstandings and logic, to stage a benefit for good old failing George. The frequent musical interruptions are always more than welcome, but the sad fact is that Berlin has failed to produce anything particularly noteworthy in this department either. As a result, such good people as Crosby, Danny Kaye, Vera Ellen, and sunny Rosemary Clooney are frequently left stranded up on the stage with material infinitely inferior to their talents. And Mr. Berlin's monster entertainment proves a colossal bore. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BOOKS IN DISTRESS

Net Beatty Bartlow of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, submits the titles of twenty books which at one time were highly controversial, a few to the point of suppression. She asks you to name the authors. Fifteen correct answers will be good, sixteen good plus one, and seventeen or better will make you censor-repellent. Answers on page 32.

1. Maggie: A Girl of the Streets
2. Robert Elsmere
3. The Well of Loneliness
4. Mrs. Warren's Profession
5. Jurgen
6. Lady Chatterley's Lover
7. The Moon Is Blue
8. Three Weeks
9. Ulysses
10. Sister Carrie
11. John Ward, Preacher
12. Tobacco Road
13. Memoirs of Hecate County
14. The Picture of Dorian Gray
15. The Way of All Flesh
16. The Jungle
17. Sanctuary
18. Sons and Lovers
19. The Custom of the Country
20. Jude the Obscure

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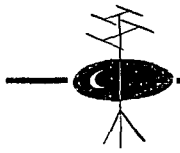

A Break for Papa Ibsen

A FEW years ago it was Henry James's turn to be discovered as an author. You could hardly go to a theatre, a movie, without seeing a James story, and at a flick of your dial there the old master was in television. This year it's Ibsen's chance.

In the theatre he is represented by one of the best monologues or comic recitations since "Cohen on the Telephone"—the long denunciation of "A Doll's House" in "Oh Men! Oh Women!" which is shrewd and genuinely funny and germane to my present report because it makes huge sense. The irritated husband advises the analyst to take down the picture of Sigmund Freud and put up old man Ibsen who, through the character of Nora, dissatisfied with home, love, babies, beauty, wealth, and a few other common desirables, wants to find out what there is outside the door. And does so. It was Bernard Shaw, I think, who said that the echo of the door slammed at the curtain of "A Doll's House" reverberated round the world. Our American businessman denounces this and makes a valid point in his own favor and against all Noras. That point doesn't concern us; the fact that in the modern comedy the theme of the Ibsen play is reasonably stated is important.

Because we run into the theme again, this time on a half-hour program called "Nora" (derived from "A Doll's House," or something like it), one of a new series which, with proper respect for the originals, changes the titles as it changes everything else. (The title of "A Handful of Dust" was changed to "The Green Curtain," as I recall it, although the production, based on Waugh's earlier and shorter version of the story, was faithful and tremendously well done.) We used to ask why the movies bought a play or a novel when they intended to gut it first and change the title afterward, and never found out. What TV producers have in mind, except to build up a successful series, will also remain forever secret.

What we have in "A Doll's House" is one of Ibsen's simpler themes and one of his little masterpieces of construction. The plot and the theme work together. *Because a young woman has no inkling of the realities of life*, she commits a small crime when faced with a crisis. She signs her father's name to a document in order to raise money to save the life of her husband. When she is blackmailed she is certain her husband will defend her; but defending her means losing his job at the bank, losing with it (his) standing in the community, and he cries out, "You should have let me die rather than commit a crime." She then understands that she hasn't understood anything; she sees that she has been nothing but a doll in her husband's life, and, so to speak, in her own life. She wants to become a human being, she wants to live contemporaneously, in the present harsh, living world. And *she* is willing to sacrifice her standing in the community to do so.

What we got in the TV version was the story of the blackmailer, the disillusion of the woman over her husband's action—but not one scintilla of the meaning the event had for her. And to prove that this was intentional: at the end, after saying the words that carry the theme, unheard and unsuspected until the last moment, Nora leaves the room and—goes upstairs! To sulk? To pack? To wait in bed for her husband? You'll never know.

Comes then the Ray Milland Show (which ought to be called something else in spite of his charms). In this (as I follow it after missing about two minutes) somebody is involved in an amateur production of "A Doll's House"—in any case, the text is in evidence. There is a woman who does and a woman who doesn't know how to make a husband come across with mink coats. (Billie Dawn, in "Born Yesterday," had the infallible method.) These women exchange ideas, some of them out of Ibsen. There occurs one of the few truly revolting scenes in television: the wife who doesn't know makes herself up as a real doll, with long eyelashes and round apple-red marks on her cheeks, and talks like a mechanical doll, because (you gather) she is showing her husband that he has treated her like a doll. Yet when she says something about the bank statement he replies, "That's your department." Then you get the plot, which isn't a plot but only a TV-mixup—a pretended forgery to which the husband, finding out, responds with a pretended sell-out of all the furniture. He gives her a mink coat in the emptied room. She cries out she doesn't want a mink coat, she wants her home, and he shows her all the furniture stacked in the adjoining room. Then she is told she can keep the mink coat, too.

THE reduction of a play to a skeleton is often necessary if you are to do the business up in twenty-two and a half minutes flat (the series had to be introduced the night "Nora" arrived, so there was less time for poor old Ibsen). The reduction of an 1860 idea to something important or relevant to us is also possible. "Nora" wasn't as good as any contemporary half-hour on the subject would have been because a new play would have the blackmailer killed, the husband thinking the wife did it, and *vice versa* (but he was really killed by heat lightning). On the other hand, Ibsen wrote thrillers (even "Ghosts" has been so described) and we had some excitement. The Milland piece was vulgar by its own standards and hugely, monstrously funny. That it *seemed* to be saying something about American life—about marriage, about human beings—and actually said nothing valid or true, but spun dull words and uninteresting actions around the stalest of comic-strip ideas is a kind of degradation.

The program was not seriously offered, I am well aware. It was meant to be funny and wasn't. And it was typical of a mentality, operating out of Hollywood, which television ought firmly to oppose if it wishes to survive.

—GILBERT SELDES.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 593

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 593 will be found in the next issue.

PANIC IROLB FGLLXC

DSRL, QALB IGXLG

FGLLXC ANFSO.

—ALBGM NXNKC.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 592

Perhaps no man ever thought a line superfluous when he wrote it. We are seldom tiresome to ourselves.—Johnson.

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SR's Library Poll

OF THE half-dozen American political dynasties—the Adamses, Harrisons, Tafts, etc.—by all odds the most spectacular are the Roosevelts. They seem to be a family set apart by their vitality and versatility, charm and success. The rich, Edwardian home-life of the chief of the Oyster Bay clan, President Theodore, is told by his long-time biographer in "The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill" (#9 on *SR*'s list).

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)*
2. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)**
3. **Mary Anne**
   by Daphne du Maurier (F)
4. **A Child of the Century**
   by Ben Hecht (G)
5. **Love Is Eternal**
   by Irving Stone (F)
6. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
7. **The Mind Alive**
   by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
8. **The Dollmaker**
   by Harriette Arnow (F)
9. **The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill**
   by Hermann Hagedorn (G)
10. **Sweet Thursday**
    by John Steinbeck (F)
11. **The Egyptian**
    by Mika Waltari (F)
12. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
    by Taylor Caldwell (F)
13. **Magnificent Obsession**
    by Lloyd C. Douglas (F)
14. **The Royal Box**
    by Frances Parkinson Keys (F)
15. **Madame de Pompadour**
    by Nancy Mitford (G)
16. **The Fall of a Titan**
    by Igor Gouzenko (F)
17. **TNT—The Power Within You**
    by Claude Bristol (G)
18. **Applied Imagination**
    by A. F. Osborn (G)
19. **The Wilder Shores of Love**
    by Lesley Blanch (G)
20. **MacArthur, 1941-1951**
    by Charles Willoughby and John Chamberlain (G)

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* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction

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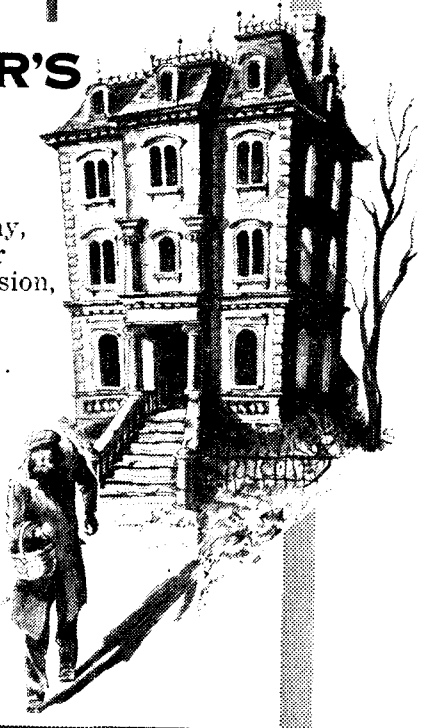
Marcia Davenport

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER



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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Shostakovich No. 10, Van Beinum and Men

IN HIS tenth symphony, introduced to America by Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra as the first novelty of their season, Dmitri Shostakovich has written an excellent work of thirty-minutes duration. It plays, unfortunately, in fifty, meaning that there are twenty minutes of other sorts to contend with, which can tend to affect one's valuation of its best parts.

Much of the musical thinking is highly creditable to the composer; certainly it is the most vigorous in spirit and the most inventive in thought since his all-out effort in the seventh ("Leningrad") of more than a decade ago. But it also has a philosophy to expound, a program to convey; and it is when Shostakovich is developing a global reach for his work that it tends to overreach itself and thus destroy the musical continuity.

The program is—nothing more nor less than—the "thoughts and aspirations of our contemporaries" (in the composer's words) for peace among peoples everywhere. He enjoins them to work for peace, because it cannot be attained by passive means; to resist a drift to war; to foster a love of one's homeland, while respecting the national feeling of others.

No program could more heartily win endorsement from audiences everywhere; but it is the irony of fate that the first non-Russian performance in Strasbourg last summer had to be deferred because of French resentment against the Soviet influence on the settlement in Vietnam. This does not indict Shostakovich's philosophy, but it does suggest that the ambitions that motivated him in his own studio as he worked were not necessarily the only ambitions at large in Moscow at the time. "Physician, heal thyself. . . ."

One heard in this work a masterful array of good, characteristic themes, very suitable for symphonic treatment, and generally soundly so treated, in a manner looking back to Prokofiev and Tchaikovsky. One heard also, in movements one and four particularly, a rather excessive amount of "dramatic conflict," exhortations musical to extra-musical ends. This wasted more than a little time, it seemed to me, while adding nothing communicative to the tonal argument. A snarling, compact scherzo, and a well-constructed slow movement suitable to stand with the fine ones of Symphonies No. 1 and 5, are the most satisfactory sections. But it is hard to believe that Shostakovich would have chosen the particular trend he did for movements one and four had he not been engaging in political, as well as tonal, argument.

In any case, this is a sizable work of our time, and it is creditable to Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic that they brought it out so soon, so well. Digging into the constructional scheme of such a score as this is a particular skill of Mitropoulos, and one had little doubt he probed to rock bottom. As he did, shale was flying in all directions, in cleavages sharp, incisive, and clearly recognizable. The scherzo could have been somewhat steadier rhythmically, but the vitality and drive of the finale—for which Shostakovich has provided plenty of built-in applause—did not let the composer down. The powerful climax came, and with it, almost as echo, the applause. This was, on the whole, an applauseful evening, beginning with a lively performance of Kabalevsky's "Colas Breugnon" overture, and concluding with Mischa Elman's playing of the Tchaikovsky violin concerto, almost as much a tradition as the work itself.

* * *

No one who is acquainted with the Concertgebouw Orchestra from its decades of recordings or by acquaintance with the players in their famous hall has to be told that the New York debut in Carnegie Hall under the direction of Eduard van Beinum was one of the orchestral events in recent seasons. Since the war Europe has sent us the French Orchestre National, the Danish National Symphony, and the Royal Philharmonic, with Beecham. Taken all together, Van Beinum's orchestra is the finest in the sequence.

It was instructive, in the leveling circumstances of Carnegie, to measure, mentally, its sound against the many fine others we hear there. Doubtless it lost something in characteristic timbre because it is accustomed to playing on the steep tiered stage of the Concertgebouw, but it produces a decidedly massive, flavorsome sonority, in which rich horns and warm celli seem to be the determining elements. The other strings form themselves about the cello sound, as the lower and higher brass do about the horns. In such a classic work as the "Freischütz" overture, with which the program began, the result is a flood of wonderfully homogeneous sound hard to surpass.

Van Beinum's treatment of this was, as was to be expected, "by the book," with a few energizing tricks of his own to provide momentum. The Latin ardor of Toscanini was absent, but also the arbitrary whims of some conductors regularly heard hereabouts. In orchestral discipline and full-blooded response to the conductor, the second of Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" suites was a superb instance of orchestral workmanship, carefully built to a fervent climax. Not so much of the light and shade in Ravel's masterwork had the glint of sunlight as we hear it from our more brilliantly voiced orchestras, but the end-product was eminently musical.

As representative of present-day Dutch composition, Van Beinum chose Henk Badings's Second Symphony which is, at that, hardly of the moment, as it dates from 1932. It is a work of considerable substance and some monotony of color, rather austere for the sultry evening that came up for this event. Constructionally, the greatest interest was to be found in the finale, in which Badings creates a rondo utilizing material from the two previous movements as alternates to his main subject. This makes for continuity, while avoiding the mechanical effect that often goes with recollection of previous material in a finale. It was lovingly performed, and with more than a little lingering effect. The First Symphony of Brahms followed.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Stephen Crane. 2. Mrs. Humphry Ward. 3. Radclyffe Hall. 4. George Bernard Shaw. 5. James Branch Cabell. 6. D. H. Lawrence. 7. F. Hugh Herbert. 8. Elinor Glyn. 9. James Joyce. 10. Theodore Dreiser. 11. Margaret Deland. 12. Erskine Caldwell. 13. Edmund Wilson. 14. Oscar Wilde. 15. Samuel Butler. 16. Upton Sinclair. 17. William Faulkner. 18. D. H. Lawrence. 19. Edith Wharton. 20. Thomas Hardy.

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P, P, and I

Continued from page 25

they have to do if they want America to be their friend. I can't see that the line I fell for in 1952—that the way to lick McCarthyism was to put the Republicans in—has come out that way either. On the other hand, I still think Eisenhower is a fine, honest, intelligent man with the best interests of the country at heart, and my problem next month is going to be to make up my mind how much merit I think there is to the Republicans' claim that we oughtn't to tie Eisenhower's hands with a Democratic Congress."

His answer to that question—and the answer of many like him—should throw some light on the theory that cumulative grievances always work against the "Ins" in off-year elections—the "Ins" this time being Republican Congressmen.

My organization has done very little political polling this year—we never do in the off-election years. I have, however, had access to a considerable number of polls which are being done—both privately for candidates and for publication in the state polls. The last results I saw as this article was being written describe the situation as of early September, and at that time in almost every case, there was an extremely large undecided vote. This wasn't true everywhere, of course—for example, results indicated that it would be extremely unlikely that either Hubert Humphrey or Clinton Anderson would be defeated—but the undecided vote was large enough in most states to indicate doubt over the outcome. Perhaps the most newsworthy finding was the strength of the Democrats in unexpected places. For example, those who thought Kuchel in California and Bender in Ohio were sure to win by very large majorities would have found nothing in these surveys to give them cheer; both of these Republicans appeared at that time to be locked in bitter races which could turn either way. By and large, the state poll results, as of early September, gave more cheer to the Democrats than to the Republicans—certainly for the House of Representatives and to a lesser extent, for the Senate.

This article is intended to describe the issues, not to offer predictions. But one mild prediction does seem in order: After November 2 a good many Republican candidates, in thinking about the vote-getting role of Eisenhower in 1952, may be inclined to paraphrase Winston Churchill: "Seldom before has one man done so much for so many." —ELMO ROPER.

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Arthur Koestler

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"Under the Pandanus," by Gauguin—"adventure and romance."

Gauguin's Tahiti Son

By WILMON MENARD, *who was traveling in Tahiti when the recovery of a Gauguin canvas in Amsterdam stirred the memories and regrets of those who still remember the great, eccentric artist.*

THE Tahitian skipper of a copra-schooner who had transported me southward to Tahiti from the Marquesas Islands suggested that I spend a few weeks, while awaiting the steamer for France, in an ancient hotel facing the lagoon-harbor of Papeete.

But when the fat and lethargic son of its famous, deceased owner showed me the best room in the rickety structure, and quoted me the price, I was outraged that he would consider me a gullible tourist and charge such an exorbitant sum for this deteriorated and musty chamber.

I indignantly told him my opinion.

He shrugged his shoulders. "A hotel room isn't just necessarily four walls, a bed, and a set price," he philosophized. "There are the unique ghosts of people who have come and gone." He lowered his voice to a compelling whisper. "Paul Gauguin's ghost is one that will keep you company."

"Gauguin lived in this room!" I exclaimed.

He dropped my straw valise to the floor with a gesture of finality. "*E parau mau!* Yes, verily! This is the chamber that he occupied when he first came here to Tahiti in June 1891."

I, of course, took the room. It had taken on a new value. When the owner had gone I prowled about the large, high-vaulted chamber, half-expecting to see some of Gauguin's unfinished canvases still hanging, or a broken brush snapped in anger, or squeezed-out tubes of oil.

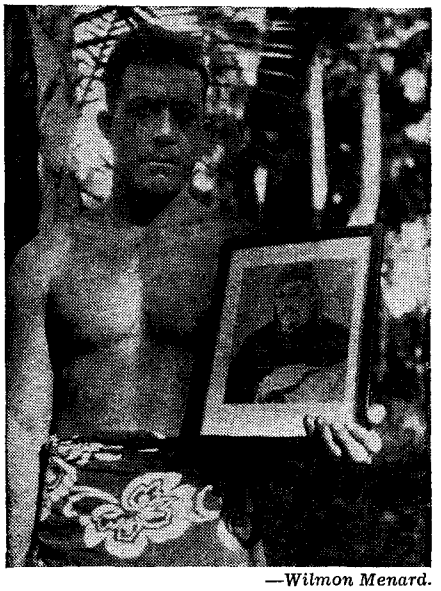
I couldn't have occupied anywhere a more important hotel room. It was on the glass door of this very chamber that Paul Gauguin had painted the caricature of his Tahitian landlady because she threatened to evict him for not paying his rent, her stout patience worn thin by his violent demands, dalliance with *café-au-lait* Papeetean girls, and bold pilferings of demijohns of rum from her bar-room for his noisy saturnalias. She was forever peeking at him through the panes of the glass of the veranda door to be sure he didn't lure her chaste daughter to his chamber, so Gauguin painted the glass to thwart her. Part of the painting on the glass windows of the veranda door was of a standing, semi-nude Tahitian girl in a *pareu* (sarong), and a naked girl seated, playing a *vivo* (nose-flute) to a white rabbit, which Gauguin oddly introduced into many of his studies.

An English artist-writer-traveler, Stephen Haweis, occupying the room not long thereafter, purchased the door for a small price, which caused Rupert Brooke, the poet, who composed his "Great Lover" in Tahiti, to complain to a friend: "I seem to have missed a boat somewhere [he was delayed in Australia], and I can't get to Tahiti till the beginning of January. Damn! And I hear that a man got to Tahiti two months ahead of me, and found—and carried off!—some Gauguin paintings on glass. *Damn!*"

LOLLING on my high, private veranda, I could see the row of trim white trading-schooners moored to the acacia-shaded esplanade of Papeete, the fairylike quarantine isle of Motu-Uta lifting its delicate tracery of coconut palms into the limpid sky, the protective coral reef, milky-white with the intercepted surge of the South Pacific, and, across twelve miles of shimmering ocean, the towering majesty of Moorea Island. Each evening, behind the craggy summits of this opposite island, I could watch the identical and dramatic sunsets that Gauguin had witnessed.

It was during the time I was living in this hotel-room that news reached Tahiti of the recent discovery in Amsterdam, Holland, of a Gauguin painting similar to Vincent Van Gogh's "Portrait of An Actor." It created quite a stir, as does always the slightest mention of Gauguin's name in Tahiti.

After reading this notice, affixed to the bulletin-board outside Papeete's post-office, I walked through the town and across Pont de L'Ouest, where Domenich Demoni, owner of a lemonade bottling works, hailed me from



—*Wilmon Menard.*

Gauguin's Tahitian son—"unique ghosts."

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the doorway of his ramshackle establishment.

"*Haere maina, Viri!* Come on in for a while, Willie!"

Domenich was a tall, affable fellow, part-Tahitian, Italian, and French, chronically drowsy, with a ludicrously small *pandanus* hat balanced upon his massive head. His mid-section was caught about loosely with a blue and white *pareu*. Rum caused him to stagger badly as he came forward to shake my hand; his eyes were red from weeping, alcohol—or both.

"I'm glad you've come along!" he cried in Tahitian. "Most opportune that you've returned from the Marquesas! You're the only one who would have the humaneness and patience to sympathize with me! The others laugh spitefully every time there is news on the post-office board about Gauguin!" He expelled his breath in a dolorous sigh. "I thought I'd go *maamaa* [crazy] here alone, tormented by my chagrin! Why do they have to keep finding lost Gauguin paintings? Why can't they finish with it for once and all, so I can know peace? Always these shattering reminders! Today my brain feels like rotten breadfruit inside this poor aching head of mine!"

"That must be a unique pain," I said with compassion.

I recalled several years past when the curator of prints and drawings of Chicago Art Institute, Carl Schniewind, had removed the glued-down cardboard from the back of a pastel bought in Paris, and on the reverse side found a charcoal drawing of a Tahitian woman signed *P. Gauguin*. On that occasion Domenich had gone on an alcoholic carouse that had lasted ten days and eventually landed him in the Papeetean jail.

"Suppose you tell me for once and all about the strange malady that affects you every time that you see the name of Gauguin in print on the bulletin-board." I was prepared to act as his counsellor, his patient psychiatrist, to aid in a helpful and conclusive brainwashing, if possible.

HE BRUSHED a keg-top clean for me with the frayed end of his *pareu*, and squatted native-fashion upon the hard earthen floor. He sucked noisily on a bottle of rum, and began his tale.

"I did not know Gauguin well, because I was only a young boy when he was here, but my memory serves me well enough to know he was a man of terrible rages." He suddenly halted his narrative. "A thousand pardons! Here, have a good long drink to fortify yourself for what I have to tell you! No? Well, then a bottle of *limonade!*" He handed me a small bottle of the tart liquid. It was

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sickishly sweet and warm, with an obscure citric-acid taste. I let the poisonous tonic trickle down my throat.

"Well, as I was saying," he started again, "Gauguin wasn't liked here in Tahiti. I do not know how my father's brother Fortuné met him, but I remember that he was always speaking of him to my father with lofty praises. 'Gabriel,' he would say to him, 'that man Gauguin, who has just come here from Marseilles and is my new friend, is a genius, and someday the world will bow down to him.' My father did not take his brother's words seriously, because Uncle Fortuné always made much excitement over trifling matters. I myself saw Paul Gauguin only three times, and each time he was reeling from absinthe—a drink, which you must know surely, can be a slow death to any man. Drinking and painting were the devils which rode him. He was a fierce sensualist, too. His appetite for Tahitian *vahines* [women] was incredible, and the girls of Tahiti were always making eyes at him.

"The last time I saw Gauguin was the morning before he left for the Marquesas, where he died miserably. He was with his Tahitian mistress, who had borne him a son [Emile a Tai, born April 19, 1899], he was roaring drunk, and he threatened to punch my good father in the nose—for what reason I never learned. I don't know how Uncle Fortuné managed to get along so well with him, but they were always together, drinking, singing, and running after *vahines*."

Domenich drew in his breath jerkily.

"Now, listen to this! When Gauguin left for the Marquesas he gave my Uncle Fortuné many of his paintings. There must have been twenty canvases in the bundle. One night, eight months after Gauguin had gone, Uncle Fortuné came home, staggering under the influence of too many bottles of rum . . ." He clapped his palms to his head, and his eyes rolled wildly. "Can I ever forget that horrible night! The catastrophe! He acted like a crazy man! Before my father could stop him he took all of Gauguin's canvases out into the coconut grove, poured petrol over them, and set them afire. They blazed handsomely, I can tell you! And Uncle Fortuné danced around the fire, singing a naughty Tahitian *ute* [risqué song]!"

Domenich Demoni slapped his palms against his eyes and began rocking forward and backward from the waist, moaning loudly.

"And why did Uncle Fortuné burn them? *Why,* indeed! Just because he had been told that day that Gauguin, while waiting for the schooner for Hiva Oa, had had an affair with one of his favorite Papeetean girl-friends! What a ridiculous reason!

"Poor Uncle Fortuné didn't live long enough to realize the great mistake and crime he had committed. But my poor father! If you could have known the frustration and torture that tore at his heart and mind! He died, you surely must have heard, of a liver ruined by drink, haunted by what Fortuné had done. Now, it is my heritage! *Aue!* I am sick in my brain, heart, and soul every time I think of Gauguin, every time I see his name in print! I still can see the smoke and smell the fumes of the oil from the paintings that Uncle Fortuné burned!

"Just one—one, mind you!—of those paintings would have brought a price now in America or Europe to keep me and my children's children in comfort for the rest of our days! For the drunken rashness of my Uncle Fortuné, now dead—Peace to his impulsive soul!—my father had to bottle synthetic *limonade* to wash the gullets of *les Canaques.* The legacy and the ghost of Gauguin he has passed on to me! Oh, *mon Dieu, Monsieur* Willie, *c'est terrible!* Now, watch me weep! You will never see a human yield so bitterly and loudly to tears!"

SO I LEFT Domenich Demoni in shuddering grief on the floor of his lemonade brewery, holding his head and bawling more clamorously than a bull dying from the sword thrust of a *matador.* I could understand his lamenting the madness of a drunken uncle, whose name had the ironic English spelling of *fortune,* and who, one tranquil Tahitian evening, had hilariously disposed of an incalculable treasure to appease a conceited, jealous whim.

When I passed the white residents' club of Papeete I saw Ponitzky, the ancient and wealthy pearl-trader of the islands, seated on the second-story veranda. He was reputed to be close to ninety-six. His bony chin was cupped in skeletal hands, and his faded blue eyes gazed sourly across the sunlit lagoon-harbor and infinite Southern ocean. He had known Gauguin in the old days. I walked up the stairway to the lofty veranda to speak with him, knowing the announcement on the bulletin-board had affected him, too.

I had to speak twice before he realized I was standing beside him. No doubt his thoughts were far adrift in the dangerous Islands, to the northeast of Tahiti, where he had traded in his earlier years. Then he had bartered cans of cheap salmon for the valuable pearls of the guileless native divers. He had amassed one of the largest fortunes in the islands.

"Well, what is it you want me to tell you about Gauguin?" he demanded sourly. "How disagreeable he was, how crazy he was, how indecently he treated all of us old residents who tried to befriend him? Are not those facts all too well known?" He blew out his breath in a spluttering explosion. "It doesn't seem possible that some of his paintings sell for more than a hundred thousand dollars! Suffering sharks!" He shook his head in bewilderment.

"I understand that adventure and romance have been coupled with Paul Gauguin," he continued, after a short, muttered cursing. "Somerset Maugham wrote a novel, 'The Moon and Sixpence,' around such a character as Gauguin, and there's been a movie on his life, to say nothing of all the biographies. Bah, I say! It was just the idea of a man throwing over his righteous responsibilities in life that appealed to Maugham and his readers. If he had known Paul Gauguin as well as I he would have found very little real substance for a novel on such an anti-social human. Gauguin the man was not great, because he lacked tolerance and humility. At least, all of us old residents of Tahiti found him a coarse, boastful, surly fellow. Maugham should have talked to us."

Somerset Maugham, while studying Gauguin's background in Tahiti, had stumbled accidentally upon a Gauguin painting on glass. After an attempt at suicide the French artist had lived with a native family, and, after painting one work, "The White Horse," which now hangs in the Louvre, he was without canvas and so had turned his efforts upon the three doors of his rescuer's living-room. But over the years the children had ruined the paintings by scraping the paint off with their fingernails. Maugham had come along in time to salvage the remaining one and to buy it for a small price. The painting was the famous scene of Biblical description, of Eve in the Garden of Eden holding the apple in her hand. At Cap Ferrat, in his villa, Maugham told me how he found this painting on glass, and had remarked caustically concerning the critics who had accused him of cheating the Tahitian

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of a valuable property. "The owner of the house was quite glad to sell the whole door to me, and I gave him what he asked. It is true I didn't pay a large sum for it, but on the other hand, at that time Gauguin hadn't the reputation he has since acquired."

THE pearl-trader interrupted my recollections. "In the eyes of romanticists, the islands of the South Seas form a colorful background for his work. His technique? Well, he might have been a pioneer of a new school of art. I have seen many of his original canvases, still wet, hanging on the walls of his studio in Punaavia. His art is organized around his reds, the red of fire and blood. His paintings are like an autobiography, recording in color and design the life of a mad libertine, egotist, cynic, and beachcomber. Some say his Tahitian and Marquesan scenes and figures are true to Polynesia—that one can feel the tropical foliage, the perfume of the island flowers, and the mystic deep blue shadows of Tahitian jungles. Many say his colors are all in turmoil. Well, his grandmother was a social agitator; he inherited Borgia blood from his Peruvian mother, Aline Chazal, and French and Arabian blood from his father, Pierre, editor of a radical French journal. Is it any wonder that Paul Gauguin was anti-social, strange, a pathological escapist? His temperament was like a volcano.

"Now, here is something to think about: do you suppose that Gauguin would have become the strange and adventurous character of the novelists, biographers, and film-makers if he had gone to Iceland to paint instead of Tahiti and the Marquesas? Hardly, I think! To most people the South Seas are perfect latitudes for colorful personalities. The isles of the South Pacific will always have this aura of strong tropical allure for those in colder and harsher climates. Gauguin's friend and benefactor, Charles de Monfried, realized this when Gauguin wrote him of his wish to return from the Island of Hiva in the Marquesas to Paris. If you've read Gauguin's biographies and published letters you will know what Monfried told him."

Yes, I did remember his advice. Monfried had speedily cautioned Gauguin: "It is to be feared that your return would only derange the growing and slowly conceived ideas with which public opinion has surrounded you. Now you are that legendary artist who, from the depths of Polynesia, sends forth his disconcerting and inimitable work—the definitive work of a man who has disappeared

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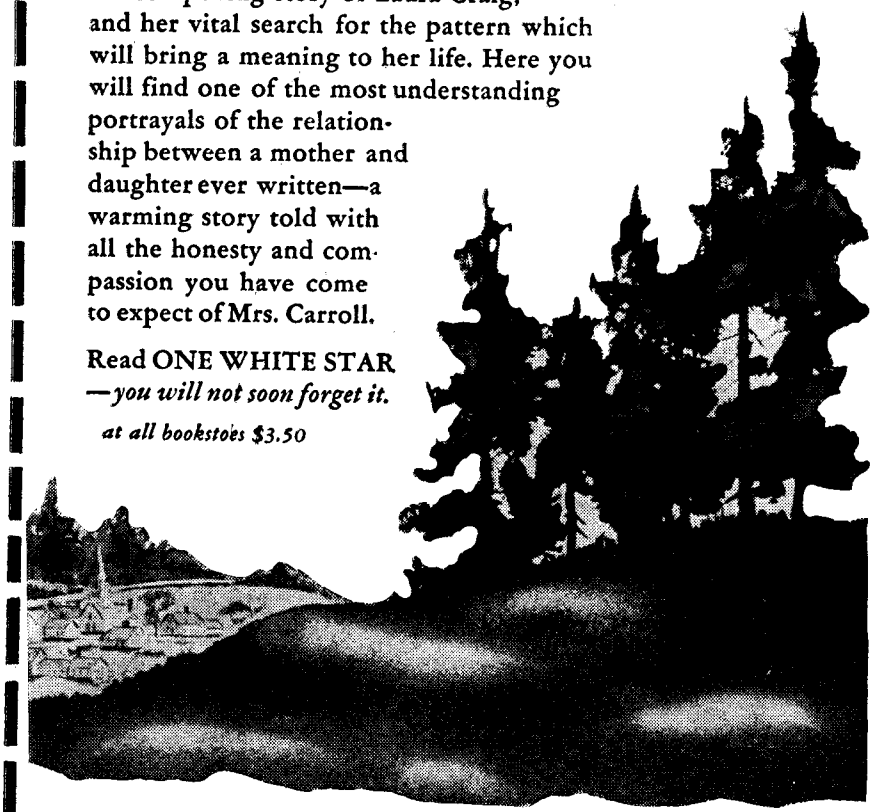

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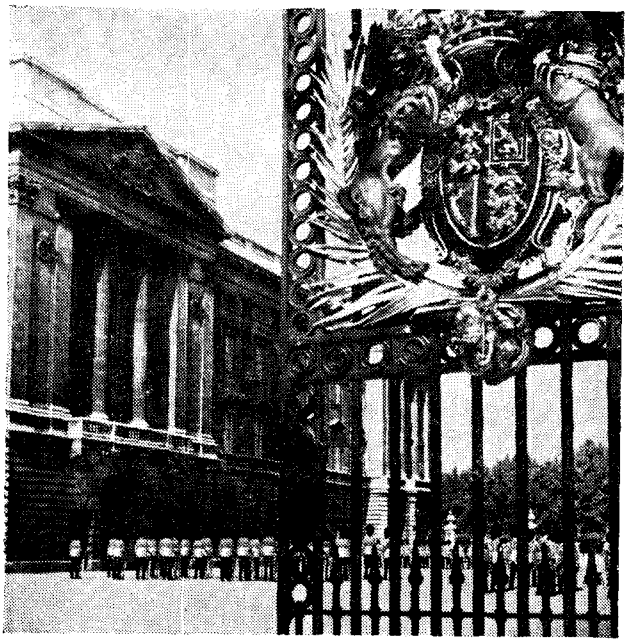

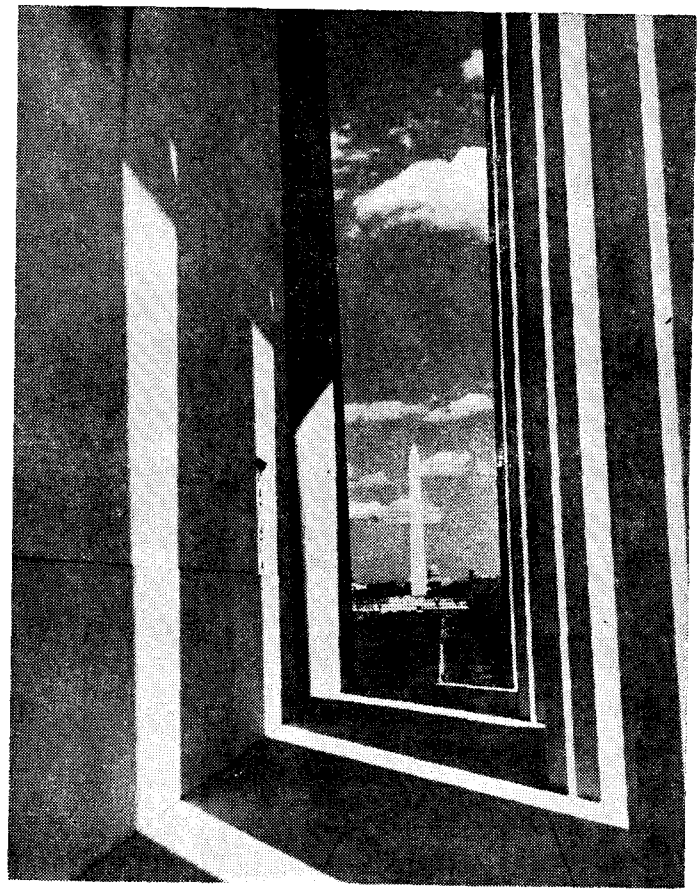

PHOTO AWARDS: In all lands there are buildings that attract photographers not only because they embody so much history but also because they are photogenic. Here are two. On the right, D.A.C. McGill, of New York City, has worked out a striking composition of the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument in Washington, D.C. He used a Speed-Graphic. On the left, Douglas Cole, of Forest Hills, New York, caught storied Buckingham Palace in London from a fresh angle with his Ciroflex E. Both these pictures are entries in *The Saturday Review*'s World Travel Photo Awards.

from this world into a more glorious one. Your enemies—and you have many, as have all who trouble the mediocre—are now silent, do not dare to combat you, do not even think of it: for you are so far away among the legendary isles of the Southern ocean. You must not return. You are as the great dead. You have passed into the history of art."

Pearl-trader Ponitzky rose unsteadily to his feet, stabbing frantically for support with his ironwood cane. He shook sternly a skinny forefinger in my face. "But don't you go around reporting that Paul Gauguin was a close friend of mine! The savage Frenchman punched my nose once!" He gave me a profile of himself, revealing his misshapen proboscis which, I could plainly see, was broken. "But I, *Monsieur* Willie, pulled his moustache almost out by the roots. Then I kicked his shins until he howled in agony. Oh, it was a pretty little scene, you can be sure! It took four strong native policemen to separate us. I think we might have torn each other limb from limb."

When Ponitzky had tottered weakly off down the stairway to the plane-tree shaded road, margining the lagoon-harbor, a florid-faced captain of a copra-schooner shouted to me from his table at the end of the veranda: "Don't believe all the bad things that that old octopus tells you about Gauguin! My father knew Gauguin very well, in fact, he took him to Hiva Oa in the Marquesas aboard his schooner, and he liked him, saying always that he was a man's man. Ponitzky hates his memory because when Gauguin was publishing a small journal here, called *The Last Laugh*, he exposed him in an article for what he was—a thieving, cheating pearl-buyer. And then he can't forget that Gauguin stole his best Tahitian mistress in 1891!"

THERE was another in Tahiti with whom I wished to speak about Paul Gauguin—his native son Emile a Tai. But he was out fishing when I arrived at his plantation-home in Punaavia, and his wife, who had given birth to eight of his children, pointed out the strip of palm-shaded coral beach where he would beach his canoe.

I strolled thoughtfully the long coral strand, awaiting his return, and thinking about his father, Paul Gauguin, and his mother, Tahura a Tai. Long ago, when William Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System of New York, had purchased the Gauguin group-canvas "From where do we come? Who are we? Where are we going?" for a sum reported to be over one hundred thousand dollars, I had visited Emile and listened quietly while he raged at the injustice of his lost heritage that had relegated him to the status of a common, poor, forgotten native of the islands. Later Tahura had come down from the valley, where she tended pigs for a Chinaman, and had wept violently as she recalled that she had posed for the central figure of the famous painting. Tahura, at this meeting, was old and gray-haired, and one of her legs was swollen grotesquely with *fefe* (elephantiasis). Now she was dead, buried, and forgotten.

I sat down on the beach in the shade of the coconut palms and dozed.

Then, suddenly, I was awakened by someone speaking distantly, timidly, and I felt a gentle nudge on my shoulder. I lifted my head from my chest and glanced up. Beside me stood comely Celina a Tai, Emile's thirteen-year-old daughter.

She extended to me, with a sweet smile, the art-work she held in her hand. "My brother Adolphe told me to show this to you. It is the copy of the one the French teacher sent to Paris to be exhibited."

I took the crude drawing and held it in the sunlight, and instantly an emotion of sadness seized me. Célina had chosen for her subject a framed picture that had hung for years in

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the a-Tai home—a cheap, yellowed, moisture-mottled reproduction of Gauguin's self-portrait.

And Célina had scrawled at the top: *Mon grand pere Paul GauGuin.*

There was the splash of a paddle closeby and the bow of a graceful outrigger-canoe came to rest on the beach. Emile a Tai, a young Paul Gauguin, stepped out, grinning, with a loud greeting of "*Ia ora na, Viri!*" He carried fish-lines and several splendid bonita-fish.

He saw Célina's drawing in my hand.

"She shows talent my little Célina, does she not?" he said proudly. "But it's Adolphe my son who knows colors. His dark-browns and blues are like my father's." He nodded hard. "Heredity could be responsible, if one draws upon the imagination. Perhaps between Célina and Adolphe some real talent might reveal itself to justify the Gauguin blood. Perhaps my father's spirit shall smile upon them someday, and then he will be sorry that he did not give me the name of Gauguin to pass on to them."

LATER, after dinner, we sat on the beach to watch the sunset over Moorea Island, and to smoke. I told him of the new discovery of a Gauguin canvas in Amsterdam.

Emile nodded shortly. "Every time that happens my father's ghost walks the beaches of Tahiti and Hiva Oa."

"Have you ever visited the grave of your father in the Calvary Cemetery of Atuana on Hiva Oa Island?" I asked.

He shook his head quickly, and I thought he shivered slightly. "We Tahitians fear the dead," he said in a low, tense voice. "My father was a strange man. I would not want to meet his ghost on the lonely beach of Hiva Oa."

I had just come from Hiva Oa Island, the forgotten once-cannibal island of the Marquesas, with its craggy black peaks mantled in cloud-mists, and the waterfalls leaping over the sheer precipices and arching out again from the tropical foliage that was so lush and green that it appeared to flame. A brooding, eerie silence reigned. Here Gauguin had come to die.

A Marquesan, in the Atuana village, who wished me to buy a wooden bowl out of which he claimed Paul Gauguin had eaten his meals (he professed to be the son of Gauguin's Marquesan servant Nioka), took me up to the Calvary Cemetery above the Bay of Traitors. Gauguin's grave was only marked by a conventional white rounded slab, a charitable gift of the *Société des Etudes Océaniennes*, announcing his death May 8, 1903, and

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carpeted with creeping-vines bearing flowers like the purple morning-glory. A flowering hibiscus-bush shaded the stone. My native guide had told me that the rumor in Hiva Oa for years was that the Society had missed Gauguin's grave by several meters, and that the present headstone was placed over the skeleton of a Swiss by the name of Vernier.

I had stood in the tropical drizzle, staring, deeply moved. In death Paul Gauguin was as lonely as in life. There was no sound save the distant murmuring of the restless sea at the base of the promontory and the weird cries of circling tropical birds. I fled the cemetery.

EMILE rose, yawned, and stretched. Night was closing down swiftly over Tahiti. The southeast trade-winds had started to blow strongly, and the South Pacific combers were now smashing loudly over the coral reefs. The fronds of the coconut palms stirred restlessly with rhythmic motion; somewhere in the grove a coconut thudded solidly to ground. A native fisherman chanted barbarically as he propelled his outrigger-canoe across the darkening lagoon.

Moorea Island was receding into the shadows of the night, and I thought of Gauguin's description as he sat on this same beach smoking a cigarette. "The sun, rapidly sinking on the horizon, is already half-concealed behind the Island of Moorea, which lay to my right. The conflict of light made the mountains stand out sharply and strangely in black against the violet glow of the sky. They were like ancient battlemented castles.

"Is it any wonder that before this natural architecture visions of feudal magnificence pursue me? The summit, over there, has the form of a gigantic helmet-crest. The billows around it, which sound like the noise of an immense crowd, will never reach it. Amid the splendor of the ruins the crest stands alone, a protector of witness, a neighbor of the heavens. I felt a secret look plunge from the head up there into the waters which had once engulfed the sinful race of the living, and in the vast fissure which might have been the mouth I felt the hovering of a smile of irony or pity over the waters where the past sleep.

"Night falls quickly. Moorea sleeps."

I heard Emile draw in his breath slowly, appreciatively, as he considered the identical island scene that Gauguin had studied so long ago from this same strand, and he spoke quietly, more to himself:

"I would have liked to have known my father."

Fiction

Continued from page 20

charming, shrewd, practical, and vain, and never as foolish as they may appear to be. In other words he makes them human. They are not at all like the poor substitutes for women who drink, who domineer, who go to the analyst and die in American fiction.

As for the Ireland that O'Connor presents in his stories, the extremes of poverty have disappeared and the great houses of the gentry have faded into a distant past; his Ireland is of the lower middle class, the Ireland of the small shopkeeper, the clerk, and the schoolteacher, and behind them the presence of the Irish Catholic Church. O'Connor's true concern is of human comedy with the darker and more unpleasant shades of melodrama, and even of tragic losses, swept away. All-too-human frailty and its errors are his themes; and the reader is, of course, to be entertained; in the present selection "The Custom of the Country" and "The Little Mother," two comedies in the arts of young women getting married, are his masterpieces. If any living writer wishes to compete with Frank O'Connor in his chosen field he is welcome to take a mortal risk, but it is extremely unlikely that he will succeed.

Notes

HECTIC HAPPENINGS IN HONG KONG: Last year Ernest K. Gann wrote a harrowing tale about a plane ride which he called "The High and the Mighty" and which, among other things, became a Book-of-the-Month, a movie, and a paperback best seller. This year he has shifted his mode of transportation to sampans and patrol boats, but this has in no way decreased his narrative speed. For, in **"Soldier of Fortune"** (William Sloane Assoc., $3.50), Mr. Gann has produced an exotic derring-do, a swashbuckling love story, and a vivid picture of Communist China, all rolled into one. His heroine this time is a woman named Jane Hoyt who arrives in the superficial security of British-administered Hong Kong—where Mr. Gann makes the most of the sounds of the abacus and the smells of animal intestines—in the hope of saving her husband from Communists who hold him captive somewhere on the Chinese mainland. In no time at all, Jane becomes involved with a piggish fellow named Stoker, a small-time operator named Marty Gates, and a former Chicago truck driver who, by reason of fists and brains, has

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become an important person to know. From a number of hectic happenings Mr. Gann squeezes the proper amount of dash and drama, though a little less than the proper amount of depth. Only one character rises to any distinction: a Chinese general named Po-Lin who, one hopes, may some day lead Mr. Gann to bigger—and better—novels. —CHARLES LEE.

THREE GENERATIONS OF WOMEN: The heroine of Gladys Hasty Carroll's latest novel, **"One White Star"** (Macmillan, $3.50), is a woman named Laura, whose story is a family story, full of the smells of fresh milk, hay, and wild meat stewing. It is nonetheless a skilful novel, well told in fluent dialogue and realistic detail. For Laura has her troubles. Child of a crude, rough-spoken father and a schoolteacher mother, Laura has married a minister and, as the story begins, she returns to her mother's farm with her own child, Marty. How Laura then is caught in mother-daughter-grandmother relationships is the burden of Mrs. Carroll's tale until, in the final chapters, Marty brings home to supper the man *she* is going to marry and, somehow, through her love for him, is able for the first time to understand her mother. There is another phase to the ending, a surprise one that is almost too much of a surprise, but Mrs. Carroll is an old hand at telling a story and, despite the fact that she offers neither complexity nor obscurity nor symbolism nor profound sociological and psychological meaning, readers who enjoyed her "The Earth Turns" and "Dunnybrook" will probably not be disappointed in this one. —CID RICKETTS SUMNER.

APPRENTICE IN BOHEMIA: **"Peter Domanig in America: Brass"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.95) is the second in Victor White's trilogy of novels (the first was "Steel") about the career in American industry of Peter Domanig, an immigrant boy from Austria who knows where he wants to go, if not precisely why.

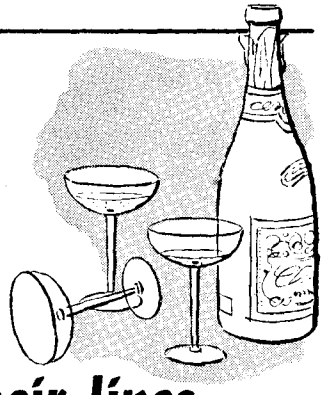
The time of "Brass" is 1925 and Peter, now a partner in a thriving radio manufactory, discovers debutante Sibby, the girl of his youthful dreams, in nearby Greenwich Village, toying cozily with the more romantic aspects of *la vie Bohème*. She quickly accepts him as her worshipful suitor and under her tutelage he serves his apprenticeship in the play-world of speakeasies and Connecticut house parties as conscientiously as he had that of the work-world of the Pittsburgh steel mills in the previous volume. Both Peter and Mr. White seem less at home in this frivolous milieu, and the documentation of its minutiae is less authoritative than in "Steel." On the other hand, the relationship between Peter and Sibby, beset with all the exacerbated symptoms of first love, is more poignantly compelling than anything in the earlier novel. Peter, however, is unready to commit himself to anything more substantial than an ideal, and as the book ends, he renounces Sibby and sails to Europe to confront his unknown past.

Mr. White's prose style is quite unlike anything I am familiar with in contemporary fiction. Peculiarly dated, filled with the mannered flourishes of a more leisurely era than we imagine our own to be, it expresses a kind of earnest and humorless naivete which is alternately irritating and charming. Also, it is so conscientious in its effort to render with meticulous exactitude the quality of each scene that it often smothers itself in qualifications. But what begins to be apparent is that the characteristics of the style are also the characteristics of the trilogy's hero, and perhaps more suitable for the telling of his story than we had at first thought. And Peter begins to emerge, in "Brass," as someone more complex and interesting than the dogged Boy Scout who plowed his way through "Steel." —JEROME STONE.

CRIME OF PASSION: Recipient of France's Prix Femina, **"The Woman with No Past,"** by Serge Groussard (Dutton, $3), is a novel involving a *crime passionel*, a subject which the French always manage to treat with more verve and sympathetic insight than we Anglo-Saxons.

The story opens with Mada, the woman in the case, fleeing the provincial town where she has just murdered her wealthy husband, who had discovered her with a casual lover. She meets Malard, a strong, silent barge captain who, sensing her distress, offers to take her to Paris via a leisurely canal route, and who asks no questions. His mate, a toadlike, despicable chap, asks no questions, either, but he gets answers, and soon pieces together the reason for Mada's flight. The rest of the book builds up the suspense of what he will do with his information, and develops the love affair between Mada and Malard, colored with the irony that only after it is too late to begin again has the in-

REUNION



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RAND McNALLY

constant lady met a man who could command her deep and selfless devotion.

Unfortunately for American readers, the dialogue has been translated by Daphne Woodward into an idiom so exclusively British that its incongruity with the extreme Frenchness of the characters and setting is disturbing. But it is a well-planned narrative with a scenario-like quality, and with a number of small, earthy touches that remind one of those moving, elemental films that Marcel Pagnol directs with such seemingly artless perception. —J. S.

STORIES IN THE WINE LEAVES: J. M. Scott's little novel **"The Man Who Made Wine"** (Dutton, $2) is not so much about the man who made wine as about wine itself. Michel Rachelet, who is retiring as manager of a Bordeaux vineyard, is moved to reflect on the past as he looks at all the different vintages lined up before him on a banquet table. A bottle marked 1919, for example, recalls the July night he discovered that moths were breeding on the vines. The only way to save the grapes that year was to handpick and burn every infected leaf.

This unusual cinematic device of seeing time through wine bottles becomes a bit obvious even in a book only 125 pages long, nor has the author's imagination endowed Rachelet with any qualities not usually found in successful managers of any business. What remains, then, is a convincing picture of a vineyard and all that goes into making good wine. Mr. Scott's affection for his subject has its touching moments. Avoiding the danger of sentimentality, he shows that wine is made up of living organisms and hence has its own life that commands respect if not reverence from the connoisseur. The slow fading out of a great wine like that of 1900 corresponds to Rachelet's own decline.

—Robert Minton.

Writers and Writing

Continued from page 19

that the Marxist doctrine of class warfare is "absurd," or that Samuel Butler was "a horrible little worm," when one just sees it in print, is, somehow, inadequate. And to be informed in parentheses in the middle of an essay on George Orwell that "the 1930s were a time of keen Communist penetration and conversion" is irritating.

Sometimes the friendly guide lapses into the grade-school teacher and the charm chills to a briskness perilously near to fatuity. "Doesn't it seem ridiculous," he asks in "Perspectives of Science" that "we should live seventy or eighty years in the world without understanding how it is constructed, how our neighbors the animals live, and how our bodies work?" And before we can mumble a sheepish agreement he answers briskly for us: "Of course it is." The reader is grateful that he did not add, "boys and girls."

There is also an uncomfortable feeling, which the intonations of the voice would, no doubt, have dispelled, that the clerk of Oxenford is trying a little too hard to identify himself with the laity. It is true that Longfellow and Kipling at times wrote good poetry, and it is true that Auden, Spender, MacLeish, and Pound have at times written bad poetry, but these facts will have to be stated differently to different audiences. His assertion that he has tried unsuccessfully fifteen times to read "Finnegans Wake" may establish a bond with his radio audience but it may alienate him from at least a segment of his reading audience. He is at liberty to laugh at the figure of Atlas in Rockefeller Center. Thousands do. But one of the chief reasons that he gives for his contempt of the statue—that for all its attitude of strain and tension it is, really, supporting an empty sphere; you can see right through the thing—leaves one aghast.

It is the faults, however, that seem forced. The gay sautrye is simply not his instrument. The virtues — the learning, the gusto, the humanity, the love of literature—are in character. Mr. Highet is a very superior person and will have to make the best of it.

Notes

PROUST AS A MORALIST: Although Elliott Coleman in his essays on Proust, **"The Gold n Angel"** (Coley Taylor, New York, $3.50), is arguing for the novelist as a moral writer—in opposition to a popular thesis which celebrates Proust's "decadence"—he by

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no means becomes a spokesman for functional writing. On the contrary, Mr. Coleman regards Proust as an esthetic craftsman, but one with positive religious attitudes.

As a responsible critic Mr. Coleman intends to demonstrate that in the organic nature of Proust's novels moral position is thoroughly congruous with technique. As would be expected, he points to the Judaeo-Christian strains in Proust's background. But, more importantly, he considers Proust's concern with homosexuality and his employment of major symbols. Of the former, according to Mr. Coleman, who finds Christian elements predominant, the novelist places with great understanding a weight of renunciation, expiation, and the like on his characters. Considered symbolically Proust's use of trees and spires in triads becomes representative of the Holy Trinity and Calvary. Recurrent allusions to a "little phrase" in a sonata by Vinteuil appears emblematic of a commentary on varying states of the soul.

For all of Mr. Coleman's admirable intention, however, his proof is not equal to his thesis. We agree that Proust was ingeniously preoccupied with a search for lost time; but that his rationale was exclusively moral awaits further proof.

—EDWARD A. BLOOM.

ITALIAN ROMANTIC: Outside of Italy Alessandro Manzoni (1785-1873) has long been noted for his much-translated novel "I Promessi Sposi." The work has given him stature as the leader of Italian Romanticism and as the model for contemporary Italian novelists. In Italy, however, Manzoni is also gratefully acknowledged as a champion of his country's struggle for unification in the nineteenth century, as an inspirational liberal Catholic, and as a linguist. These latter qualities are now given interesting extension by Archibald Colquhoun, most recent translator of the novel. **"Manzoni and His Times"** (Dutton, $5) is the first biography in English of a figure who has already come to be regarded more as myth than man.

Mr. Colquhoun has drawn aside the veil for English-speaking readers to reveal the retiring man as a descendant of an intellectual squire-archy. He has shown him in the relationships which shaped his thinking and moral attitudes. Among them were the French and Italian Revolutions, the domination of a devoted, strong-willed mother, and the love of a Calvinist wife converted to Jansenism. A citizen of Milan and Paris, Manzoni came under the fortunate influence of Claude Fauriel, the French Idéologues, and many others. Early a rationalist and skeptic, Manzoni returned to the Church. For the remainder of his long life he was rigidly pious but he never cast aside his rational instincts. Coupled with this flexibility was his political liberalism, which made him the enemy of repressive authority and the friend of the underprivileged.

With the publication of his sole novel in his forty-second year Manzoni terminated his creative period. But his bibliography includes political and religious poetry, plays, essays on Catholicism, on the reformation of the Italian language, and on the abandonment of the unities. For his ardent though theoretical support of nationalism against the Austrian occupation he was rewarded by Cavour with a seat in the Senate of United Italy.

—E. A. B.

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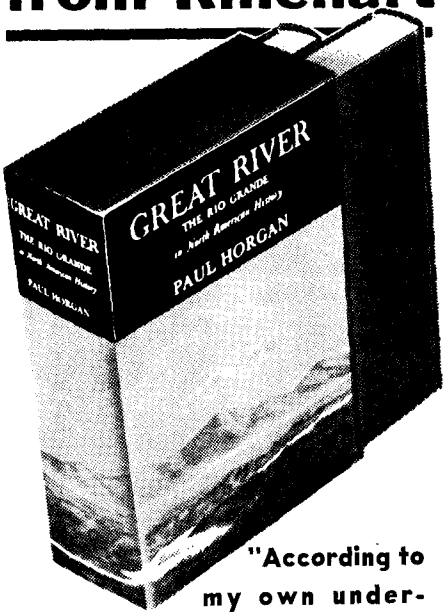

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ALONE TO EVEREST. By Earl Denman. Coward-McCann. $3.75. The author's story of a preparatory trip to the Belgian Congo in 1946, where he climbed around in the Virunga Mountains before attempting, the following year, to scale Mt. Everest with just two other men, one of whom was Tenzing. They got up to 23,000 feet.

AMERICAN FARM LIFE. By Lowry Nelson. Harvard University Press. $3.75. A study of life on the American farm at present, and of the forces that have shaped that life into what it is today.

THE ART OF MAKING SENSE: A Guide to Logical Thinking. By Lionel Ruby. J.B. Lippincott Co. $3.75. Another attempt to get man, a notorious pudding head, on the track toward sane thinking.

ASPECTS OF CHINESE PAINTING. By Alan Priest. The Macmillan Co. $7.50. A study of Chinese painting—the Sung landscapes, social scenes, single scrolls, like the Tribute Horse—by the curator of Far Eastern Art at the Metropolitan Museum.

THE BAFUT BEAGLES. By Gerald M. Durrell. Viking Press. $3.75. The author of "The Overloaded Ark" here tells of his adventures in Western Africa, where he stayed with the Fon of Bafut, who loves a hair or two, and whose men are mighty hunters.

THE BANE OF DRUG ADDICTION. By Orin R. Yost. The Macmillan Co. $3.50. A summary directed at doctors and welfare workers of the present beliefs of what causes drug addiction, its treatments, varieties of drugs, etc.

BEYOND ADVENTURE. By Roy Chapman Andrews. Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. Two parts biography, one-part autobiography, Mr. Andrews's book tells (1) the story of Peary and the North Pole, (2) how Carl Akeley killed a leopard with his bare hands and later made taxidermy an art, and (3) gives a resume of his own career as a museum man and finder of dinosaur eggs.

BLOW THE WIND SOUTHERLY. By D.E. Stevenson. Rinehart & Co. $3. A quiet English novel, of the sort that goes well with a softing fire and a warming drink, about the headmistress of an English girls' school and the various difficulties that she must face in the course of her job.

COWBOYS AND KINGS: Three Great Letters by Theodore Roosevelt. Edited by Elting Morison. Harvard University Press. $2.75. A collection of three long letters T.R. wrote to (1) John Hay, in 1903, about a trip he made through the West while President, (2) to Sir George Otto Trevelyan, about a journey from Khartoum to Berlin, in 1911, and (3) to David Gray, later in the same year, about a month in England where he attended King Edward's funeral.

THE CROSS AND THE SWORD. By Manuel de Jesus Galvan. Translated by Robert Graves. Indiana University Press. $3.75. Fiction, historical, dealing with the Caribbean in the days before and after Columbus began arriving.

DANGEROUS RIVER. By R.M. Patterson. William Morrow & Co. $5. An account of a journey the author took through the North West territories of Canada in search of adventure and gold. He found the first.

DOGS AND PEOPLE. By George and Helen Papashvily. J.B. Lippincott Co. $3.95. A paean for the dog, which relates his history, relationships with man, and his part in folklore, legend, fiction, and history.

FICTION GOES TO COURT. Edited by Albert P. Blaustein. Henry Holt & Co. $4. A collection of stories having to do with courts and lawyers that has been chosen by such wigs as John W. Davis, Richard M. Nixon, Adlai Stevenson, the late Fred M. Vinson, Roscoe Pound, Eric Johnston, Estes Kefauver, etc., who have selected works by Milne, Faulkner, A. P. Herbert, Irwin Shaw, Marc Connelly, Cornelia Otis Skinner, etc.

GHOST ON HORSEBACK: The Incredible Ataturk. By Ray Brock. Little, Brown & Co. $4.75. A fictionalized biography—surely one of the quiggliest literary forms ever devised—of Ataturk, the founder of the Turkish Republic, who ruled from 1923, when he was first elected president, until 1938, and who, among other things, abolished the veil and the fez, beat the British at Gallipoli, repelled the Greeks, and instituted family names in Turkey.

THE GOLDEN WILDCAT. By Margaret Widdemer. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. The golden wildcat here is one Mary Johnson, a daughter of Sir William Johnson, who spends her time leathering it up and down the frontier during the French and Indian War.

ICE FLOES AND FLAMING WATER. By Peter Freuchen. Julian Messner. $3.95. An account, by the explorer, of the rescue of five whaling men in 1911 from Saunders Island, a popular resort area north of Greenland.

JOHNNY APPLESEED: Man and Myth. By Robert Price. Indiana University Press. $5. A biography of the legendary soul known as Johnny Appleseed, who went blueing it across the Alleghany plateau in the early eighteen hundreds planting orchards and filling the sky with apples. He was not really a legend, of course, but was a man named John Chapman who came from Massachusetts and became, in effect, our first conservationist.

JONATHAN BLAIR: Bounty Lands Lawyer. By William Donohue Ellis. World Publishing Co. $4.95. A historical novel having a great deal to do with money as it was in this country in 1820, and with the attitudes toward it of one Jonathan Blair, a hairbrush-backed lawyer from the frontier town of Mesopotamia, Ohio, who went to battle with Gideon Schaact, head of the U.S. Bank.

LETTER TO A STRANGER. By Elswyth Thane. Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. A novel about a widow, who is also a novelist, and the pickles she gets herself into when she tries to help out a young lady who has been an admiring correspondent.

THE LIGHT OF THE DISTANT SKIES. By James Thomas Flexner. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $10. A study of American painters and their works—West, Peale, Copley, Trumbull, Allston, Vanderlyn, Morse, and Stuart are included—which covers the years from 1760 to 1835.

THE MOZART HANDBOOK. Edited by Louis Biancolli. World Publishing Co. $7.50. A Mozart feast, this includes biographical writings by contemporaries, critiques by many hands of the operas, symphonies, chamber music, piano and violin music, the Koechel Catalogue, a classified list of works, a chronology, and a bibliography.

O'HIGGINS AND DON BERNARDO. By Edna Deu Pree Nelson. E.P. Dutton & Co. $4.50. A biography of Ambrosio O'Higgins and his son Bernardo, who, in the early nineteenth century ruled Chile and Peru successively until the son's power was finally broken by intrigue and the coming of Bolivar and San Martin.

PROFILE OF AMERICA. Edited by Emily Davie. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $8.50. A huge American roast, that tries, through selections that range from Marbury vs. Madison to Wilson's fourteen points to Lindbergh, to show just what it is that ticks in the American heart, that makes this land roomy enough for both mink farms and poor houses.

THE STORY OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. By Dumas Malone. Oxford University Press. $10. A concise history of the Declaration—the events leading up to it, the actual writing, brief biographies of its signers as well as creators—that is profusely illustrated with reproductions and photographs.

THIRTY YEARS: Collected Short Works. By John P. Marquand. Little, Brown & Co. $5. One of those grab bags that are handed to an author when he reaches a certain age and prominence, this is a bringing together of many of the short pieces—fiction and fact—Marquand has published in the past thirty years between novels. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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The Uniform of Justice

Continued from page 11

even as he is among the first of his colleagues to reach the Court each morning. At once a worldling and an idealist, he is a lover of comfort and the delights of good living who has never been interested in money or tempted by it.

Tolerant of ideas, he is intolerant of dunces, and his voice, usually so amiable, can still "crackle under a fool's complacence like dry wood under an empty kettle" as Archibald MacLeish remembers its doing when he studied with Frankfurter at the Harvard Law School. The Law School is a reminder that the Justice has never quite got over being a professor, and infuriates some of his fellow Justices by heckling lawyers who appear before the Court as remorselessly as if they were students. Incidentally, though Frankfurter excels at reason, he is subject to exasperation, even petulance. But since he cools off with the same speed that he warms up, his secretary Alice Pratt says his impatience means nothing because, if he sends her or his law clerk a sharp note, he follows it up instantly with a friendly one.

Childless, he has a way with children which is the envy of parents. A major figure in the New Deal, he is an Anglophile with a profound reverence for English manners, the traditions of England, and the ritual and practice of her law. Modest and vain, a man of tremendous sincerity at the same time that he is a performer with a touch of the ham in him, he is a doer and a thinker whose love of power is almost as great as his passion for the law and whose aptitude for intrigue matches his capacity for affection.

Perhaps the simplest clue to Frankfurter's character is to be found in his own explanation of why history has not properly honored Morrison R. Waite. Waite, a Grant appointment, was the first Chief Justice who, in Frankfurter's phrase, "had to respond to the impact of current social legislation." Frankfurter's esteem for him is such that he has bracketed him with Marshall and Taney. Why then has the memory of Waite's contribution dimmed? Because, according to Frankfurter, he lacked what these other men possessed, "that spark of the divine gift which lent excitement in any company," and that "esthetic sensibility (which) gives to personality the touch of charm that makes the difference. . . . In a word, the stuff of the artist was not in him."

This elusive and this sparking stuff, absent in Waite and most others on the bench, is abundantly present in Frankfurter. His personality has the flamboyance of the artist. He is an artist, too, in his living, his tastes, his conversation, his esthetic sensibility, and his approach to his profession. He brings to his work the proud consciousness of a craftsman exercising his skill. He loves the law and the great concepts of freedom and justice with the same passion that an artist loves his medium. Even government for him involves esthetics. As he sees it, "It is neither business nor technology nor applied science." It is an art, and "one of the subtlest of the arts . . . since it is the art of making men live together in peace and with reasonable happiness."

IN NO respect does the stuff of the artist show itself more strongly in Frankfurter than in his mastery of the gentle art of making friends. Although few contemporaries have been more violently attacked, few have been so cherished by so many. Even those who have tried to paint him as a sinister and conspiratorial radical may have deplored but have not been able to deny his genius for friendship or doubt that, so far as living is concerned and making others the more alive, he is blessed with "a green thumb."

When Holmes described him years ago as having "walked deep into my heart," he used a phrase that, since then, could have been used by countless others. His friends are an army drafted by his charm. Ranging as they have from A. N. Whitehead to Herbert Croly, from Einstein to Bernard Berenson, from FDR to Robert Frost, from Henry L. Stimson to Harold Laski, from C. C. Burlingham to Reinhold Niebuhr, from Holmes to Sidney Hillman, from Tom Corcoran to Sir Frederick Pollock, and from Al Smith and Charles Curtis to the Hands (Judges Learned and Augustus), they have had interests of all kinds and come from far-flung places. They have included the poor as well as the rich, the obscure along with the famous, and the young no less than the old.

And why not? There is a lilt to Frankfurter's personality that has about it something of the quality of the Strauss waltzes and the Vienna in which he was born in 1882. Hard-headed realists who are fond of him point out that it is doubtful if a boy, particularly a Jewish boy, who left Vienna when he was twelve, was fed on champagne, brought up on waltzes,

Grandfather was a thrifty soul but how he gambled!

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and exposed to the gaieties of Sacher's or the Hofburg. Nonetheless, others in their attempts to explain Frankfurter start off with this "Blue Danube" theory, recognizing it is only a theory but relying on it as a clue.

Gay at heart Frankfurter unmistakably is. His is a dancing spirit, possessed of that supercharge of zest which generates gaiety in others. In human relations he is one of those lucky ones who makes his friends lucky by being a giver, not a taker. His interest in what is happening to people is genuine. He has the gift—a rare one—of immediate intimacy, and a flattering memory for the smallest details of past encounters which puts those who have met him only casually at ease at once. When he comes into a room many agree it is as if all the lights had suddenly been switched on and a match put to the logs on the hearth. "Wherever Frankfurter is," wrote Matthew Josephson in his admirable "Profile" of the Justice in *The New Yorker* in 1940, "there is no boredom. As soon as he bounces in—he never walks, he bounces—the talk and laughter begin, and they never let up. . . . His mind is endlessly adjustable rather than specialized."

MacLeish in *Life* earlier that year caught the essence of Frankfurter when he described him as "that rarest of God's creatures, a simon-pure, unmitigated intellectual with a limitless relish for living in a human world . . . a disciplined and learned man of books—a man who reads in automobiles and at lunch and at night late and on sidewalks walking—who also loves the fat stews and the wifely breads and the honest cheeses and the common wines of Austrian cooking," and an "outward-turning scholar (who) hunts men out . . . loves the touch of people . . . stands near them when he talks . . . holding them above the elbow with a gripping hand (and) turns the talk of two or three at one end of a self-conscious dinner into a drama of the whole table in which self-consciousness is lost."

Absorbed in others, Frankfurter is fond of saying, and may even believe, that he is not interested in himself. If he is not, he is all the more exceptional because the number of men who are not interested in themselves must constitute a band smaller than Henry V's "happy few." To be sure, Frankfurter has on occasion been mortal enough to show signs of self-interest, as he did at the dinner given at the Century Association in honor of his seventieth birthday. The private dining room was awash with camaraderie; the wine, the food, and the company were excellent, and the Justice was understandably touched and excited. When introduced by Judge Learned Hand Frankfurter is reported to have launched into the story of his life, a story which proved to be a long-playing record that got stuck in his youth. After twenty minutes had passed and the Justice had progressed no further than a schoolteacher who had had a profound influence on him at the age of eight, Acheson, who loves him dearly, was heard to call out, "For God's sake, Felix, get beyond that schoolteacher."

IN SPITE of such indulgences in autobiography among friends, Frankfurter has shown a resolute unwillingness to talk about himself for publication and has adhered to the policy, as he puts it, of "abstaining from any share in anything that may be written about me." I know that three times when I asked him personal questions his reply was, "I'm not really interested in myself." And Louis Jaffe, his successor as Byrne Professor of Administrative Law, has told me that, when he saw Frankfurter in 1952, three years after he had written a brilliant appraisal of him for the *Harvard Law Review*, the Justice said, "I have never read your article because I'm not interested in myself." To a dramatic critic such declarations may bear a suspicious resemblance to the insistence of certain actors that of course they never read their notices. But if the Justice is an uncooperative witness on the subject of himself, he is far too courteous to deny all aid to those writing about him. "Go see my friends," he urges, adding, "they know much more about me than I do."

Being the all-embracing kind of person he is, Frankfurter has not only many friends but many "best" friends, and all of them like to talk about him. They find him good copy in addition to being good company. To a man they start off by praising his courage and integrity, his brilliance, charm, and knowledge, the altitude of his standards, and the purity of his motives. A few continue in this vein, admitting no faults in him or leaving them unmentioned. Yet even these do not feel about Frankfurter as he did—and does—about Holmes. They admire him unstintingly. They love him. He astonishes and delights them. But they do not push admiration to the point of veneration, no doubt because, high as they know the reaches of his thinking to be, they recognize that he belongs most decidedly to this earth, while Holmes appeared to be earthy on Olympus.

Most of Frankfurter's friends (at least those I saw), after speaking from the heart about his virtues,

—*United Press.*

A morning walk with Acheson.

showed a disconcerting tendency to touch upon his frailties. Though when they did this it seemed to me that the buglers had turned snipers, this was not the case. The best of men are not expected to be perfect except by their enemies, who are also imperfect. Frankfurter's intimates, instead of being annoyed by proofs of his mortality, are pleased by them. When they refer to his quirks and foibles they do so with affection, not meanness, and also with a twinkle. He amuses them, and the fun which at times they appear to be making of him proves, in part at any rate, to be their way of thanking him for the fun he has given them over many years by being what he is.

They may hint at his flamboyance by remembering how, when a professor at Harvard, he used to appear as a host at dinner parties wearing a crimson dinner jacket, which in those sober days and in that academic setting seemed a little startling. They may indicate his love of things English and amiably suggest vanity by wondering why, in the portrait his students presented to the Law School after his appointment to the Court, he chose to be painted in the scarlet robes which came with his honorary degree at Oxford instead of the simple black gown of a Supreme Court Justice. But they are happily aware that if he has his touches of vanity Frankfurter, unlike most vain people, has a great deal to be vain about.

Proud as they are of his incredible learning, they may laughingly recall the time he held forth knowledgeably on Thomas Mann until he was finally badgered into confessing that he had never read any of Mann's

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novels. One of the Justice's friends may have seemed to be implying that he is an opportunist with a zeal for cultivating the right people when, in answer to how Frankfurter gets along with Warren, he replied, "Oh naturally, since he is Chief Justice, a love affair at first sight." It was this same friend, however, who in the next breath stressed Frankfurter's brave and dangerous fight for such "wrong" people as Mooney and Sacco and Vanzetti, and commended him for his loyalty in appearing as a character witness for Alger Hiss.

BEYOND question the Justice entertains his friends because his life has about it the elements of a performance. Yet clearly they are grateful to him for the show he puts on since it so heightens their own living that they could say of him, as Agnes de Mille did of Pavlova, that he "makes our lives less daily."

They are most voluble when chuckling over Frankfurter's volubility, when fondly noting that he is "a terrible talker," or likening him to Bacon's "Overspeaking Judge." They make these points with relish, yet in order to make them they have to interrupt their tributes to the Justice's prowess as a conversationalist, his remarkable versatility of mind, his gift for keeping table talk in a state of happy ferment, and his surprising talent for listening. When they smile at his flow of language, they do not intend to deny that he can be eloquent and witty, pungent and concise. They mean only to emphasize that in or out of print he is never at a loss for words.

Francis T. P. Plimpton caught the spirit of their comments in the verses he read at the twenty-fifth reunion of the Law School class of 1925:

And Felix—ah, that conversation!
Just nothing could impede it
Or slow that verbal animation—
But *now* we have to read it!

Ah, F.—it's fine when you expose
Your lesser brethren's low licks,
But can't you make your deathless prose
Not quite so rich and prolix?

Two or three of those close to Frankfurter are harsher in their judgments. Although they cherish and respect his many dazzling endowments, they miss certain final attributes. While acknowledging he is a big man, they wish he were bigger than he is. But even the lonely carpers among his friends, after having emptied their guns, are as quick as the others to reach for their bugles and salute the Justice as "*primus*—unquestionably *primus*"—among the present members of the Court.

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(Continued on page 48)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 47)

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PERSONALS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1075

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Sweetmeat made of almond paste, etc.	140 152 109 61 204 102 1 48 92
B. Copious outpouring, as of words.	170 19 123 31
C. Refrigerator (2 wds.).	163 21 86 186 147 97 75 128
D. Maintaining notions in spite of evidence to the contrary.	41 3 166 95 192 67 90 159 84 53 179 17 49
E. Manifestation of an emotional psychoneurosis, often of serious importance.	91 6 28 23 87 130 153 122 185
F. Traditional aircraft of this season.	80 188 30 210 88 78 54 196 146 5
G. Inspiring respectful fear.	22 35 194 171 4
H. Swiss herdsman's hut.	29 11 12 172 181 134
I. Great nebula in Argus, with a dark center.	195 191 20 115 59 100 135
J. The white hellebore of Europe.	167 177 161 119 73 139 157 39
K. Time of most important event in any existence (2 wds.).	145 116 160 69 99 150 24 33
L. Clean laundry before ironing (2 wds.).	197 208 121 94 56 180 55
M. Period in Mohammedan law in which a woman may not remarry.	169 71 108 74 137
N. An old woman.	57 96 174 212 81 125 42 131 38
O. One important source of strychnine.	25 8 132 138 46 85 65 37 154 112

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. Church festival which is the provocation for Hallowe'en (3 wds.).	15 149 36 198 201 77 70 68 16 190 98 93
Q. Ancient Iberian people, 2nd millenium B.C.	155 101 144 26 182 82 106 202
R. Psychoanalyst's term for the fundamental masses of life tendencies out of which ego and libido develop.	148 14 89
S. Apart from the usual, or the correct (comp.).	141 124 199 66 129 9 176 189 158 27 206
T. Business of the Associated Press, etc.	127 43 52 2
U. Beyond everything else (3 wds.).	164 193 151 168 47 211 187 32 111
V. Frightful; uncanny.	205 44 142 18 183 117 10 200
W. Rattlepated (comp.).	45 184 76 51 63 133 120 165 113 213 126
X. Hallowe'en alternative.	114 58 209 40 118
Y. Said of one taking part in a performance (3 wds.).	110 13 105 156 143 173 162 34 7
Z. New Hampshire mfg. city, originally a fur-trading post called Watanic.	107 50 103 79 60 72
Z^1. Popular U.S. name for Hallowe'en, esp. in rural and suburban districts (2 wds.).	64 207 178 104 136 83 175 62 203

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 A		2 T	3 D	4 G	5 F	6 E		7 Y	8 O	9 S	10 V	11 H		12 H	13 Y	14 R
	15 P		16 P	17 D	18 V	19 B	20 I		21 C	22 G	23 E		24 K	25 O	26 Q		27 S
	28 E	29 H	30 F	31 B	32 U	33 K		34 Y	35 G	36 P		37 Q	38 N	39 J		40 X	
41 D	42 N	43 T	44 V	45 W	46 O	47 U	48 A		49 D	50 Z	51 W		52 T	53 D	54 F	55 L	
56 L		57 N	58 X	59 I	60 Z	61 A	62 Z^1	63 W		64 Z^1	65 O	66 S	67 D	68 P		69 K	70 P
71 M		72 Z		73 J	74 M	75 C	76 W	77 P	78 F	79 Z		80 F	81 N	82 Q		83 Z^1	84 D
	85 O	86 C	87 E	88 F	89 R		90 D	91 E	92 A	93 P		94 L	95 D	96 N	97 C		98 P
99 K	100 I		101 Q	102 A	103 Z	104 Z^1	105 Y		106 Q	107 Z	108 M		109 A	110 Y	111 U	112 O	113 W
	114 X	115 I	116 K	117 V		118 X	119 J	120 W	121 L		122 E	123 B	124 S	125 N	126 W	127 T	128 C
	129 S	130 E	131 N	132 O	133 W	134 H	135 I	136 Z^1		137 M	138 O	139 J		140 A	141 S	142 V	143 Y
144 Q	145 K		146 F	147 C	148 R	149 P	150 K		151 U	152 A	153 E	154 O		155 Q	156 Y	157 J	
158 S	159 D	160 K	161 J	162 Y		163 C	164 U		165 W		166 D	167 J	168 U	169 M	170 B	171 G	172 H
	173 Y	174 N	175 Z^1	176 S	177 J		178 Z^1	179 D		180 L	181 H	182 Q		183 V	184 W		185 E
186 C	187 U	188 F	189 S	190 P	191 I	192 D		193 U	194 G		195 I	196 F	197 L	198 P		199 S	200 V
201 P	202 Q		203 Z^1	204 A	205 V	206 S		207 Z^1	208 L	209 X		210 F	211 U		212 N	213 W	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 28 of this issue.

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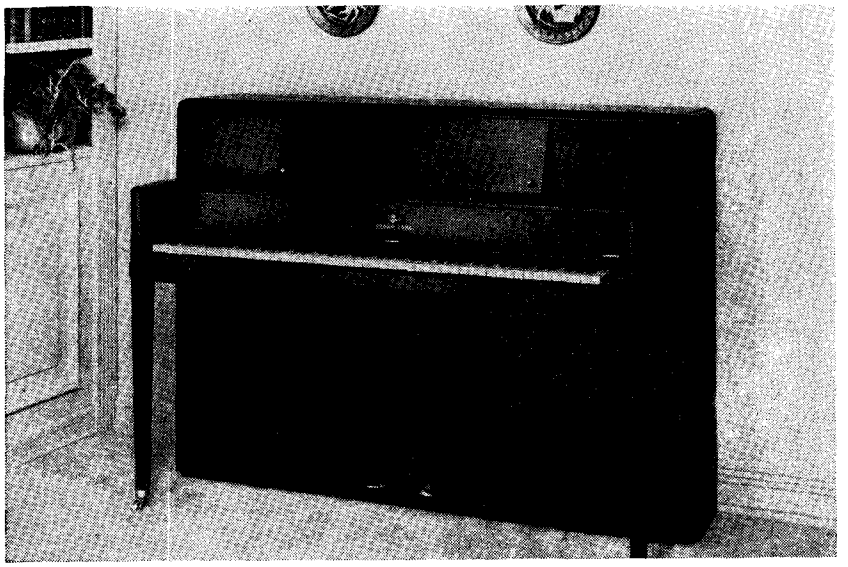

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

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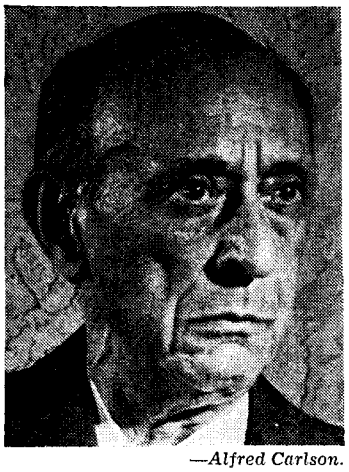

—*Alfred Carlson.*

AN OPERA BY SCHOENBERG

By PETER YATES

NOT long ago a group of friends of the late Arnold Schoenberg assembled at the home of Mrs. Schoenberg in Brentwood, California, to hear the tape-recording of Schoenberg's oratorio-opera "Moses and Aron." The performance was that of the world premiere given by the North-German Radio on March 12, 1954, at Hamburg, Germany, under the direction of Hans Rosbaud.

To hear a rebroadcast (in part) of the Bayreuth "Parsifal" in the week after listening to Arnold Schoenberg's oratorio-opera "Moses and Aron" is an enlightening experience. The music of Wagner's avowedly sacred drama is by far the more sensuous and, after a half-century of conditioning, the more appealing to the average ear. It is sweet, almost unrelievedly sweet; even at the highest moments of choral dedication the voices of the ascetic knights drip sweetness. The argument is presented at extreme length, one item at a time, like the dreams of a solipsist, an effect enhanced by hearing the music broadcast. Seldom does one have the dramatic awareness of any character singing or speaking to another and being answered back. In "Tristan" two lovers address themselves by halves of the hour to the surrounding universe before joining their voices to the same purpose.

All this has been accepted by the now worldwide audience with few dissents, not only because of the beauty of the music but also because of the emotional dedication of the composer and the higher purposes of his plot. The plot is invariably exalted, usually tragic, and in the case of "Parsifal" a substitute for a religious exercise. The ideistic machinery seemed right enough to the generation after Wagner and has held up pretty well until the present time. But we have seen the innocent fool, the self-made superman, the slayer of the dragon, rescuer of the enchanted maiden, healer of the cursed wound, using for his medicine the sacred spear; we have seen him cuddle to himself these mythical dream-figures larger than life and, himself by madness in imagination one of them, proclaim over the radio in a voice of almost irresistible sweetness truths as impervious to reason as those of Wagner, truths that Hitler would make true, though nations and peoples perished of it.

Goethe, Faust in common-sense,
Heine, Faust, the emigrant:
Tell me through what fatal lens
Bach and Schubert's light is bent.

To say so much is not to deny the genius of Wagner but to proclaim and reassert that genius. It is the genius of a fair world of sweet living and self-indulgence, offset by hard work; of ambition and power rewarded by honest privilege, yet somehow frustrated; and at the same time a world of revolution, an era of new prophets outside of the established religions, independent as Mahomet, writers of new sacred books, founders of religions that yield no authority or authenticity to any historical past except their testament.

AGAINST this historical background we encounter a new work of art, composed in the oratorio-opera manner—it is not a form; it has been in the past almost the denial of a form —of Handel's "Belshazzar," Mozart's "The Magic Flute," Beethoven's "Fidelio," and "Parsifal." Each of these has forced speech to a rhetorical extreme, music to a dramatic self-sufficiency that very nearly takes the place of action, action to an impasse

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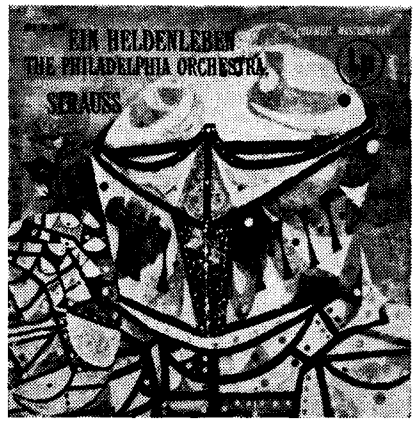

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GAÎTÉ PARISIENNE (Offenbach) and **LES SYLPHIDES** (Chopin): "From now on the music lovers of the world must look to Philadelphia alone for standards," writes Virgil Thomson in the New York *Herald Tribune.* You'll know what this eminent critic means when you hear this fabulous pair of performances back to back for the first time on a single 12" "Lp" record. **ML 4895.**

BOLERO and LA VALSE (Ravel): Ravel's two most popular scores on one record for the first time. The remarkable virtuosity of the Philadelphia's first deskmen makes this one of their all-time greats. This is the kind of playing that produces what the New York *Herald Tribune* describes as "sheen and opalescence not to be equalled on either side of the sea." **AL 51.**

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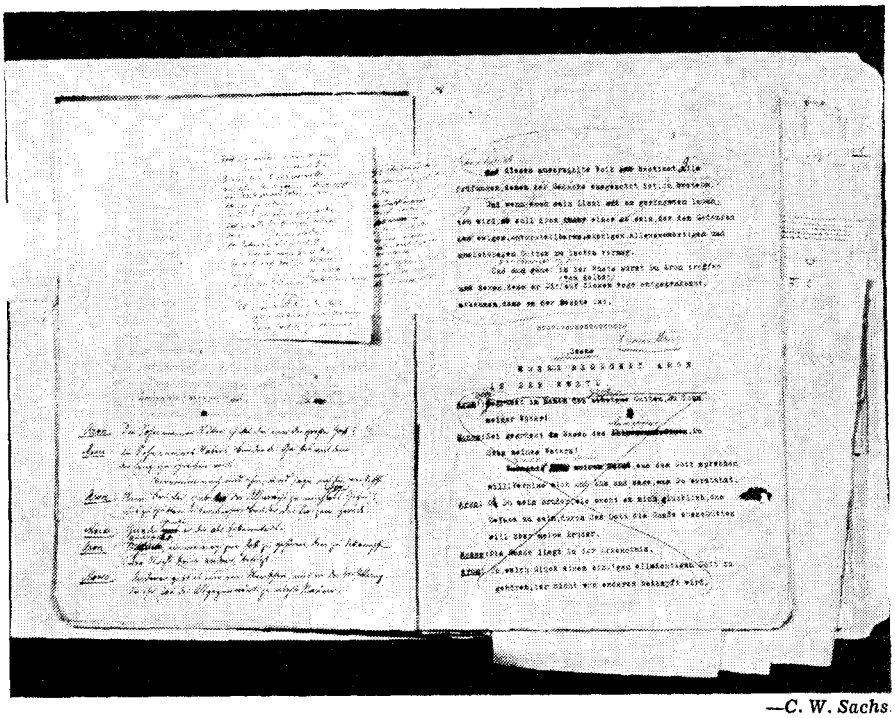
of mannered posturing; has aimed at plot as ideological substance more lasting in the mind than any visible representation—and yet as in a rite it must all be visible; though it remain mysterious, the mystery must be made plain.

The verbal text of "Moses and Aron," in three acts, was written by the composer during the later 1920s. The scene, the drama, and much of the language are taken over from the biblical story of the Exodus. As anyone knows who has gone to the Bible for a plot, whether Cecil B. DeMille or Lloyd Douglas, William Faulkner or Thomas Mann, the material itself is so good as to be almost beyond improvement. To make it his own the impresario or artist must do something to or around this material that will distract attention from the fact that the material is, for esthetic purposes, sufficient unto itself.

Schoenberg does the one thing that is most difficult to do with any biblical story, he simplifies it. Exodus is a national adventure story. Like the "Iliad" it is intended to be believed, not only historically but religiously, according to the manners of religious belief, which do not always require or concern fact. Scholars of the biblical text generally agree that many details were added to the original bare story by clerks and priests who wrote it down after the return of Israel from the Exile. These nationalistic myths add nothing to the charm of the story but give it a bloodthirsty excessiveness that has made Exodus and Joshua favored sources of divine authority among absolutists, who see only black-versus-white situations and the triumph of virtue as the wiping out of God's enemies from the face of the earth.

Schoenberg returned to the original core of the second part of the story. The first concerns the departure from Egypt, the second the struggle of the people of Israel for leadership in the desert. God had brought them forth from Egypt, but who was God and how was He to be interpreted? Who therefore should be His spokesman on earth and before the people to lead the people, to make their decisions, to impose law on them? It is a supreme moment in the rise of humanity (culture or civilization, if you wish) from earthbound superstition to an acceptance of authority that is not of earth or of men. What is such an authority and what or whom does it represent? Schoenberg does not argue the implications of the event; he dramatizes it. He restores to drama the austerity of the Greek theatre,



—C. W. Sachs

Schoenberg's manuscript and corrections of "Moses and Aron."

at that decisive era of Greek culture when tragedy was still held sacred but no one could say any longer, with inward certainty, the gods we speak for are real gods and live. This is the second and more difficult level of Schoenberg's dramatization, to speak of a God who is not, as Exodus or the "Iliad" would have it, anthropomorphic only a little ways in the cosmos above the event, a God who keeps His eye on everything and interferes in it as he pleases. Through Moses he must speak of God, non-anthropomorphic, disinterested (for an ardent believer the most terrible of words), requiring not belief but the desolating agony of faith, assent, and acceptance of that word which can exist among men only as they themselves act by it.

DeMille and Douglas could make nothing of this; Faulkner threshes words to beat out the possibility; Mann in several weighty volumes misses it. All of this has nothing to do with our interest, says the modern music critic; let us on to the music. Everything therefore depends on the precise point at which the drama, the music, shall begin—an overture; a narrator setting time, place, and objective; a proclamatory chorus. No.

"Moses Berufung." My German dictionary gives: *berufen,* to call, to convoke, to appeal to, to refer to. In all these ways, then, Moses speaks the opening words of this drama in which his is to be at all times the speaking part, *"Tiefe sehr grosse Stimme"*—I can find no English equivalent to describe, by the very sound of the phrase, this voice of Moses—

"Einziger, ewiger, allgegenwaertiger,
unsichtbarer und unvorstellbarer
Gott . . . !"

In one gesture the speaking voice, the music, and the drama are presented. At this level DeMille and Douglas, Faulkner and Mann cease to be articulate.

And the Voice out of the Thornbush replies in the impersonality of six human voices, soprano to bass:

"Take off your shoes: you have come far enough; you stand on holy ground; now hear what I shall tell you."

And ladies and gentlemen, if you do not wish to, you may go home. Or you may ponder the meaning of the word "disinterested," when a composer who goes directly to the thornbush offers you at that level of the mind an entertainment.

INSTRUCTED by God Moses returns and begins the first dialogue with Aron. The manner of the dialogue is as revealing as its substance. Moses speaks in his great deep voice; above him in long melodies of unfailing beauty the tenor voice of Aron persuasively sings. ("The tempo of Moses's speech is governed by the music, the tone intervals should serve only for declamatory outline and characterization. This is *sprechstimme,* the voice rising and falling relatively to the indicated intervals, and every-

(*Continued on page* 85)

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Dixie in the Library

By WHITNEY BALLIETT

ALTHOUGH America has always tried to keep jazz in the same national tower with other queer relatives like the Spanish-American War and the American Indian, it has never been able to stop talking about it. Robert Reisner, who is Curator of the Institute of Jazz Studies, makes this clear in an intriguing bibliography, **"The Literature of Jazz"** (The New York Public Library. 53 pp. $1), which is the first thing of its kind that has been done and, though only an introductory work, includes the titles of 448 books, 945 magazine and newspaper pieces, and eighty-two jazz magazines, defunct and thriving. About one-fourth of the book entries and one-half of the magazine and newspaper listings deal specifically with jazz. The rest are anthropological, sociological, and psychological items; studies of popular music and its figures; song collections; instruction books; reviews; works of fiction—a dangerous medium to try and bobble jazz into, and two volumes of verse. Taken together the titles come from, in addition to Amercia, countries like France, Germany, Belgium, Great Britain, Ireland, Holland, Argentina, Australia, Brazil, Chile, Italy, New South Wales, Sweden, Denmark, and Japan.

Because of its nature, and the speed with which this music has developed, writing about jazz is, of course, somewhat like trying to photograph a jet plane with a Brownie. And because it is a new form, which can be as elusive and boneless as a dream, commentators have had a dark time establishing criteria and a working critical vocabulary. Jazz has also taken a long time to disentangle itself from certain of its social aspects, with the result that many writers have authoritatively confused it with prohibition, Ferde Grofe, fast money, whoring, narcotics, the gutter, and minorities, while the music itself was busy elsewhere developing a new and perishable poetry. Finally, everybody, prominent and obscure, has felt at one time or another that he had a few pennies to give jazz, whether he knew what he was about or not. These have included such as Mary Margaret McBride, Maxim Gorki, Ernest Newman, Edmund Wilson, Jean Cocteau, Gertrude Stein, and John Philip Sousa, who, interviewed in the days of a spacious twilight, granted that if jazz was lively and doing things, boys, why then bless it, and Godspeed.

It has only been in the past twenty years, in fact, that some sort of intelligible body of writing about jazz has begun to appear. This has been done in histories, biographies, discographies, and critical estimates by people like Robert Goffin, a Belgian who pioneered straightforward jazz critical writing in 1932 with his "To the Frontiers of Jazz"; Hugues Panassié, a vigorous, often wrongheaded Frenchman, who nevertheless did some valuable groundbreaking; Charles Delaunay, who assembled the first worthwhile discography of jazz records; Wilder Hobson, an imaginative critic, who became one of the earliest writers to allow jazz dignity and humor; Frederic Ramsey, Charles Edward Smith, and George Hoefer, who have blown a lot of the fog out of early jazz history; Barry Ulanov, of *Metronome* magazine, who can be shortminded, but has generally thought well and deeply about jazz; André Hodier, a Frenchman, who has now published three books on jazz, none of which have been translated into English, and who is considered remarkable by those who have read him; Otis Ferguson, who died in the last war, and wrote a handful of exquisite, evocative pieces that are still fresh; Marshall Stearns, the founder of the Institute of Jazz Studies, who, though rather grand at times, has become a fountainhead of jazz information; and Nat Hentoff, the recently appointed New York editor of *Downbeat* magazine, who has shown that he can be as good a jazz critic as any we have yet had. (To this list could be added the writings of jazzmen themselves, which are scarce and hard to come by, but which often are more discerning than anything any critic can say. Early next year, however, Rinehart will publish a kind of jazz history co-edited by Nat Hentoff and Nat Shapiro, which will be composed entirely of writings by jazz musicians.)

Before all these gentlemen began writing a lot of desert had to be crossed. This area stretches back as far as 1867, a year in which the *Atlantic* ran a piece about Negro spirituals and a book on slave songs was published. Later there were essays by the novelists George W. Cable and Lafcadio Hearn, and around 1900 the first articles on ragtime were printed. Before and after the first war the Germans were involved with things like "Jazz und Shimmy" and "Das Jazz-Buch." Then, in 1926, after a few earlier fringe works, probably the first full-dress critical work on jazz was written by Henry O. Osgood. Called "So This is Jazz," it was composed in a complacent, elbowy prose, and is a triumphant and fascinating failure. Part of it is devoted to a nebulous discussion of the origins of the word jazz, in which such an authority as Vincent Lopez is quoted. Another section is a cautious rundown of jazz instrumentation and technique. And the remainder of the book is made up of biographical sketches of what Osgood believed were the great jazz figures of his days: George Gershwin, Paul Whiteman, Ted Lewis, and Ferde Grofe. Not a single jazzman is mentioned in the book, in spite of the fact that when it appeared Jelly Roll Morton, Duke Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, Bix Beiderbecke, King Oliver, and Louis Armstrong were creating their various beauties. The book is rich, too, in statements like this one: "None of (the Negro jazz bands) . . . are as good as the best white virtuosos. Their playing (however) makes up for what it may lack in smoothness and finish by abandon, dash, spirit, and warmth."

THE Twenties were also replete with oceanic arguments that raged back and forth in the pages of *Etude, The Literary Digest, Living Age, Better Homes and Gardens,* the *Ladies' Home Journal, Scribner's,* and *Popular Mechanics,* about whether jazz was music, whether it was dead, whether it was sinful, and so forth. Many of these pieces had titles like "Unspeakable Jazz Must Go," "Does Jazz Put the Sin in Syncopation?" "Is Jazz the Pilot of Disaster?" "Putting Jazz in its Place," "The Effort to Take Jazz Seriously," and "Jazz: An Educational Problem." Perhaps the bottom of this phase of jazz writing was reached, before the relatively blinding enlightenment of the thirties, in an article the Boston *Transcript* published in 1928 by Julius Korngold, visiting Viennese critic, and father of the composer Erich W. Korngold. He wrote, in part: "We can no longer smile at jazz. It is imperative that we consider seriously this unique orchestral music which is built upon exotic, barbaric, burlesque, grotesque, caricatural instruments of noise." He ended, with a kind of sepulchral dismissal, by saying: ". . . As all unintellectual and superficial music must —[jazz] is rotting."

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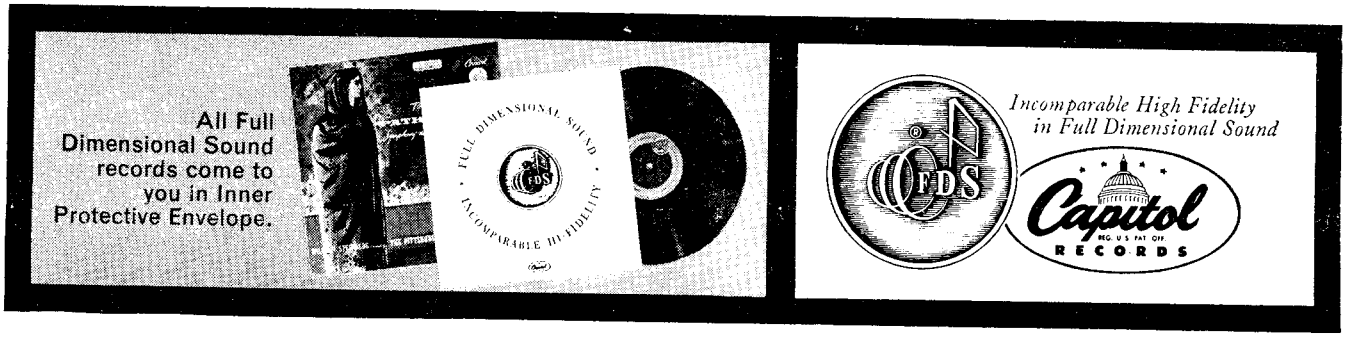

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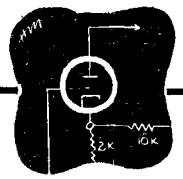

SOME HIGHS AND LOWS

Sixth Annual Audio Fair

"Frankly, sir, for twenty-five dollars the best you can do in hi-fi is to attend a concert."

IT'S with no lack of esteem for either institution that I register my gratitude for the New York Audio Fair's coming—like Christmas—only once a year. After properly observing either one I'm surely not alone in needing a full twelve months' recuperation. But what fun while it lasts!

What I can pick out from my own mental blur at the moment is a few of the more vivid flashes. Notable among them is the general make-up and behavior of this year's crowds. Although apparently running well over last year's impressive attendance figures, the current throngs struck me as far better mannered than ever before, which well may be due to the fact that there was a more representative blending of age and experience levels—the "typical" Fair visitor no longer seemed fanatic, but a far more serious practising or potential audiophile who is truly a lover—and seeker—of good sound.

Naturally, there was plenty of bad as well as good sound to be found even without search. This year, for the first time I think, Harrie Richardson took time out from his normal duties as guide, counselor, and unfailing support of the press to prowl the corridors, one of H. H. Scott's sound-level meters in hand, as Guardian of the Public (Aural) Safety. As you might guess, some of the more uninhibited demonstrators averaged, at times at least, some 100 db, with climactic peaks above that. And a typical "quiet" room, with no loudspeakers endeavoring to live up to their name, and where visitors were explicitly or implicitly invited to "come in and rest your ears," averaged between eighty and ninety db (which corresponds with the sound level of heavy traffic, including trucks, in a busy city street).

In contrast with past years, the sound production was by no means as frantic. This year the crash of breaking glass was largely confined to Eighth Avenue, outside, at the height of Hurricane Hazel. And along with Robert Russell Bennett's *gamelans* and Emory Cook's "binaural" organ-pedal notes, I can actually remember that snatches of Westminster's "Billy the Kid" and RCA Victor's (Reiner) "Zarathustra" seemed to be popular favorites, while I was especially struck with three samples of less familiar fare: Kubelik's Mahler First (in a forthcoming London LP), an ancient cylinder "Up the Street" March, played on an Edisonian antique featured in Tetrad's exhibit as a pioneering specimen of diamond styli, and a bracing shot of high-proof Dixieland served up by "Preacher Rollo" Laylan leading a lively little band of "Saints" on one of the brilliant pre-recorded tapes pouring out of Maestro Hack Swain's Sarasota tape-presses.

But it's hard to give fair play to the sounds I heard or the speakers that emitted them. I just can't judge loudspeaker systems in such public demonstrations, for I know that most of them *can't* really sound as bad as they seem to, and many of the more tolerable ones *must* be far better than they seem in such usually un-fair revelations. All I can do is to make a note that I must look further into the accomplishments of such promising new designs as Varkoni's somewhat Byzantine "Tower of Babel," Villchur's extraordinary "little box" introduced by Acoustic Research, Jim Lansing's impressive new "Hartsfield" model, and of course the experimental "tweeter" described in a technical paper by Arthur A. Janszen, which, if engineering rumor can be believed, sensationally solves the long enigmatic practical problems of "electrostatic" speakers.

IT'S easier to speak more definitely of some of the Fair's non-sonal features, such as the art-work backgrounds for many exhibits, a field in which Pickering now is closely pressed by Electro-Voice, National, and many others. But for this bewildered reporter the two new products that most arrested my attention and commanded my admiration were not only non-vocal, but strictly mechanical: H. H. Scott's stroboscopic turntable and the International Scientific Industries's "isometric drive" tape-transport mechanism.

For the rest, it was a pleasure to see continued progress in new trends of equipment styling and operating convenience. But, except for a personal doff-the-hat to Pickering in acknowledgment of the pleasure his "new" pickup cartridge has been giving me for months before the Fair, I can't begin to run down the long line of credits ranging from Altec-Lansing and Brociner to Zenith. The Haynes-Griffin record shop showed commendable enterprise in setting up a supply depot where visitors who had made a mental note to get a particular demonstration record could make a purchase and take it home before the impulse waned.

And if anyone braving the Fair or dodging it worries about the incredible diversity of sound unleashed at these affairs, or in the sound devotees' homes, let him take heart from a Science Service news dispatch that by happy coincidence appeared in the *Times* at Audio Fair time: "Birds become bored when they sing the same song over and over," Prof. Charles Hartshorne told the American Ornithologists Union. . . . "Birds that sing one short song repeatedly are silent about 70 per cent of the time," he said. "More than a hundred kinds of birds with a wide variety of songs sing almost continuously."

I realize that man-animal comparisons are especially risky these days, but there hardly can be any political implications here, and there certainly is a moral that audiophiles and audiophobes alike might well take to heart.

—R. D. DARRELL.

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"Messiah" Is Not Handel

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

A DEAL of nonsense has been spoken, written, and printed about "Messiah" and recordings of "Messiah." A part of this nonsense is well meaning and muddled; but much of it is mere pretension. Since the publication of J. M. Coopersmith's edition from the original sources (1947), small excuse for such nonsense has survived. Performances can be more or less complete; they can employ or not employ Mozart's (or someone else's) additional instrumental accompaniments; they can decide for something like the even balance of instruments and voices which Handel himself used or they can mobilize poorly matched armies in the Crystal Palace manner. But any claim that "Messiah" is being presented exactly as Handel composed it is nonsense: Handel never wrote out anything like all the notes. As no recording was made on April 13, 1742, when the oratorio was first sung, no method of reconstructing Handel's full original intentions is at hand. We have room, therefore, not only for informed, sensitive, careful guesswork, but for interpretation and personal preference. No room, however, for baseless claims.

The earliest recording of excerpts from "Messiah" was made in 1906, with the London Welsh Choir and the Queen's Hall Players. Since then, possibly in addition to other recordings I have not tracked down, the record-buyer has been offered two versions conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham (Columbia and Victor), two by Sir Malcolm Sargent (Columbia and Angel), and one each by Sir Ernest MacMillan (Bluebird), Josef Messner (Remington), Sir Adrian Boult (London), and Hermann Scherchen (Westminster). At least six of these complete or nearly complete recordings are —or were—available on LP.

Is there really need, demand, or place for yet another recorded version of "Messiah" when no first-class recording has ever been offered of "L'Allegro," "Israel in Egypt," "Jephtha," "Joshua," "Judas Maccabaeus," "Samson," "Saul," "Semele," "Susanna," or "Theodora" among Handel's oratorios and near-oratorios; of at least "Aggrippina," "Alcina," "Almira," "Giulio Cesare," "Orlando," "Ottone," "Radamisto," "Rinaldo," "Rodelinda," "Serse," and "Tolomeo" among the operas? Surely there is something to be said in favor of enlarging the recorded repertoire, especially by an addition that would astonish us by its manifold beauties: a complete "Jephtha" or "Semele," a complete "Rinaldo." We have had a better-than-adequate "Acis and Galatea" (Handel Society). Completely unsatisfactory have been an "Alexander's Feast," two versions of "Belshazzar," two of "Israel in Egypt," an "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," and a recording of the inferior "St. John Passion"; worse than that have been two deformations of "Giulio Cesare" and one of "Rodelinda." Not one of these has come from the large recording companies, perhaps the only ones able to produce a large Handel work as it should be produced. This is monstrous; we are being deprived both of knowledge and of very great musical pleasures.

But LP recordings of "Messiah" crowd upon us, and must be assessed, however roughly. Of the more recently issued versions, Sir Malcolm Sargent's, with the Huddersfield Choral Society and the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra (Angel 3510C, $17.85) is admirably performed and expertly recorded. But it is sadly cut; it lacks "Unto Which of the Angels," "Let All the Angels," "Thou Art Gone up on High," "Then Shall Be Brought to Pass," "O Death, Where Is Thy Sting," "But Thanks Be To God," and "If God Be for Us." The excellent accompanying notes include an air-clearing essay by Sargent.

Hermann Scherchen's recording with the London Symphony Orchestra and the London Philharmonic Choir (Westminster WAL—308, $17.85) displays the erudite German at his most doctrinaire and wilful. I can understand why Scherchen might have toyed with his eccentric ideas on tempo and on having "But Who May Abide" sung by a contralto rather than the usual compromise, a bass (it was originally sung by a *male* alto, and is clearly not a woman's aria). What I cannot understand is why, having amused himself with these ideas, he put them on record. The album reads "Original Dublin Version (1742)," and gives us "Messiah" complete as held up to a distorting mirror.

Complete, conventional, distinguished only by its underlining of the commonplace is Sir Adrian Boult's "Messiah," with the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir (London LLA 19, $23.80), described as "from the Original Manuscript." Like the Beecham version (originally pressed on 78's, but now on LP as Victor T-6401, $23.80), the Boult occupies four records, whereas the others mentioned above run to only three. I do not mention the vocal and instrumental soloists in this or the other recordings, both because of space limitations and because they all are good without often being excellent.

Having listened long and earnestly, with the Coopersmith edition in hand, to Beecham, Boult, Sargent, and Scherchen, I know exactly how I shall solve the "Messiah" problem for myself. I shall hold on to the superbly planned and magnificently executed Beecham recording. I shall tell anyone who wants a three-record nearly complete version to buy the Sargent. And I shall not buy another recording of a large Handel vocal work until someone with daring and imagination and the essential resources brings forth a worthy recording of one of the other Handel oratorios, near-oratorios, operas. I can wait.

—Bettmann Archive.

Dublin's Old Music Hall—home of the first "Messiah."

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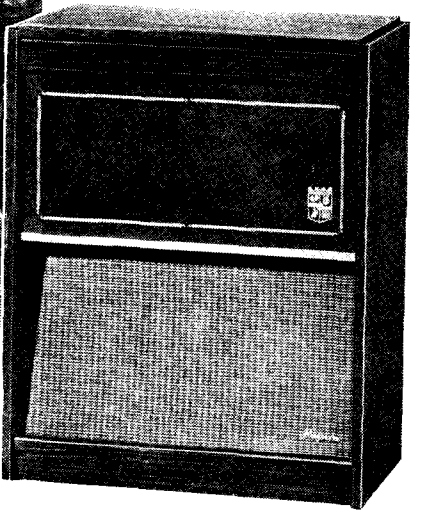

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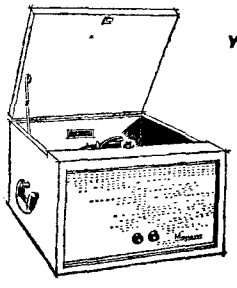

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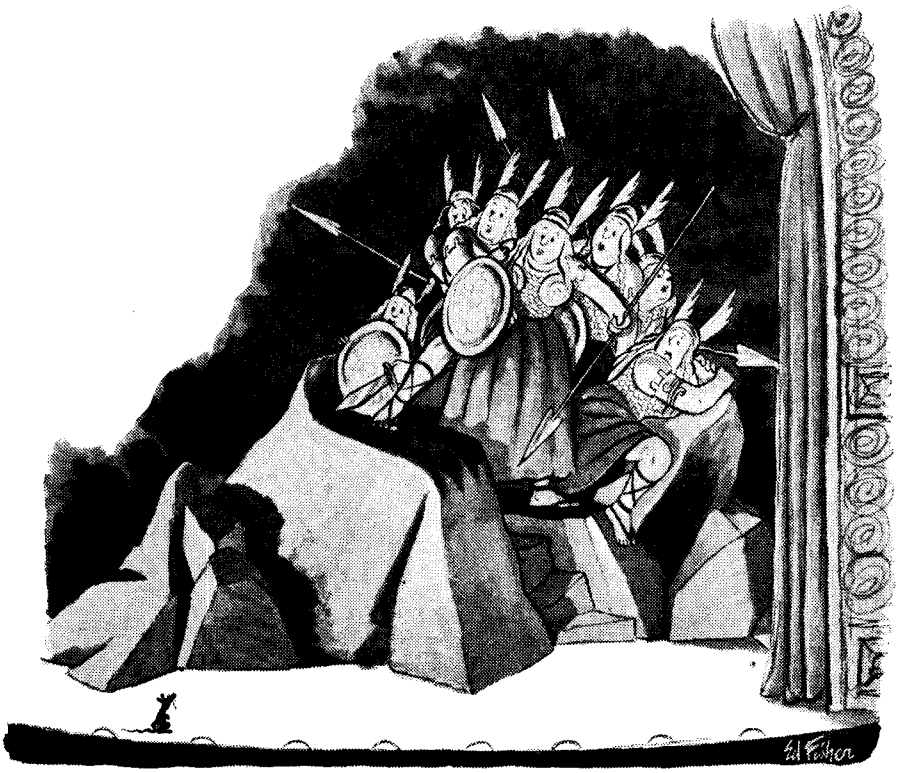

Values in Wagner

By ROBERT LAWRENCE

TO A listener steeped perhaps too early and indiscriminately in the music of Wagner and driven later by satiety into critical doubts, the new RCA Victor album of orchestral excerpts by Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony comes almost as a re-establishment of faith. It is not Wagner, one finds, who has changed throughout the years so much as the standards of performance, which have been running lately toward orchestral slackness and vocal loudness. As the first excerpt in the Toscanini album—the "Tristan" prelude and finale—goes onto the machine one realizes that here, in the hands of this master conductor, is the absolute Wagner. This is the way the music can and must sound if it is to make emotional contact with the listener and escape the margin of pomposity that lies so near. A series of standard orchestral selections, so grossly overplayed in the past, may repel the music lover in prospect; but once the magic of the Toscanini performances gets under way there can be little reluctance, no turning back.

This is not to say that all of the excerpts stand on the same rarefied plane, though every one of them does achieve a minimum distinction. I found a certain inflexibility of contour and dryness of tone in both the "Meistersinger" prelude and the "Siegfried Idyl." A more expansive, and even ethnic, approach would have been welcome in these two works—music of the German town and woodland—which depend largely on coloration for best effect. Their basic beauty, needless to say, comes off in the Toscanini reading; but some of the delicate tints in which both works abound have been passed over in favor of a straightforward black and white. The essence of the "Idyl," in ideal performances, seems one of improvisation. Subtly calculated details appear to spring up as if by chance. The tonal web unfolds with deceptive spontaneity. Not so with the present disc, which brings a feeling of constraint. Coincidentally, the recorded sound is least convincing in these two excerpts. The prelude to Act III of "Meistersinger" is heard to better effect all around.

Minor reservations aside, this album deserves a major tribute. The "Tristan" is peerless. The virility, tenderness, and passion of the prelude are beyond praise. When one hears a performance such as this all of the accumulated grime which has coated the more durable music of Wagner for years vanishes. A similar sweep of feeling that seems at one with the musical architecture carries over into the "Liebestod," almost resigning the listener to the overworked sequences of the grand climax. This reading bears one back in time to first impressions of "Tristan" and touching memories.

Two excerpts from Götterdämmerung"—"Siegfried's Rhine Journey" and "Funeral March"—are equally magnificent. Here the rhythmic drive which forms the inner spring of Toscanini's excitement overshadows all else; yet there is a wealth of sentiment in certain pages of the "Funeral March" and a deep luminosity in the "daybreak" episode preceding the "Rhine Journey" that bring the requisite color as well. From the standpoint of sound, these excerpts are remarkably well recorded.

There remain the "Lohengrin" preludes to Acts I and III, extremely well done, the former with finely-spun tonal effects, the latter without the blatancy that so often mars it. The climax of the album, however, lies in the prelude and "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," in which Toscanini's greatest qualities—his feeling for broad line, rhythmic sweep, dynamic structure—are heard to best advantage. Even for those who quail at the thought of an all-Wagner album, this one is imperative for its authenticity and grandeur.

FROM still another quarter comes proof that there isn't too much wrong with Wagner that a first-class performance can't remedy. Those operagoers of an earlier vintage whose memories dwell fondly on the play of color to be found in the singing of a Kappel, Leider, or Olczewska, will welcome Margarete Klose's Ortrud in the full-length "Lohengrin" recently issued by HMV. Mme. Klose has been appearing in leading theatres for over twenty years. Her voice is no longer young, and her tone at its fullest never approaches that Niagara Falls boom which now seems a prerequisite for Wagnerian sopranos and mezzos alike. Conversely, she is an artist who knows how to apply the last drop of sparing color to a vocal line, molding the design to the most subtle requirements of the text. What this performer may lack in vocal strength or freshness is more than compensated for by the intensity of her song. One moment especially, the scornful outcry of "Gott!" in her duet with Telramund, gave this listener a tingling of the spine that he hasn't experienced for many years through "Lohengrin." It is good to be reminded that—with a great artist on hand—such effects can still erupt in Wagner.

Alongside Mme. Klose, Maud Cunitz, the Elsa of the album, is little

(*Continued on page* 80)

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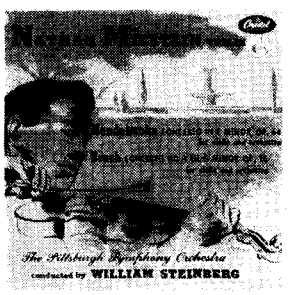

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Musing to Music

By FRED GRUNFELD

IN THE long winter evenings ahead audiophiles may be seized with a sudden impulse to read a book. It is a not unnatural urge; take my advice and submit, graciously. Under certain conditions reading can be entirely compatible with the high-fidelity way of life.

A few people nowadays attempt to satisfy their deep-seated literary desires by the lazy expedient of piling up a stack of "spoken word" recordings, letting a professional—or even the author—do the reading for them. Thus thoughtlessly they deprive themselves of one of the few civilized pleasures introduced in modern times—of curling up with an engrossing piece of fiction, a good novel, while basking in the sound of fine music faultlessly reproduced, the air otherwise undisturbed except by the crackle of flames in an open hearth or, perchance, the hesitant knocking of steam in the radiators.

The only difficulty in reading-with-records is that the mood of the book is apt to conflict with that of the music: "Clair de lune" vs. James Jones, "Sacre" vs. Jane Austen, Mozart vs. "Moby Dick." Perhaps little harm is done if our thoughts occasionally drift from page to music and back, but say what you will, few of us can stand the strain of having our attention split right down the middle. The thing to do is preserve the unities, and that requires care and discrimination in matching fiction shelf to record library. (Usually a cheaper procedure than doing it the other way 'round.)

A well-balanced combination will not only cut distractions to a minimum but also help book and record reinforce and complement each other. Some fictional characters almost ask to be read to music, as when Thomas Mann's Adrian Leverkühn (the composer-hero of "Doctor Faustus") insists that music and literature are fundamentally one. For Leverkühn, "language was music, music a language; separate one always appealed to the other, imitated the other, used the other's tools, always gave itself to be understood as the substitute of the other."

Fortunately, the author supplied some broad hints as to what kind of music might go well with his novel. The life of Leverkühn bears a strong resemblance to poor Hugo Wolf's, but the things he writes, as Mann describes them, take so much from theories of Arnold Schoenberg that the old master raised a cry of "Stop Thief" when the book first appeared. In a bitter letter to *The Saturday Review* Schoenberg complained that future generations would credit not him but the madman Leverkühn for the invention of the twelve-tone method.

Leverkühn's early works are the only ones Schoenberg couldn't have composed, to judge from a description of his "Ocean Lights," for example, "a piece of exquisite tone-painting which gives evidence of an astonishing feeling for entrancing combinations of sound, at first hearing almost impossible for the ear to unravel. The cultured public saw in the young composer a highly gifted successor to the Debussy-Ravel line . . . But to be frank, this disillusioned masterpiece of orchestral brilliance already bore within itself the traits of parody and intellectual mockery of art . . ." That doesn't sound like *Gurrelieder* to me; early Prokofiev or perhaps something like the Roussel Suite in F might fill the bill.

Problems like this crop up by the dozen to intrigue literary listeners. What about the elusive sonata that haunts Monsieur Swann in "Remembrance of Things Past?" What solo violin recording did Sherlock Holmes play on his hand-crank gramophone to fool and foil his evidently tin-eared adversaries? Or again, what did F. Scott Fitzgerald have in mind as incidental music for Gatsby's parties?—"'Anyhow, he gives large parties' said Jordan, 'And I like large parties. They're so intimate. At small parties there isn't any privacy.' There was the boom of a bass drum, and the voice of the orchestra leader rang out suddenly above the chatter of the garden. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he cried, 'At the request of Mr. Gatsby we are going to play for you Mr. Vladimir Tostoff's latest work, which attracted so much attention at Carnegie Hall last May. If you read the papers you know there was a big sensation . . . The piece is known,' he concluded, 'as Vladimir Tostoff's "Jazz History of the World".'" Could it be that Fitzgerald was fixing his jaundiced stare on "La Creation du Monde"—or was this a backhanded reference to the celebrated jazz rhapsody a young Tin Pan Alleyite had just tossed off? F. Scott, always *au courant* in musical matters, may have been speaking for himself when he has his narrator say, "The nature of the 'Jazz History of the World' eluded me . . ."

Most fictitious scores tend to be elusive. For that reason I like authors who don't mind having their characters discuss real composers and real compositions. Only beware of such frustrated music critics as Balzac, whose conversations have a way of rambling on and on about topics apparently close to his heart. "Beethoven has been surpassed by the moderns," a young man ventures to say to Gambara (the year is 1831). "'He is not even understood, how can he be surpassed?' asked the Count . . . 'Beethoven,' went on the Count, 'has enlarged the scope of instrumental music and nobody has yet followed in his footsteps . . . His works are

(*Continued on page* 84)

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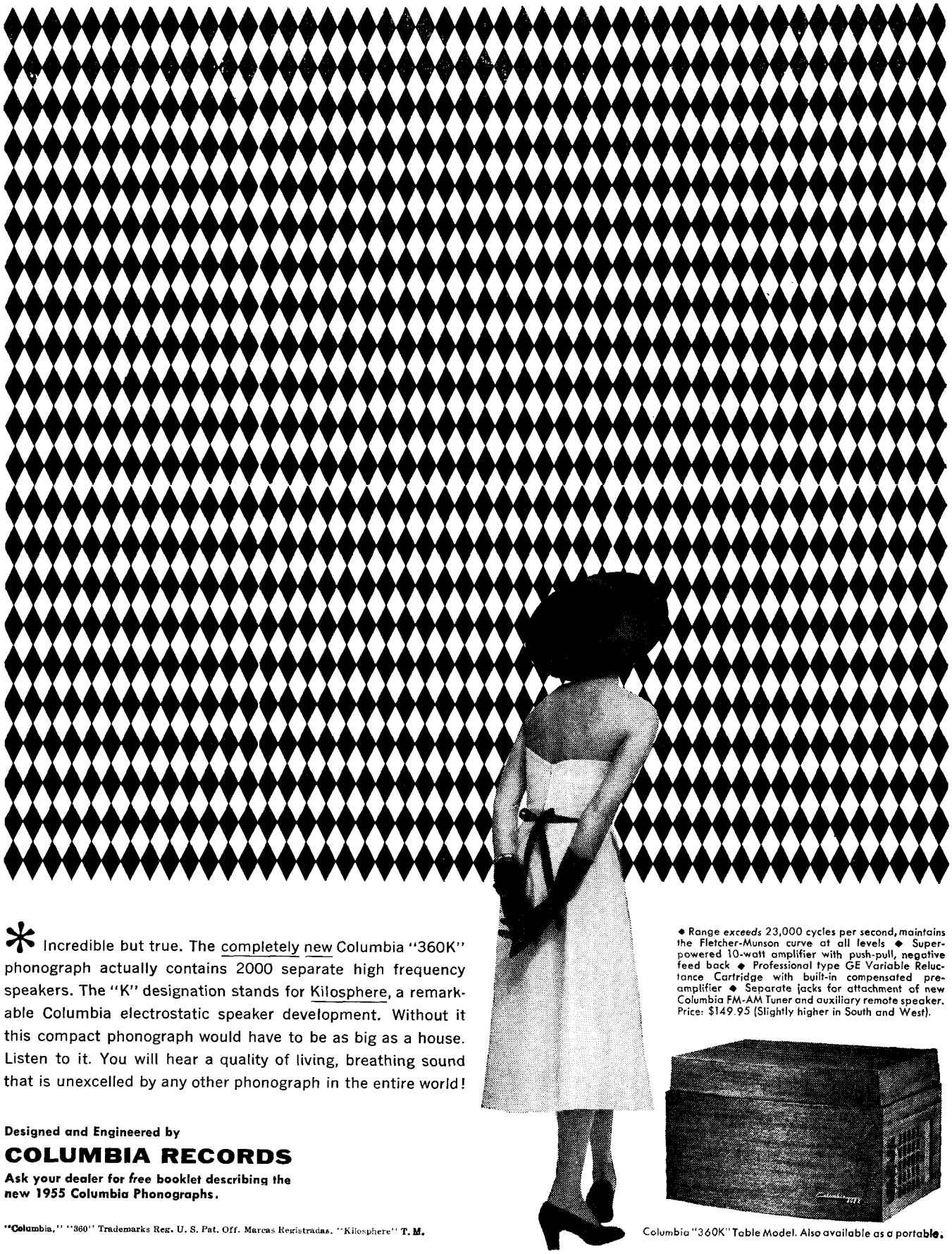

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HITS AND MISSES

Light from Paris

BY far the most impressive study of jazz music I have read is now awaiting translation into English. This is "Hommes et Problèmes du Jazz" by André Hodier (Paris: Au Portulan, chez Flammarion, 650 frs.). The French author is sufficiently remarkable among jazz writers because he is at once a trained musical analyst, a composer, and an experienced performer of jazz as well as other kinds of music. But in addition to this he has one of those lucid, orderly minds which have so often ornamented French criticism. If, as in the case of other Frenchmen, his logic is sometimes more apparent than his sense of life (or, in this case, of music), that does not happen often; this is obviously a man who puts a first-rate intelligence at the service of a first-rate set of sensibilities.

The book is not a history of jazz, but an examination into the nature of the music—true probing with fine scalpels—and a set of conclusions with which I find it very easy to agree. Foregoing any lengthy comment until Hodier appears in English, I will simply say that he emphasizes the evolutional nature of any art form and distrusts the whole tendency in jazz to hark back to the past. The New Orleans pioneers, he would say, have done their work. Perhaps the greatest figure of the New Orleans tradition, Louis Armstrong, is still very much with us—a jubilant master. Meanwhile, like any other art, jazz has continued to feel out new directions. Hodier's contemporary idol is the spirited and super-subtle inventor, Charlie Parker. In the true French polemic spirit, Hodier ends his book with a scorching and detailed attack on Hugues Panassié, who in France represents New Orleans nostalgia at its most dogmatic and intolerant. It is a pleasure to have jazz writing of such learning and élan.

A new and promising little band blends arrangements in the modern vein with fine group improvisation: "Jazz Idiom" by the Dick Sutton Sextet (Jaguar JP-082). The group consists of trumpet, valve trombone, baritone saxophone, string bass, drums (there is no piano), and is particularly fortunate in the light, lyric soprano saxophone playing of Steve Lacy. Trumpeter Sutton is his own arranger, the tunes being "Avalon," "Softly As in a Morning Sunrise," "I'm Coming Virginia," "I Would Do Most Anything for You," "Liza," "How About You," "You're Lucky to Me," and "Peg O'My Heart." These favorites emerge with a very fresh, musicianly accent.

The busy California breeding grounds have yielded another attractive modern alto saxophonist, Lennie Niehaus, who plays a lively reed session with Jack Montrose and Bob Gordon, tenor and baritone saxophones; Monty Budwig, bass; and Shelly Manne, drums (Contemporary C-2513). Over at RCA Victor the album annotator Bill Zeitung seems to have sustained a rather dizzying experience. Referring to "The Panic Is On," by the Nick Travis Quintet (RCA-Victor LJM-100), he writes: "Cherry bombs, roman candles, and skyrockets could not possibly produce a greater display of pyrotechnics . . . a cumulative, stunning effect which cannot be vouchsafed even the products of nuclear fission . . . Freddie Elsasser, the genial engineer who has recorded everything from bop to Bartók, developed the worst headache of his career; and, in general, the electricity produced by the tempestuous music was echoed in a kind of thunder and lightning which could be distinctly heard in the neighboring Third Avenue saloons." I am at a loss to account for the seizures of Messrs. Zeiting and Elsasser, for when I place "The Panic, etc." on the phonograph what I hear is competent, thoroughly disciplined modern jazz by trumpeter Nick Travis, tenor saxophonist Al Cohn, and a rhythm section. Agreeable enough, but in no way jolting.

Allex Kallao—"on a spree."

There is a dulcet guitar program by the excellent Barney Kessel (Contemporary C-2514) with a quartet including drummer Shelly Manne. The tunes include such romantic matters as "Speak Low" and "A Foggy Day in London," and Kessel himself is the author of detailed program notes which will be of special interest to other guitarists. The late French master of the instrument, Django Reinhardt, was also a light composer of special piquancy, and a new album contains eight of his pieces played by himself and the Quintette of the Hot Club of France, with Hubert Rostaing on the clarinet (Period SPL-1101). The reproduction is faulty technically, but it will do for Reinhardt addicts with a set of tone controls.

OF A number of piano albums, I have specially enjoyed a Bud Powell program (Norgran MG N-23). The flashing jazz master, one of the faster and most original men in the business, is here heard in a ruminative, rather lush mood, playing such numbers as "Moonlight in Vermont" and "My Funny Valentine." I suppose many would call the disc "commercial," but I have never felt that the handsome treatment of good popular songs deserved that opprobrium. Allex Kallao, a blind young pianist, plays popular music with elaborate virtuoso embellishment, suggesting a concert artist on a spree. In this manner, however, he is deluxe, and his "An Evening at the Embers" (RCA-Victor LJM-1011) also features the stunning string bass playing of Milton Hinton. A new French find, Martial Solal (Contemporary C-2512) sounds altogether too taut for me; he seems to be strung tighter than the piano wires, and so far as I am concerned rhythmic ease, at any tempo, is a cardinal jazz principle.

The revival of traditional, New Orleans-style jazz on the West Coast was originally the work of Lu Watters's Yerba Buena Jazz Band (with today's favorites, Bob Scobey and Turk Murphy, at the trumpet and trombone respectively). Its great recording year was 1946. A full thirty-six sides of the 1946 series may now be had for the first time on LPs (Good Time Jazz GTJ L-12001, L-12002, L-12003). This is a trove of vintage numbers, from ragtime to Watters originals, played by an outfit of strong, simple appeal. —WILDER HOBSON.

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The men have said their piece, in the words of Berlioz, Wagner ("Meistersinger" Overture), and Tchaikovsky ("Nutcracker Suite"). Critic Irving Kolodin of The Saturday Review has said he was "astonished" by the Toscanini qualities of these remarkable performances.

It is to you, the music-loving, record-buying public of America that we appeal for the all-important oxygen of dollars needed to make this resolve a reality. A ten-dollar contribution brings with it our gift to you of this remarkable document. More, much more, would be welcome. Or if you want to contribute without receiving the record—use the other coupon. . .

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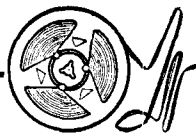

THE WORLD OF TAPE

"Ipsophone" Is on the Line

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is an excerpt from "Techniques of Magnetic Recording," by Joel Tall of the CBS technical staff, to be published by Macmillan in January 1955.*

THE "Ipsophone," manufactured at present in Switzerland, is one of the most ingenious machines ever devised to record and answer telephone calls automatically. In order to achieve its various purposes it makes use of a multiple-spool wire recorder, seventy-one telephone relays of various kinds, amplifiers, timing cam-gears, and manual switching circuits. The Ipsophone has been in use for several years in Europe, largely taking the place of the "personal telephone-answering service" in the USA. In addition to recording incoming calls, this machine may be used to record dictation and telephone conversations and by means of a secretly-coded, voice-impulse-operated relay system, will play back to its owner, calling it from any telephone set in the world, all the messages that have been recorded in his absence. The owner may then, either from any remote point or his home or office, cause these messages to be completely erased and the Ipsophone readied for any new messages. It has provisions for recording or transmitting messages over either of two independent telephone lines. This is how the Ipsophone works:

Suppose that you were to call Mr. Smith, whose telephone line is connected to an Ipsophone. If your call is not answered within thirteen seconds the automatic answer of the Ipsophone (previously recorded on one of the reels of wire), after twenty seconds at most, will be "This is Mr. James A. Smith's Ipsophone. Your message will be automatically recorded—wait—please start speaking now."

After this invitation to you the Ipsophone is switched over to recording (on the second pair of wire reels with a capacity of five minutes) and your voice, whose sound intensity has been increased or decreased as needed, by an amplifier, is recorded on the wire. If you do not begin speaking within twelve seconds after the invitation "please start speaking now" the Ipsophone automatically disconnects from the line. It also automatically disconnects when you replace the receiver and no further acoustic impulses reach it over the line.

Ten push-buttons on the Ipsophone control panel, numbered from 1 to 9 and 0, are the "secret code" buttons. Any desired combination of ciphers can be formed by means of these buttons. The one selected to form the code is pressed down. Turning the key on the panel *sets* the code according to the ones selected, let us say 3, 5, and 9, and pushes out the depressed buttons which cannot be pressed down from that time on. Only Mr. Smith knows this code or someone in his confidence.

Your call to the Ipsophone has been recorded now, along with some others. Mr. Smith, whose phone and Ipsophone are in London, is in Paris on a business trip. He calls his phone from Paris for his recorded messages. The Ipsophone answers the phone, since no one is there to forestall its going into action by picking up the receiver and, about fifteen seconds later, announces: "This is Mr. James A. Smith's Ipsophone. Your message will be automatically recorded—wait—" The word "wait" informs Mr. Smith that he may cause the Ipsophone to play back by twice saying the word "hello." The first "hello" must be said immediately after he hears the word "wait," that is, within ¾ of a second. The two "hellos" must be clearly separated from each other, since they actuate voice impulse relays. The Ipsophone, after "hearing" these two "hellos," instead of repeating "Please start speaking now" calls out the numbers 1 to 9 and 0, leaving an interval of two seconds silence between each number and the next. Mr. Smith will then enunciate the words "hello-hello" after each of the numbers which constitute his own secret code—that is, after each of the numbers, 3, 5, and 9. If he follows procedure correctly the Ipsophone will then begin playing back all the previously recorded messages just as soon as it finishes counting up to 0.

If Mr. Smith makes a mistake in saying "hello-hello" after the wrong number, or by saying "hello" only once, the machine will not play back. Instead, after counting up to 0, it will send out a buzzing sound lasting ten seconds, and repeat the previous routine, thus giving Mr. Smith another chance to get his messages played back to him. If Mr. Smith does not get his "hellos" said after the correct code numbers this time, the Ipsophone switches off and disconnects the phone.

If Mr. Smith has followed procedure correctly all the messages will be played back. At the end of this reproduction period, which is indicated by the machine emitting a short buzzing signal, Mr. Smith may avail himself of these three possibilities:

1. To record after playback. If, after playback has been completed of all the accumulated messages, Mr. Smith wants to transmit a message for recording by the Ipsophone, he calls "hello" twice within two seconds after hearing the first buzz following the completion of playback. The Ipsophone is then ready for recording. When that is completed Mr. Smith replaces the receiver and the phone is automatically disconnected.

2. Erasing recordings after playback. If Mr. Smith, after having heard the messages, decides to erase them, he waits for the *second* buzzing signal which is sent out by the Ipsophone about two seconds after the first buzz which indicated the end of playback. After this second buzz he says the words "cancel-cancel" into his telephone mouthpiece. Again, these two words must be spoken separately from each other and clearly. The "message" recording reels of wire are then reeled back into starting position, undergoing erasure in the process.

3. Repeating playback. Should Mr. Smith decide, after hearing his messages, that he wants to listen to them over again some time later, he need only put the receiver down immediately after hearing the first buzzing signal. In this case, any subsequent message will be recorded in correct order and no erasure will take place.

If Mr. Smith, for some reason, does not put down his receiver after the first buzz, and gives no orders (either "hello-hello" after the first buzz or "cancel-cancel" after the second buzz) a third buzzing sound of slightly longer duration than the other two will be emitted, indicating that the Ipsophone is being disconnected from the line.

If Mr. Smith should have forgotten his code, or have said only one "hello," or have made a similar error in his approach toward getting the Ipsophone to play back its messages, after counting up to "0" the machine will have an intermittent buzz for ten seconds and then repeat its "call Text." If Mr. Smith,

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or an interloper, should again not give the proper replies to the relays awaiting the correct voice impulses in the secretly coded order, the ten second buzz will repeat, the Ipsophone will be switched off and disconnected from the caller's telephone line.

The Tele-Magnet is a telephone-answering machine made in the USA that also uses wire recording. When the phone rings the receiver is lifted and a phonograph record, previously prepared, gives instructions to the caller in the owner's voice. Each message is registered on a counter as it is recorded, so that the owner upon his return can know how many calls were received by the machine during his absence. The recorder capacity is one hour of recording; it shuts off automatically between calls.

In most of Europe and other continents except the USA telephone recording is subject to a minimum of restrictions. In the USA the use of telephone recording equipment is forbidden in connection with interstate and foreign calls unless the recording is made through equipment which transmits a periodic warning tone, thus indicating to the parties to the telephone conversation that their voices are being recorded. The legality of recording local or interstate calls must be decided by the Public Service Commission or bureau having jurisdiction over this matter in the particular state or territory involved.

The warning tone which must be transmitted approximately every fifteen seconds during any recording made of an interstate or foreign telephone conversation should be 1,400 cycles-per-second and of equal strength to "the average telephone talking signal strength." American telephone companies will install and service a device which will produce this tone while a telephone call is being recorded, besides aiding in equalizing incoming and outgoing signals over the telephone line so that recording may take place at a more or less even level. (Readers interested in this question should read Federal Communications Commission Public Notice 60591, issued March 28, 1951, and Public Notice 5569 and Docket No. 6787, adopted March 24, 1947.)

—JOEL TALL.

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Lola Rodriguez de Aragon, soprano; Orquesta Sinfonica de Madrid, Freitas Branco cond.

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Wummer, flute; Valenti, harpsichord

WL 5321 **LISZT: Liebestraume, Balladen, Legenden,** Farnadi, piano

WL 5322 **GRANADOS: Goyescas (with El Pelele),** Echaniz, piano

WL 5323 **HADYN: String Quartets Op. 76, #3, #4,** Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet

WL 5324 **DVORAK: Biblische Lieder, Zigeunerweisen, Liebeslieder**
Roessel-Majdan, contralto; Holetschek, piano

WL 5325 **SCARLATTI: Sonatas for Harpsichord Vol. VI,**
Valenti, Harpsichord

WL 5305 **Cante Flamenco Anthology Vol. III**
Flamenco Singers, Guitar accompaniment

NOVEMBER

WAL 402 **J. S. BACH: Geistliche Lieder**
Roessel-Majdan, Contralto; Cuenod, tenor; Harand, cello; Holetschek, harpsichord.

WL 5306 **J. S. BACH: Sonata #1, Partita #2**
Julian Olevsky, solo violin

WL 5326 **LULLY: Te Deum**
Ensemble vocal de Paris; Orch. de la Societe de Musique de Chambre de Paris; Soloists; Pierre Capdevielle, cond.

WL 5327 **DEBUSSY: La Mer, Iberia**
Orch. du Theatre des Champs Elysees, Inghelbrecht, cond.

WL 5328 **America's Children Sing Christmas Carols for the Children of America**
Children's chorales

WL 5329 **MENDELSSOHN: Ten Piano Compositions**
Reine Gianoli, piano

WL 5330 **TCHAIKOVSKY: Sonata G maj., Op. 37; Romance, Op. 5; Nocturne and Humoresque, Op. 10; Souvenir de Hapsal, Op. 2**
Nadia Reisenberg, piano

WL 5331 **FRANCK: Piano Quintet, F min.**
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Barylli, violin; Holetschek, piano; Barylli Ensemble

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Herb Seiter

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Jerry Mengo & Orch.

WL 3033 **Morgan Plays Waltzes for Organ**
Virginie Morgan, electric organ

WL 3034 **Date for Dancing #2**
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Backhaus—"his technical command seemed virtually unimpaired."

Backhaus on Beethoven

By ABRAM CHASINS

THE CHIEF merit of the panoramic packages issued so profusely these LP days lies mainly in satisfying the worthy human desire for completeness. Several examples exist, though not quite as many as one might wish, of a thoroughly happy combination of the right artist in top form recording the right compositions in a complete version with consistently rewarding results. The majority of packages, however, has only furnished proof of human limitations and has demonstrated that as we gain in compactness we lose in comprehension. The more ambitious the project the likelier that possibility becomes, and in my book this makes the recording of the thirty-two piano sonatas of Beethoven the most formidable of all assignments for the pianist.

It was in instrumental music, rather than vocal music, that Beethoven achieved completion and through none did he speak more eloquently than in the piano sonatas. They encompass the full range of his tumultuous emotional power from lighthearted gaiety to prophetic vision. They mark every important stylistic and architectural transition. They reflect his fathomless knowledge of the piano. Above all, they show that the main principle of his sonata style is drama.

Whatever belongs to a musical work of art should properly belong to its interpretation. Any pianist who assumes the awesome responsibility of interpreting faithfully this philosopher of the piano at his supreme height should bring to this service a torrential passion, a long-range sense of movement, harmonic awareness, melodic eloquence, sure rhythmic instinct, immense variety of touch, and a complete instrumental command. I cull this list of qualities from vivid remembrances of Josef Hofmann's playing of the "Appassionata" and of Opus 111 some quarter of a century ago. And it was Hofmann who, in a discussion about pianists, modestly said, "The good Lord spreads His bounties mercifully. Just think, if X had fingers, Y a brain, and Z a heart we'd all be out of business!"

The titanic task of recording all thirty-two of Beethoven's piano sonatas has now been accomplished by Wilhelm Backhaus. His recent additions to previous LP disks for London makes him the third artist to do the complete set. Two decades ago the cornerstone was laid by Artur Schnabel. If one pianist was required to attempt it, he was the logical man. Schnabel was an inspired artist, and this music flowed in his bloodstream since childhood. He had intensity and insight, both emotional and intellectual. He lacked only in virtuosity; his muscular powers were not equal to his expressive demands. A page of superb poetry would be followed by another of rhythmic decay or bumpy phrasing caused by unconquered difficulties. He would start a sweeping crescendo in a thrilling ascent to a climax which so excited him that he would lose control, flounder, and pound. Perfect realization throughout eluded him because his pianistic equipment did not match his imagination.

It is difficult to evaluate the subsequent recordings of the sonatas by Wilhelm Kempff because of the poor quality of the discs. What comes through reveals a competent standard of dependability and understanding. Nothing I was able to hear startled or excited me.

And now, with thanks for your patience, to the Backhaus set. I was especially fascinated to hear them because I was an enthusiastic member of that Carnegie Hall audience which cheered Backhaus last March for his performances of five Beethoven sonatas. From the moment of his modest entrance I was entirely captivated. His technical command seemed virtually unimpaired. One noted a gentler, more meditative spirit than in former days. The naturalness of his pianism, the simplicity and absorption of the man nullified every critical faculty.

On the current disks, and throughout the entire set, Backhaus again emerges as a gigantic instrumentalist. He plays all of the notes, and most of them brilliantly. He always did. Now he brings a mellowed knowledge to the style and to the text. All is solid, sound, and logical. There are no tricks, no follies. The striking achievement of Backhaus's recordings of the Beethoven sonatas is the extraordinary standard of pianistic mastery he has been able to maintain throughout. And this about sums up the accomplishment.

Not quite, because there are certain sonatas, certain movements, certain phrases which are interpretative gems without flaw. One is grateful for such rightness of spirit and tempi from the first to the last note of sonata Opus 2, No. 1. There is a stunning performance of Opus 7, and of the corner movements of Opus 10, No. 3. And it is not only the earlier and daintier music which is finely realized, for the first movement of Opus 90 is distinguished, and so is almost the whole of the treacherously difficult Opus 101. My qualified appreciation is due to an insufficient lyricism in the last movement of

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Opus 90, and a lack of depth and warmth in the opening and verve in the march of Opus 101, but the fugue could not be more admirable and the delightful lighthearted section at the end is enchantingly played.

It is, therefore, all the more disappointing to discover, in these works of all works, that Backhaus is not at his best when the music demands dramatic utterance, poetry, or romantic ardor. One misses the emotional

(*Continued on page* 88)

BACKHAUS'S BEETHOVEN: Following is the list of the fourteen London ffrr recordings Backhaus has made of the thirty-two Beethoven piano sonatas (each record $5.95):

LL-627: No. 3 in C, Op. 2, No. 3
No. 17 in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2

LL-393: No. 5 in C minor, Op. 10, No. 1
No. 6 in F, Op. 10, No. 2
No. 25 in G, Op. 79

LL-603: No. 10 in G, Op. 14, No. 2
No. 22 in in F, Op. 54
No. 24 in F sharp, Op. 78

LL-265: No. 12 in A flat, Op. 26
No. 21 in C, Op. 53

LL-705: No. 13 in E flat, Op. 27, No. 1
No. 14 in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2
No. 19 in G minor, Op. 49, No. 1
No. 20 in G, Op. 49, No. 2

LL-597: No. 23 in F minor, Op. 57
No. 28 in A, Cp. 101

LL-602: No. 29 in B flat, Op. 106

LL-948: No. 2 in A major, Op. 2, No. 2
No. 11 in B flat major, Op. 22

LL-949: No. 26 in E flat major, Op. 81a
No. 27 in E minor, Op. 90
No. 1 in F minor, Op. 2, No. 1

LL-950: No. 4 in E flat major, Op. 7
No. 7 in D major, Op. 10, No. 3

LL-951: No. 16 in G major, Op. 31, No. 1
No. 18 in E flat major, Op. 31, No. 3

LL-952: No. 8 in C minor, Op. 13
No. 9 in E major, Op. 14, No. 1
No. 15 in D major, Op. 28

LL-953: No. 31 in A flat major, Op. 110
No. 32 in C minor, Op. 111

LL-266: No. 30 in E, Op. 109
(Chopin's Sonata No. 2 in B flat minor, Op. 35)

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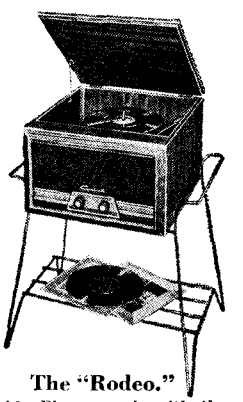

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Recordings in Review

Heroic "Heldenleben"

STRAUSS: *"Ein Heldenleben." Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.* (Columbia ML-4887, $5.95.)

THE qualities that make the Philadelphia a great orchestra have rarely been represented on discs with such finality and justice as in this sumptuous arrangement of sounds. This may sound uncomfortably like repetition of remarks made previously about such matters as the "Symphonie Fantastique" of Berlioz and the Second of Rachmaninoff, but the facts are plain and have to be stated. "Perfection" is still elusive and will doubtless entice further improvements in the future, but for the moment the Columbia staff is entitled to full credit for a difficult job beautifully done.

Not that it is particularly difficult to make an earfilling recording from this richest of Strauss scores; it has been done, in terms of existing standards, well before, and will be, again. But it is something else to get inside the body of this mountainous object and make it a glowing, vibrant thing, as it is here. Perhaps the best compliment is to say that it is even a more satisfying sound than the one admired in last month's Reiner-Chicago Symphony issue from RCA Victor. The reason for this is not skill alone, but the suitability, to the project, of the kind of tone (strings and horns primarily) the Philadelphia produces in terms of this work against that of the Chicago ensemble.

To Ormandy's special credit is the sobriety and justice of the final, finest pages, after all the heroics are done with and Strauss quietly, eloquently, writes his artistic testament. Reiner does it effectively, but Ormandy does it convincingly, which is about as much as need be said about the merits of two almost equally fine accomplishments. Concertmaster Jacob Krachmalnick plays the solo passages in fine style.

Toscanini by the Ton

MUSSORGSKY: *"Pictures at an Exhibition." Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor LM-1838, $5.95.)

SCHUBERT: *Symphony in C. The same.* (RCA Victor LM-1835, $5.95.)

BERLIOZ: *"Carnival Romain,"* also BEETHOVEN: *Egmont;* HEROLD: *Zampa overtures. The same.* (RCA LM-1834, $5.95.)

EACH time one is driven by cynical impulse to say of a new Toscanini recording (and RCA Victor has given us unparalleled opportunity lately with the issue not only of this trio of discs, the Wagner collection noted elsewhere by Robert Lawrence, and such other matter as the Verdi "Requiem" with "Aida" and "Fidelio" soon to come) that "this one can't be as good as the others," the obvious asserts itself. Especially as we are just now getting the benefit of the sound techniques put into use by RCA in 1953 or thereabouts.

This "Pictures" for example (in the Ravel instrumentation of course) is in the class of the recent Dvorak "New World" as a recording, which means that brasses bite, flutes float, and strings soar in everything but a physical parallel to the original. For everyone who heard the broadcast in which this "Pictures" was last played by Toscanini, it was a high spot in a season of high spots. Here it is—the loving care, the fine spun detail, and the earshattering climaxes—in a reproduction made a few days after, as engrossing a musical experience now as it was then. Ernest Ansermet has a persuasive way with this music, but if he gives us more of Ravel, Toscanini gives us all of Mussorgsky in a vivid suggestion of what his "Boris" might have been like. (The associated excerpt from Franck's "Psyché et Eros" is a lulling anticlimax, dating from an earlier period of recording.)

As for the Schubert C major, this is the third time around for Toscanini (one version with the Philadelphia Orchestra is still to be issued), and if he recorded it three times more he would doubtless fill us each time with more knowledge about this inexhaustible work. That he would, however, cause us to love it any more is doubtful, for this is one work in which, it seems to me, the human essence eludes him. Reading the score as he conducts it provides one clue to what is going on, and for me, at any rate, it suggests that Toscanini is so intent upon "getting it right this time" that the joy and warmth in the work are denied full utterance. Considering all the rhythmic intricacies it contains, the interplays of woodwinds, strings, and brass, this is probably closer to an "accurate" reading than any recording has previously provided; but if the Furtwängler performance does not score as high in accuracy (and I am not granting that the difference is substantial enough to argue about), it is far rounder, pudgier, at ease—in other words, more Schubertian.

The collection of overtures, etc. (and I resent the implication of the title—"Toscanini Plays Your Favorites"—that Sibelius's "Finlandia" is a "favorite" of mine simply because I like Herold's "Zampa" overture) brings together some performances (the two above-mentioned and the "Dance of the Hours") previously admired in other combinations, and others—Beethoven's "Egmont" and Berlioz's "Carnival Romain," plus four "Hungarian Dances"—now heard for the first time. The "Egmont" is a little tense and dry in sound, but the "Hungarian Dances" (Nos. 1, 17, 20, and 21) are full of zest, the "Carnival Romain" dazzling in its orchestral virtuosity.

Ravel for Every Taste

RAVEL: *La Valse, Bolero. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.* (Columbia AL-51, $2.85.)

RAVEL: *Bolero, Pavane, Le Tombeau de Couperin. André Cluytens conducting the Orchestre Nationale.* (Angel 35102, $5.95.)

RAVEL: *La Valse, also* FAURÉ: *Pavane, and* FRANCK: *Psyche. Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra.* (Mercury MG-50029, $5.95.)

THE millennium will come, these days of pre-recorded tapes, when every dealer will have a library of tapes and a large collection of blank discs. The customer, having sampled what he wants in the way of repertory—or coming with a preconception thereto—will simply specify which coupling he desires, whereupon the dealer will pass his tape through a playback machine specially designed for the purpose and in practically no time at all the customer will walk out with (in the instance above) the Paray "La Valse" and the Ormandy "Bolero," a completely happy man.

I admit this may make for some cross artistic relationships among the several companies, but what is a small thing like that where the customer's happiness is at stake? As long as we are dreaming in technological terms, let the dream be for

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the ultimate. However, Mercury could do another of its "alternate-coupling" arrangements, as it has done with several Kubelik-Chicago recordings, and provide us with a Paray "Bolero" and "La Valse" which would satisfy all but the hypercritical.

Among the matters currently under consideration, the Cluytens performances are further instances of this conductor's erratic standard, a very well-played "Tombeau de Couperin" being offset by a "Bolero" both heavy and dull, seeming longer than it actually is. Ormandy, on the other hand, encompasses his in a tidy 14:50 minutes, in a playing marked by rich contrasts in the tonal texture, a tightly controlled crescendo and a bright climax. The Detroit "La Valse" is decidedly more French in texture and emphasis than the Philadelphia, which is stunning orchestrally, but not so attractive musically. Moreover, the Mercury technicians have done a virtuoso job of getting the wide contrasts in this score down without sacrifice either to deep brass chords or fluid strings. The Fauré-Franck pieces are both well played, though neither strikes me as just what the Ravel enthusiast would want to go with "La Valse."

Casals the Indefatigable

SCHUMANN: *Concerto in A minor. Pablo Casals, cello, with the Prades Festival Orchestra.* (Columbia ML-4926, $5.95.)

FOR Pablo Casals to play the cello with as much vitality and expressiveness as he does in this recording made during his seventy-eighth year is in the nature of astonishing. Few instrumentalists of any order retain physical coordination into the seventies (Backhaus is another example, though at seventy-two much "younger"), and the cello is a difficult enough instrument to subdue in the prime of life. If the rich sound of old is heavier, rougher than at his best, the individuality of style, the will for attainment is as assertive as ever.

But what is one to say about repeated violations of musical taste, of aberrations in phrasing which any well-schooled musician will recognize at once: phrase-ends bitten off rather than allowed to die away naturally, crescendos at the end of a phrase where none is indicated, exaggerated dynamic contrasts, etc.? One can understand that the maître, having now lived with the work longer than the composer, should regard it as his very own, but how about the anonymous though highly capable conductor—Eugene Ormandy (whose presence may not be officially mentioned for reasons relating to Petrillo)? His power of persuasion in this instance seems not to have been very great. Side two is filled out with transcriptions of brief works by Bach, Haydn, and Falla (also two Catalonian songs), most of them issued previously. The recording is surprisingly good for the impromptu surroundings, but not better than that.

Berlioz and Berlioz

BERLIOZ: *"Te Deum." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, with Alexander Young, tenor, the London Philharmonic Choir and the Dulwich College Boys Choir.* (Columbia ML-4897, $5.95.)

BERLIOZ: *"Harold in Italy." Herman Scherchen conducting, with Frederick Riddle, viola.* (Westminster WL-5288, $5.95.)

TO JUDGE from these works, there are at least two Berlioz': one a man with a superb instinct about sonorities, who made of this "Te Deum" one of the finest choral works of nineteenth century, with many an exalted page; the other a blundering dullard who didn't know when to stay his hand on the percussion, who was given to ridiculous contrasts of pppppp and fffffff for no expressive purpose.

Before crediting this thesis too far, however, it should be remembered that music is an art that exists only through its interpreters, and there happens to be two of them at work here. So, perhaps, it is the Berlioz of Beecham who is being misrepresented by the Berlioz of Scherchen—and recalling the latter's frenetic, pointlessly exhibitionistic "Fantastic Symphony" of a few months back, one can only conclude that this gifted man is as fallible as most—that, in the immortal words of La Guardia, when he makes a mistake "it is a beaut."

It has long been an ambition of Beecham to put his thoughts about the Berlioz "Te Deum" on record, and he has accomplished that purpose, finally, with a degree of concentration and mood that match the best of his phonographic achievements. This is a work that must be heard and reheard, for Berlioz was using his coloristic faculties in an especially subtle and original way, having mastered his distinctive vocabulary of tone to a degree not to be found in earlier, cruder examples.

The "Te Deum" is a work of 1849-54, which puts it well into the latter phase of his career. It has not been favored by republication in miniature score, to my knowledge, and thorough evaluation of what Beecham has done with it here is henceforth impeded. However, it is auspicious that it has stimulated a desire for more information than we presently have about the work; let us hope that action results. As to recording, it is in what might be called the Beecham taste: not revolutionary in any respect, but utilizing all contemporary resources to produce a sound suitable to the particular work. Alexander Young is a well-schooled tenor, the choral forces likewise good.

La Belle Schumann

SCHUMANN: *Symphony No. 4. Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra.* (Mercury MG-50036, $5.95.) *Symphonies Nos. 3 and 4. Dean Dixon conducting the orchestra of the Vienna State Opera.* (Westminster WL-5285, $5.95.)

WHAT is the French affinity for the works of Robert Schumann? Among conductors, there are distinguished examples of Schumann interpretation of Monteux, Munch, and Ansermet, to which Paray now adds his name, while some of our finest Schumann experiences of other sorts have been provided by Cortot, Thibaud, Panzera, and Yves Nat, to mention but the first that come to mind. Perhaps it is a matter of balance, of a certain French *elán* offsetting a tendency to heaviness in the orchestral works particularly, and the restraining influence of intellectuality on the free-flowing sentiment elsewhere.

In any case, Paray has given us a first-rate example of a man applying both of those faculties to the fine D minor symphony, which, as Dixon unfortunately reminds us in his expressive but not-too-well-organized performance, can lumber if it is not well reined in. With Paray, the flick of the whip is always in reserve if not applied, with the result that the pace is uncommonly advantageous, the spirit high throughout. I prefer the sound of his Detroit Orchestra as here represented to the duller timbre of the Vienna players.

As to second sides, it doesn't strike me that a purchase will be greatly affected by either. Paray's "Les Preludes" is good but not as strikingly fine as the Monteux-Boston Symphony, while the Dixon "Rhenish," probably the best sounding now available, is apt to be outperformed when a Walter or Karajan or Ansermet version comes along. For total value, the Paray is decidedly preferable. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Berlioz: "Symphonie Fantastique." Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG-50031, $5.95.	One of the loudest "Fantastiques" on record, and also very well played by the orchestra. However, there is more consistent musical purpose in this score than Dorati projects, and the current tendency to accentuate detail at the expense of mass of sound only fragmentizes the results more. Needless to say, the finale is rousing.
Beethoven: Concerto No. 3 in C minor. Emil Gilels, piano, with Kiril Kondrashin conducting. Period SP1-601, $5.95.	Spirited, sometimes too spirited, performance by the Soviet virtuoso, who has plenty of muscle in his music. However, the record plays in B rather than C minor, which is distracting. Side two offers much the same kind of performance in the E flat concerto of Mozart (Zak is the second pianist) where it is even less welcome. The sound is hard and over-brilliant.
Brahms: Concerto in D. Christian Ferras, violin, with Carl Schuricht conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London LL-1046, $5.95.	Finely suave violin-playing by Ferras of the melodic matter, which he delivers with style and finesse. However, there is also a good deal of dramatic impact in this score (from the opening recitative to the last scamper of the finale), and this fares less well with his silky but rather light tone. Good orchestral assistance, and first-class sound.
Brahms: Symphony No. 1. Joseph Keilberth conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Telefunken LGX-66003, $5.95.	Creditable direction by Keilberth, but without any traits of distinction to distract attention from existing versions by Toscanini, Walter, Karajan, Van Beinum, etc. The tonal quality is more massive than appealing, and, by recent fidelity standards, more than a little lacking.
Dvorak: Symphony in E minor ("New World"). Alceo Galliera conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35085, $5.95.	A rather routine "New World" by Galliera, distinguished by no special virtues to give it shelf room among a group led by Toscanini's spectacularly splendid one, and listing others in various degrees of hi-fi. The orchestral playing and reproduction are competent.
D'Indy: "Symphony on a Mountain Air." Aldo Ciccolini, piano, with Conservatoire Orchestra conducted by Andre Cluytens. Angel 35104, $5.95.	The sound here has some vitality and differentiation not heard in the existing Columbia one, but the playing there by Casadesus, with Munch conducting, is quite comfortably superior in artistry and expressiveness. Ciccolini's fluency and rhythmic animation count for more in the second side playing of Franck's "Variations Symphoniques." A little more resonance in his tone would be an asset.
Mozart: Concertos Nos. 9 (E flat, K.271), and 15 (B flat, K.450). Wilhelm Kempff, piano, with Karl Münchinger conducting. London LL-998, $5.95.	Both works are delivered with full comprehension of the musical values involved, but Kempff's brand of enthusiasm can hardly be called infectious. If he does not offend, neither does he stimulate, which is almost as bad. The Münchinger-led orchestra includes his own Stuttgart strings and the Suisse Romande winds. It plays beautifully and is recorded in perfect balance with the soloist. Kempff embellishes the Mozart cadenzas with a flourish or two. Note: the labels are reversed.
Schubert: Rosamunde music. Wilhelm Loibner conducting the Vienna Symphony. Epic LC-3063, $5.95.	Substantially speaking, the need for an enterprise of this sort was well cared-for by the Westminster issue directed by Dean Dixon, and played in a more caressing, discriminating manner than Loibner's rather rough one. To be sure, this Epic issue has the familiar C major overture rather than the earlier one in D preferred by Dixon, but that does not compensate for boomy sound and matter-of-fact direction.
Sibelius: Concerto in D minor. Ginette Neveu, violin, with Walter Süsskind conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35129, $5.95.	This affectionate gesture to the memory of the late Neveu will be welcomed by many who did not have the opportunity to hear her alive, or by many who did, but not often enough. It is far from a model of recording technic—the studio is unresonant, the microphoning not overly skilful—but the sentiment conveyed is decidedly typical. Side two concludes with the "Four Pieces" of Suk in which the pianist is Jean Neveu, also a victim of the same accident.
Sibelius: Symphonies Nos. 3 and 7. Anthony Collins conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London LL-1008, $5.95.	The known, and admired, sympathy of Collins for Sibelius makes for highly listenable results especially in the bubbly No. 3 which is worth more frequent performance than it receives. The recording is superior to any previously available of either work, and hardly inferior in interpretation, though Collins is not as celebrated a name as Barbirolli or Beecham.
Strauss, J: "Bijouterie Quadrille," nine other works. Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston "Pops". RCA Victor LM-1809, $5.95.	The spirited novelties of this collection (a "Bouquet" quadrille, in addition to "Kreuz Fidel" and "Freikugeln" polkas) are better played than the boomy, driving versions of the "Tales from the Vienna Woods," "Blue Danube," and "Morning Papers" waltzes. Uncommonly good sound.
Tartini: Concerto in A. Enzo Altobelli, cello, with I Musici. Angel 35086, $5.95.	A strong work of the Italian master, played with glowing tone and refined nuance by 'cellist Altobelli, a member of the conductorless group calling itself I Musici ("The Musicians"), due soon in this country for a tour. The generous disc also includes a Rossini "sonata" arranged by Casella, and other works of Galuppi and Marcello. In all, the standard of execution is high, the enthusiasm for the material communicative. Fine sound.
Tchaikovsky: "Capriccio Italien." Rimsky-Korsakov: "Capriccio Espagnol." Hermann Scherchen conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Westminster LAB-7002, $7.50.	Given time enough, it was only a question of which manufacturer would hit on the idea of putting less music on a record than anybody else and charging more money for it. The justification, in Westminster's view, is that by spreading the sound over more area, the quality results are sufficiently enhanced to give the all-out hi-fi enthusiast just what he wants. Whether that includes a plastic container complete with zipper may be questioned, but here it is. As sound, I do not find it measurably superior to Westminster's best to warrant the extra charge, a view that may be affected by the further opinion that Scherchen is not the liveliest hand for music of this sort. Plenty of sound, however, and beautifully processed.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6. William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Capitol P-8272, $5.70.	Another highly creditable effort by Steinberg, providing a truly musical "Pathetique" with no striving for false heroics or extraneous "drama." The viewpoint is maintained consistently from first to last, and with thorough artistic purpose. The sound, though clear, is lacking in the sensuous quality wanted, especially in the strings. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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L'Anthologie Sonore on LP

FEW tools have stood the teaching of music history in better stead than the hundred and thirty or so records of *L'Anthologie Sonore*. In the last few years, since the enlargement of the recorded repertory, the accomplishments of the collection were no longer unique and its fame diminished a little; but starting in the early Thirties the *Anthologie* had reigned unrivalled in record libraries. Now the series of records is to be issued on LP by the Haydn Society, and thus *L'Anthologie Sonore* will again stand as a living monument to the centuries of European music represented in it, and on another level, to its founder and first artistic director, Curt Sachs.

The first instalment of ten LP's has come out (AS 1-5, 8, 19, 31, 33, 34), including samples of music from Gregorian chant to Josquin, and some sixteenth- and eighteenth-century works. This represents perhaps one-third of the original 78-rpm catalogue, plus some new recordings, for the anthology is still growing. The newer additions give credit to Félix Raugel for the artistic direction, and if he was responsible for the choice of the Luca Marenzio Ensemble and the Netherlands Vocal Quartet to sing the Italian and Flemish music the future of *L'Anthologie* promises well.

For teaching purposes *L'Anthologie* will continue to perform an important function as well as ever, and now surely many single records will find their way into private collections. One might express two hopes: that performance standards will be those of contributors like the groups mentioned above or of Safford Cape's Pro Musica Antiqua, for it is regrettably true that some early *Anthologie Sonore* records contributed vividly to the prevalent association of early music with disagreeable sounds; further, that extended works will be given complete, for one who has listened to the ten recorded movements of Banchieri's "Maundy Thursday Entertainment" can only be intensely disappointed on finding out that there are half again as many choruses that he cannot hear. —MICHAEL STEINBERG.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: "Bist du bei mir," also songs of Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Strauss. Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, with Gerald Moore, piano. Angel 35023, $5.95.	The first of these is rather dully sung, but once Miss Schwarzkopf is into the nineteenth century, she does such things as Beethoven's "Wonne der Wehmut," Schubert's "Litanei," Schumann's "Auftraege," Brahms's "Och, Modr, ich well en Ding han.," Strauss's "Schlechtes Wetter," and Wolf's "Mausfallen-Sprüchlein" with artful voice and full interpretative understanding. The piano playing of Moore and the reproduction are both first class.
Beethoven: Sonatas No. 7 in C minor (opus 30, No. 2) and G major (opus 96). Ruggiero Ricci, violin, with Friedrich Gulda, piano. London LL-104, $5.95.	Musically speaking, this could be the beginning of a beautiful friendship, with Ricci's incisiveness a good spur to Gulda's scholarship. I am particularly partial to the playing of the G major, which, if it does not exhaust the possibilities in this great work, shows them in a most attractive light. Some of Gulda's phrasing is as fine as anything he has ever accomplished on records. Excellent sound and balance.
Debussy: Sonata. Ginette, Jean Neveu. Also Ravel: "Tzigane." Angel 35128, $5.95.	The characteristic virtues of Neveu's art (see Sibelius Concerto in RECORDINGS REPORT I) are the matters of interest here, for the reproduction of her violin and the brotherly piano are not what we expect today. The collection includes the Chausson "Poème" (with Issay Dobrowen conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra), in which the recording is a liability. Neveu's playing of the Richard Strauss sonata would have been preferable.
Debussy, Fauré: Sonatas. Christian Ferras, violin, with Pierre Barbizet, piano. London LL-909, $5.95.	This is the same pair of artists who produced an uncommonly satisfying performance of the Brahms D minor on Telefunken 66014 recently (RECORDINGS, June 26), and both of these performances are marked by thoughtfulness, care, and artistry. However, it strikes me the way of playing is a little rough for Debussy, a little coarse for Fauré. Excellent reproduction.
Debussy: "Petite Suite." Ravel: "Ma Mère l'Oye." Ethel Bartlett, Rae Robertson, duo pianists. M-G-M E-3114, $4.85.	These well-fingered, admirably planned performances of two works more often heard in later orchestral transcriptions are more interesting than still another version of the Saint-Saens "Carnival of the Animals," which is heard on the reverse side with orchestra conducted by Izler Solomon. The piano duets are much better recorded than the small-studio "Carnival."
Haydn: Quartets in C and B flat (Op. 64, Nos. 1 and 3). Wiener Konzerthaus Quartet. Westminster WL-5314, $5.95.	Two excellent and not overplayed works, given a warm-hearted, musically polished interpretation by the able Viennese ensemble. I have rarely heard quartet recordings as good as this, and never better. Detail is crystal clear, mass suitably sonorous.
Milhaud: "Poèmes Juifs." Fauré: Chanson d'Ève. Irma Kolassi, mezzo, with André Collard, piano. London LL-919, $5.95.	Kolassi delivers both of these oddities with taste and excellent musical detail, though the white quality she affects pales with extended listening. This applies especially to the absorbing Fauré cycle, to which she gives better service to the texts than to the tones. Considering the nature of this material, it would seem the purchaser would be entitled to more than mere summaries of the texts, and not very illuminating ones at that. The sound is excellent in texture, and well-balanced.
Mozart: "Masonic Funeral Music," also Cantatas K. 429, 471, 477, 623. Bernhard Paumgartner conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra and Chamber Choir. Epic LC-3062, $5.95.	If this is a sample of what the Mozart bicentennial will produce, phonographically, it will be an enlightening time, indeed. The gravely beautiful funeral music is not unknown, and it is very well played here; the unfamiliar cantatas contain much exalted music in the manner of the solemn moments of "Magic Flute," but the performances are decidedly uneven. Neither Rudolf Christ nor Erich Majkut is comfortable in the tenor range of the works they sing, and Walter Berry's bass is gruff for his tasks. However, the relationship of certain passages to Beethoven's "Ode to Joy" has a special interest of its own. Big, spacious recording.
Mozart: "Kleine Nachtmusik" and "Musikalischer Spass." Wiener Konzerthaus Quartet, Westminster WL-5315, $5.95.	A delightful pairing not only of works, but also of performers and reproduced quality, which is especially fine in the "Kleine Nachtmusik." Some of the humor in the "Musical Joke" is toned down by the refinement of the playing, but it is, on the whole, very well done. The added bass and horn players are excellent.
Schubert: Quartet in D minor. Vienna Philharmonic Quartet. Telefunken LGX-66016, $5.95.	What real claim these musicians have on the title is unknown to me, for the performance, though enthusiastic, is hardly as polished as the attribution would lead one to expect. Too much muddy intonation, and unclear detail in the middle voices to compete with earlier editions by the Amadeus, Budapest, Koeckert, and Wiener Konzerthaus groups. The recording is admirably clear, but the tone lacks vibrance.
Schumann: Fantasia, opus 15, "Kinderscenen." Clifford Curzon, piano. London LL-1009, $5.95.	The usually reliable Curzon plays this challenging work with affection and much understanding, though not always with the sense of structure needed to keep it from becoming discursive. There are, also, more than a few wrong notes at exposed places. Much of the "Kinderscenen" is expressively proportioned, with enough but not too much sentiment for such matters as "*Traümerei*" and "Der Dichter spricht." Rich piano sound, well processed.
Verdi: "Di provenza il mar" ("Traviata") and various other arias. Robert Weede, baritone, with the Concert Arts Orchestra directed by Nicholas Rescigno. Capitol P-8279, $5.70.	Weede's big, lustrous baritone voice has long merited the kind of attention it has here, in a repertory that ranges from "Eri tu" to "Pari siamo," "Cortigiani" to "Il Balen," Ford's "E sogno" to Iago's "Credo," and Rodrigo's "O Carlo ascolta" from "Don Carlo." Weede leaves no doubt of his ability to sing all of them well, though I prefer the quieter, more lyric ones such "Di provenza" and "O Carlo ascolta" to those in which Weede is mentally matching himself with some other robust baritone and vocally overmatching himself. Both the voice and the sizable orchestra are powerfully reproduced.
Villa-Lobos: "Impressoes Sereseiras," "A Mare Encheu," and other pieces. Ellen Ballon, piano. London LD-9095, $4.95.	The gracious and even striking ideas of Villa-Lobos deserve a more suitable intermediary than the not too invigorating Ballon, whose piano tone is more than any recording skill can render attractive. The pieces, for those who insist otherwise, are titled "Pobre céga," "O pinto de Cannahy," Choros No. 5, and "Passa, passa, gaviao." —I. K.

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THE OTHER SIDE

BRITISH BACH TO DYLAN THOMAS

LONDON.

WHEN I saw that Decca was to release Bach's Sonatas and Partitas for solo violin, played by Emil Telmanyi, the prospect did not seem particularly enticing. As it happens, however, the advance information failed to stress the most important aspect of these performances, one which makes them of unusual interest to anybody who has ever struggled with these works, be it as executant or as a mere listener. For Telmanyi uses the Vega Bach Bow, a modern derivation of the type of bow (looking far more like the sort we associate with arrows) Bach had in mind when he composed this music, one which enables the violinist to play sustained chords on all four strings. The result, to me at any rate, is a revelation, especially in the fugal movements and in the great Chaconne. Telmanyi's skill is not always equal to the demands made upon it—one must realize, too, that a bow which stays on the strings virtually the whole time throws a far greater load of responsibility on the player's left hand—but his performances show a profound understanding of the music and, thanks to the Vega bow, come far closer to a realization of Bach's intentions than any I have yet heard; they are, moreover, flawlessly recorded.

From Oiseau-Lyre comes a most important contribution to the recorded repertoire of the seventeenth century, a major work by Lully, whose music has been shamefully neglected on LP until now. It is his Miserere, a splendid and dignified setting for a concertante group of soloists, full chorus, strings, and organ. Professor Anthony Lewis directs the impressive performance and his strong team of soloists includes Margaret Ritchie, Elsie Morison, Alfred Deller, and Richard Lewis. From the same source, too, comes Purcell's delightful ode, "Come, Ye Sons of Art," one of several such works composed for successive birthdays of Queen Mary, consort of William III. Among its many charming numbers is the famous duet, "Sound the Trumpet," here sung by two countertenors with wholly captivating results.

HMV's October list contains little of interest except for Toscanini's overwhelming performance of Beethoven's Missa Solemnis. To be sure, Vittorio Gui, with the Glyndebourne Festival (Royal Philharmonic) Orchestra, provides agreeable readings of Haydn 95 and Mozart 39; a rather less than stylish Schubert C major Symphony comes from the Hallé under Barbirolli, while Malko and the Philharmonia are heard in not particularly idiomatic performances of Dvorak's "Slavonic Dances" (on two records, with Grieg's "Lyric Suite" as "fill-up"), but the Missa would have overshadowed more notable issues than these. Somewhat surprising is the sudden emergence of the Rubinstein-Heifetz-Feuermann "Archduke" Trio, which never appeared here in the days of SP. Nor does HMV give any indication on record or sleeve that this is, in fact, a "historic" disc (not every young music-lover can be expected to know how long Feuermann has been dead!), scarcely comparable with modern recordings from a technical point of view. So far, at any rate, there is no sign here of any

(*Continued on page* 83)

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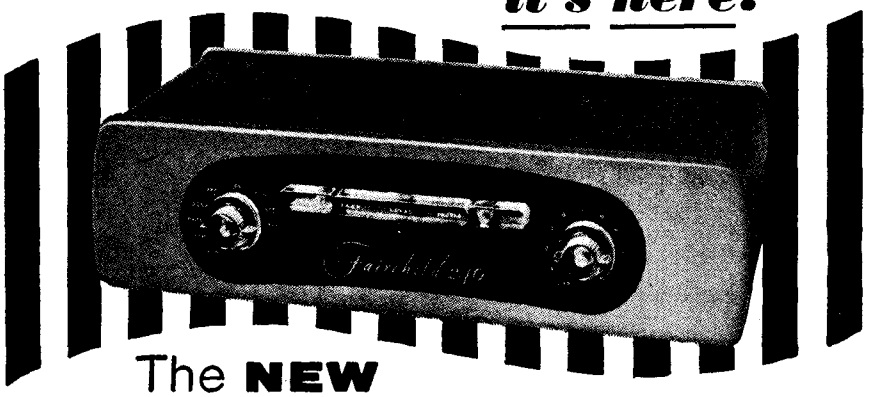

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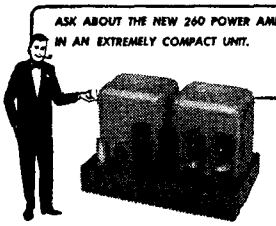

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POP ROUNDUP

Music Halls, Jazz, and Les Femmes

IN RECENT months several labels concerned exclusively heretofore with "serious" repertory have ventured cautiously into the popular field. Cautiously—a few French *chansons*, a little jazz—imported, or produced here at reasonable cost, but occasionally with consummate taste.

Such taste characterizes a group of discs from Vanguard. There's an especially effective set of CHANSONS DE JACQUES PREVERT (VRS 7018), divided among Cora Vaucaire and Michele Arnaud—sopranos, and Eric Amado—baritone. The poet Prevert's autumnal palette, typified by his best-known song, "Les Feuilles Mortes," fulfils itself in company with Kosma's music, often attaining the art-song category. Certainly these *chansons* are unlike anything from Tin Pan Alley. Prevert's sometimes surrealist or abstract introspective musings are a far cry too from the product of our own lyrist laureate, Oscar Hammerstein II, whose own artistic tie may be closer than we've admitted to our own Edgar Guest. The closest thing we have to the *chanson*, I believe, would be the sophomorish stuff on which several bad East Side singers sustain their cults. At any rate, the Prevert article is further distinguished here by the performances of Mlle. Vaucaire, who interprets the above-mentioned "Feuilles" as well as the soaringly lovely soliloquy "Cet Amour." I look forward to hearing more *chansons* sung by Cora Vaucaire.

There is more Prevert-Kosma on one side of another Vanguard issue, GERMAINE MONTERO SINGS SONGS OF PARISIAN NIGHTS (VRS 7005). There are two "children's" songs, wistfully sad, while one, "En Sortant de l'Ecole," is purely surrealistic. Mlle. Montero reveals her versatility in the overside's "Tha-ra-ra-boom-de-he," the international music-hall rouser, and then there's a nonsensical period-piece, "Belleville-Menilmontant," by Aristide Bruant, the chap whose songs are best remembered for their Lautrec covers. It's sung here purportedly in the style of Yvette Guilbert.

While on the "music hall" beat, there's a new twelve-inch collection by the Eternal Parisian, MAURICE CHEVALIER—PARIS JE T'AIME (Columbia CL-568). Chevalier's high-spirited projection, his Daumier-like portrayals of the bourgeois *chasseur*, are as delightful as ever. Aram Avakian's forthright album notes, with complete, excellent translations, provide a model for most of the other labels producing this sort of thing.

While Chevalier professes his love of Paris and *les femmes*, Annie Corday proclaims in similarly saucy, bubbling fashion MOI, J'AIME LES HOMMES (Angel 64006). This is musical-comedy material performed by a real expert. . . . And over on the left (bank, that is), straight from the existentialist cellars, we're told, we have Juliette Greco in ST. GERMAIN DES PRÉS (Columbia 569). Mlle. Greco has a rich, throaty sound, and she impresses as an intelligent actress who enjoys singing. For material she also has turned to Prevert and Kosma, and she has come up with such as "Je suis comme je suis," in the best *demi-monde* tradition established by the earlier Dietrich and

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Piaf. On the other side of the twelve-inch disc are two excerpts from Kurt Weill's masterpiece, "The Three Penny Opera." "Barbara" and "Pirate Jenny" are sung in French, and Mlle. Greco's intense acting-singing often approaches the effectiveness of Lotte Lenya's original.

Vanguard informs us that the Boheme Bar in Vienna is a favorite hangout of the international set. The big attraction, it seems, is a polylingual miss called Liane, who, as advertised, sings German songs like Dietrich, French like Piaf or François, and English like Hildegarde or better. Most important, Liane sings each song as it should be sung, and she has turned out three very attractive discs. In each she is accompanied by the Boheme Bar Trio, which on its own contributes an assortment of dance medleys and operetta potpourris. The most recent issue is THE BOHEME BAR (Vanguard VRS 7013). The previous set, CAFE CONTINENTAL (VRS 7007) contains my own Liane favorite, "Deinetwegen"; and then there is the initial release in the series, A CONTINENTAL COCKTAIL (VRS 7002).

BACK to our own hemisphere, several of our more distinctive vocal stylists are represented by unusually tasteful programs newly released. A comparative newcomer is heard in WARM, INTIMATE SONGS IN THE JERRY SOUTHERN STYLE (Decca DL-5531), and the more familiar Peggy Lee may be heard in PEGGY —SONGS IN AN INTIMATE STYLE (Decca DL-5539). In both you can almost feel the singer's hot breath. Actually the best tunes are contained in the Southern set, and she turns out to be a musical, jazz-wise singer. "All in Fun" was one of the better Kern-Hammerstein songs that went down the drain with "Very Warm for May," but Miss Southern rescues it, complete with its delicious verse. One of her novel contributions is "Cabin," an enterprising piece of word-painting by Tennessee Williams, with music by Paul Bowles. Miss Lee's selection consists mainly of offbeat items, several of which she herself wrote. In "Baubles, Bangles, and Beads" (from "Kismet"), she's the same swingin' gal who made "Why Don't You Do Right" one of Benny Goodman's big hits back around 1942. Peggy's debt to Billie Holiday is evident in most of her ballads. The model has a new set too, BILLIE HOLIDAY (Clef MGC 161), and I wish I could go along with my colleagues' general enthusiasm for this one. I suspect most of them are applauding what this wonderful artist was, but here I feel she is caricaturing her own highly-distinctive manfun have departed, leaving only an exaggerated sweetness that palls in nerisms, and that the bitterness and short order.

You'll undoubtedly be hearing a great deal about a young jazzman, Don Elliott, so I'd like to hurry and register among the early "discoverers" of this unique talent. Elliott is represented this month in a collection, THE DON ELLIOTT QUINTET (RCA LJM 1007) and in it he performs on mellophone, trumpet, vibraphone, and bongos. He also composed four of the numbers, and sings one ballad, "I Just Don't Care Any More." Regardless of the vehicle, Elliott swings, relaxed and forceful. He gets a beautiful tone on trumpet and mellophone (a close relative to the French horn), plays everything lyrically, and avoids cliches with no apparent effort. On trumpet he combines the best elements of Harry James and Bobby Hackett, but he also has a working acquaintance with the modern school. Perhaps the best trumpet example is his sixteen-bar solo on "I Just Don't Care Any More," between his own Sinatra-inspired vocals. His vibes solo on "Laura" is no less creditable. Young Mr. Elliott is obviously a remarkable fellow. —BILL SIMON.

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SPOTLIGHT ON THE MODERNS

Bartók, Copland, and Petrassi

TWENTIETH-CENTURY composers have drifted away from program music not because it proved inadequate as a mold for great works, but because these were often achieved in spite, not as a result, of the stories deployed. It was evident after a while that if the sequence of events precluded proper musical development, the one could not extenuate for the absence of the other, since the events were not presented within the immediate experience but stored, rather, in the listener's mind. I remember a concert at which "Salome's Dance" replaced "Till Eulenspiegel" without notice, and one listener read all the merry pranks into the epic strip-tease.

Curiously, the void left by the tone poem's decline has been so thoroughly filled that the proportion of "absolute" works to those with a story has not changed since Berlioz. I refer to the upswing of ballet. Concert audiences craving a peg of recognizable symbols on which to hang tonal relations they claim not to "understand" do not distinguish between ballet scores and tone poems. Indeed, at times there is no difference. Bartók's "Wooden Prince," a ballet of 1916 only now recorded for the first time (Bartók 308 and 308a), has all that the Romantic tone poem ever had. A synopsis with thirty-eight musical examples enables us to know what the characters are up to at every moment.

Covering three LP sides, the score lags, like some program music, in the interests of the story. But a ballet composer may point out with clean conscience that the music without the stage components is not the total work. Still, it is nice to hear this music. There is quality in the way it applies the sumptuous colors that Stravinsky's Russian ballets established as a vogue around the time it was written. The lovely sounds, excellently produced under Susskind's direction and superbly recorded in London's Kingsway Hall, fall pleasantly on the ear.

Bartók's next theatre piece, "The Miraculous Mandarin," though following the same coloristic tradition, reveals the composer as having absorbed, in the two intervening years, the bolder and more striking devices in the air (Mercury 50038). Its greater incisiveness is also due to the violent plot that replaces a romantic fairy tale. It comes down to us in a condensed concert version, but still unfolds like a tone poem. The new LP, with Dorati leading the Chicago Symphony, is more forceful and disciplined than the one made by Serly for Bartók Records. But the blaring brass stands too much in relief, and in general there is too much reverberation. In some ways, then, the earlier LP is superior, but Dorati's dynamism is final arbiter. The coupling with Kodaly's commonplace "Peacock Variations" only serves to crowd the grooves, which may be one reason why Bartók Records, which spread the ballet over two sides, got neater sound.

The streetwalker's siren call in "The Miraculous Mandarin," a coy clarinet recitative, provides a structural element for the music by separating the violent episodes of the thieves for whom she is a decoy. Often a plot is not so obliging, and it devolves on composers to create formal interest for a score to survive concerts. Not many have succeeded. One recipe is the series of set-pieces, roughly like arias, reflecting each scene's general mood without blow-by-blow musical continuity. Melody is important here, and the uses to which folk music may be put to this end have been brilliantly demonstrated by Copland in "Billy the Kid," with its cowboy tunes, and "Appalachian Spring," with its variations on a Shaker tune (Westminster WL 5286).

"Appalachian Spring" is now on five LPs (including one subscription release). It well merits this unprecedented attention for an American work. Also, the inadequacies of the earlier LPs amply justified Mitchell's adding a fifth. Utmost poise is needed to sustain this deceptively simple work and balance its subtle instrumentation. Mitchell comes mighty near the goal and Westminster's immaculate reproduction helps enormously. It is a pity the strings are weak. In the third variation their runs punctuating a two-part brass counterpoint, are almost inaudible. (I also hear what sounds like tympani tuning up here.) This is a matter of engineering, but I suspect, too, that the National Symphony strings lack the resonance of the Boston's, as heard on the RCA Victor LP made

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from 78-rpms, nor do they seem capable, in the first *allegro,* of negotiating the giddy descents with the abandon of the men piloted by Koussevitzky. But Mitchell makes no cut in the score, and in other ways, too, he is more faithful than Koussevitzky. There is, however, a big slice out of the suite from "Billy," placing Capitol's version at an advantage. All in all, Westminster's LP is a good buy—the acoustical quality of the shooting scene in "Billy" being itself worth the price.

Transitions bind the parts of Copland's ballet music together, even in the suites. By contrast, the suites from Goffredo Petrassi's "Portrait of Don Quixote" (Vanguard VRS-447) and Prokofieff's "Chout" (Capitol P-8257) have pauses between the pieces, giving the effect of sampling incidents for which the thread is implied and for which no musico-dramatic evolution is provided. Where the music seems about to develop, the movement stops, or it lapses into specific dramatic reference, or into character or mood painting, which was natural enough for Prokofieff in 1915, under the shadow of Impressionism. Flair, orchestral skill, and a certain effective archness redeem him through truncated pieces that become frustrating after the first few. (In view of the none too salutary additive effect of the many fragments in a row, I do not regret Golschmann's omission of three of the twelve episodes from "Chout" in his recording with the St. Louis Symphony.)

The limitations of such suites are obvious now, and it is odd to find one coming within the past decade from anyone of Petrassi's reputation. His elegant, sparse orchestration shows him aware of late developments, and the work starts very promisingly with Hindemithian momentum. But it bogs down in non-transferable theatre music.

The symphonic synthesis from an opera, a genre now gaining ground, is close relative to the ballet suite, though more re-writing is involved. Prokofieff's Four Portraits from "The Gambler" (M-G-M E-3112) reveals him modeling himself as opera composer, in the best sense, on Tchaikovsky. This symphonic suite has too few striking ideas to hold interest throughout, but there are some fine spots, and the formula allows the material more opportunity for expansion than the episodic "Chout." The contrast between his wry music for a ballet about a buffoon, and the broad enveloping sounds for this contemporaneous tragic opera, is just one more indication of Prokofieff's remarkable scope.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

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Wagner

Continued from page 60

more than routine. Fortunately, the men of the cast offer a more uniform standard. Rudolf Schock, the Lohengrin, approaches his music as a lyric tenor, never shouts, never forces, and sings with moving beauty of tone. Josef Metternich, as Telramund, lacks some of the vocal ruggedness inherent in the role, but handles text and notes with skill at all times. After too many seasons of deadly dull Kings, it is a pleasure to hear the part sung so impressively by Gottlob Frick. The high F's that one thought had vanished with Bohnen and Andresen are there on the record. Frick, a basso con brio, helps move the entire performance along. The excellent orchestra and chorus of the Nordwestdeutschen Rundfunks, Hamburg, are ably conducted by Wilhelm Schüchter. Only one "cut" is made—the short ensemble between the final appearance of the swan and Lohengrin's farewell—and this is standard in almost every theatre except Bayreuth.

A smart degree of pacing puts the HMV recording on four double-faced LP discs. The new Bayreuth album of "Lohengrin" (London) occupies five. This latter performance is, of course, uncut; but the HMV omission of a brief ensemble which takes no longer than four minutes at most in the opera house can hardly affect the difference in overall timing between the two sets. The truth of the matter is that the Bayreuth "Lohengrin" drags mercilessly.

Taken on tapes from a live performance, this recording does project an undoubted feeling of theatre. Lohengrin, the mysterious one, is most always well away from the microphone. During the offstage trumpet calls which link the bridal chamber episode and the finale, scenery can be heard sliding by. The album suffers tonally from this haphazard moving about of the cast and "props" without at the same time achieving the on-the-spot excitement that might have compensated if the production were a musically stirring one. If Bayreuth makes further recordings, it is to be hoped that studio conditions will prevail.

Irving Kolodin has discussed the artistic and technical qualities of this "Lohengrin" [*SR* Apr. 10], and there is little to be added here without duplication. Astrid Varnay, as Ortrud, sings well and proves the most satisfactory of the cast. Wolfgang Windgassen, in the title role, varies radically from one page to the next. Hermann Udhe, as Telramund, and Josef Greindl, as the King, are just about adequate. I am inclined, perhaps, to favor the Elsa of Eleanor Steber a bit more than did Mr. Kolodin, especially in the lyrical passages of the second act. Joseph Keilberth's conducting, poised and solid, lacks ultimate animation. For those who require a new "Lohengrin" for their library the HMV is recommended, with a special salute to Margarete Klose.

NEW BOOKS ON SOUND: Leo L. Beranek has just published what undoubtedly will prove to be *the* long-awaited, all-round textbook on **"Acoustics"** (McGraw-Hill, $9). Frederick V. Hunt has just published, in **"Electroacoustics"** (Wiley, $6), the first complete study of the "transducers"—pickups, microphones, loudspeakers, etc.—that act as the soul of all audio equipment. And the fabulous Helmholtz (the founding father of audio as a science) is represented by a new reprint of his most famous work, **"On the Sensations of Tone"** (Dover, $4.95).

Another work that also promises to rank as high in engineering literature as those above do in theoretical literature now is nearing the end of its prodigious preparation, and within another year we surely can expect **"The Audio Engineers' Handbook,"** for which C. J. LeBel is editor-in-chief, and which McGraw-Hill is to publish as the desperately needed companion to its celebrated Radio Engineering handbooks by Henney and Terman. Meanwhile, if not in time for the Fair itself, at least soon thereafter, we shall have Edgar M. Villchur's **"Handbook of Sound Reproduction,"** a detailed textbook course in audio principles, issued in book form by *Audio* magazine, where it attracted professional and amateur interest during its serialization, June 1952 to April 1954.

Yet all this isn't all there is, at least for any bookshelf-builder who is willing to enlarge his library—and his interests—to cover some of the still more specialized or peripheral audio subjects. In the former class there are Dorf's **"Electronic Musical Instruments"** (*Audio* magazine, $7.50) and Eby's **"Electronic Organs"** (Van Kempen, $5), plus a second edition of Douglas's **"Electronic Music Manual"** (Pitman, $6)—for the resolute few who have not yet found this originally promising field as eventually sterile as it seems to me. In the latter class the so-called "volley" theory of hearing get its most impressive presentation in the admirably lucid **"Physiological Acoustics,"** by Wever and Lawrence (Princeton, $10).

—R. D. DARRELL.

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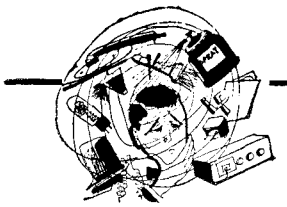

HI-FILINGS

Storing Your Records

TWO problems which are fast becoming of major importance to the average music-lover are the storage and filing of his record collection. Most music-lovers quickly outgrow the skimpy, record-storage space (if any) allotted in conventional radio-phonograph cabinets. Many, also, are acquiring components, in which this consideration properly has no part. The record collection soon begins to overflow into linen closets, dresser drawers, etc. This of course adds to the already overcrowded conditions caused by inadequate closet space in the average modern apartment or home.

The problem is further complicated by the need for records to be stored in an area of even temperature and humidity to reduce the possibility of warpage. This automatically precludes the use of the cellar or attic, even when available. Since a record collection is used frequently, its proper place is in the living room, to be readily available.

Unfortunately, the living room is usually the most crowded room in the home, what with furniture, radio, television, and record-playing equipment all vying for space. Wall space is at a premium. One solution to this problem, however, became available some time ago, taking the form of wall and room-divider installations. These "built-in" installations are both sightly and practical, offering a large variety of space-saving interiors. Many provide space for record storage.

There are two obstacles which restrict the widespread use of this type of installation. First, they are usually custom built, and consequently expensive. Second, these installations are invariably designed for a specific location or room. Very rarely was it possible to move them once they were installed. This limited their utility in rented apartments or homes.

Both of these important problems have been solved by the new Aristo-Bilt cabinets. These cabinets are relatively inexpensive and may be easily installed by anyone. When desired they may be removed and reinstalled in either another location in the same room, in another room, or in an entirely new location.

The Aristo-Bilt units are available in many forms. There are record-storage units, desk units, bookshelf units, drawer units, for which the woman of the house will be very thankful, units designed to house radio and record-playing equipment, and units in which the smaller loudspeaker enclosures, such as the type made famous by the R.J. enclosure, may be housed. These units are all matching and may be used individually or in combination.

A single unit is the least expensive method of housing a small music-reproducing system and a record collection. This method of housing has the additional advantage of being expendable as the record collection grows.

Since these Aristo-Bilt units are all available, unpainted, they may be stained or painted to match or blend with any interior. Their versatility is further increased by the different varieties of bases available. The bases are designed to blend with either modern or traditional interiors.

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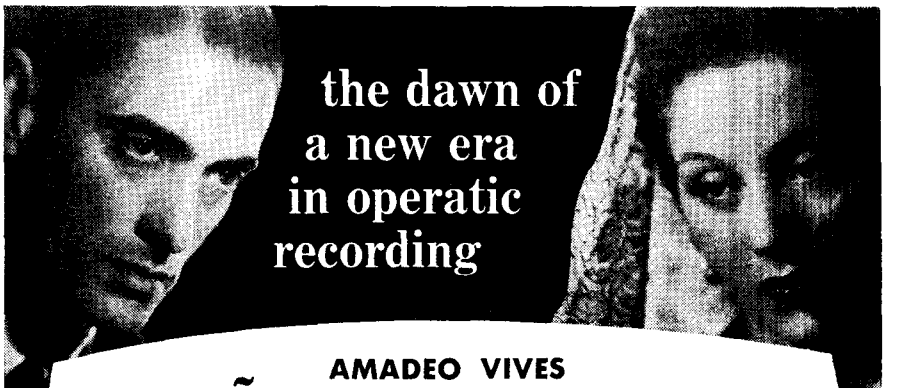

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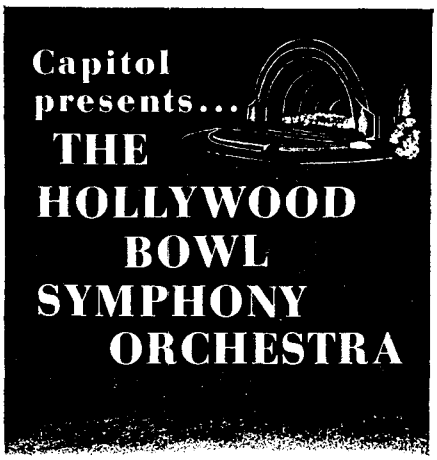

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Once the problem of record storage is solved there remains one other, which becomes more and more annoying as a collection grows. This is the filing and cataloging of the collection. The filing and cataloging in themselves are fairly simple, but marking the individual records for easy identification proves a bigger problem. The proper position for an identifying marker is obviously on the spine of the LP record sleeve where it can be seen, but unfortunately, this space does not lend itself to the use of conventional labels because of its narrow width. Until recently the writer was unable to devise a simple, inexpensive, and uniform method of identification.

One day while reading a photography magazine he noticed an advertisement for small labels which were designed for use in identifying color slides during projection. These labels were of the pressure sensitive type which require no moistening. They were about three-eighths of an inch in diameter and were numbered from one to one thousand. In addition, they were available in five different colors. These Numbatabs, manufactured by the Saunders Co. of Rochester, N. Y., proved ideal for record labeling.

The writer uses red labels for orchestral records, green labels for chamber music, blue labels for instrumental records, black labels for operatic selections, and the orange labels for choral and song. These labels provide a uniform, easily applied device for identifying individual records. —HAROLD A. WEILER.

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The Other Side

Continued from page 75

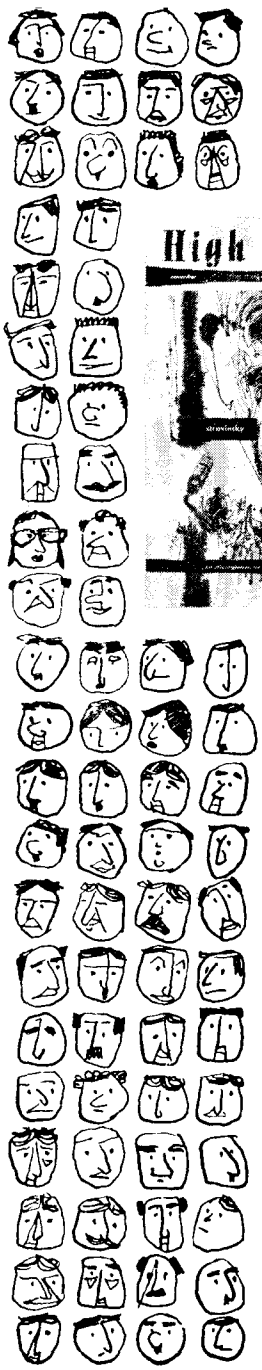
identifiable historical series comparable to Victor's "Treasury."

Columbia-Angel, in addition to several operatic issues already known in the U.S. offers its usual quota of discs featuring the Philharmonia Orchestra. The strings, under Karajan, contribute a virtuoso performance of Britten's youthfully clever "Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge," coupled with an excessively high-powered account of Vaughan Williams's noble "Tallis Fantasia." Two further issues find Kletzki at the helm; the first closes a surprising gap in our catalogues with the first English LP version of Borodin's Second Symphony (backed by Ippolitov-Ivanov's "Caucasian Sketches"), the other introduces a new violinist of outstanding gifts, Johanna Martzy, in an admirable performance of the Brahms Concerto. Pianist Denis Matthews and conductor Rudolf Schwarz continue their fruitful association with two further Mozart concertos, K.414 in A and K.449 in E flat; in the Schumann Piano Concerto Gieseking shows a tendency to succumb to Karajan's unduly slick phasing.

That splendid string ensemble, I Musici, confirm the favorable impression created by their record debut last month by a further selection from their repertoire (G. Gabrieli, Albinoni, Marcello, and Vivaldi), while Columbia's projected Beethoven Quartet series by the Hungarian Quartet is initiated by mellifluous but, to my ears, rather superficial performances of Op. 18, Nos. 1 and 2. The brilliant young Hungarian pianist, Geza Anda, brings his powerful technique to bear on music that is literally "child's play" to him, Bartok's Sonatina and Vol. 1 of the collection entitled "For Children," the latter consisting of no fewer than forty separate pieces, while Gieseking disposes of six more Köchel numbers (including the sonatas, K.280 and K.310) in Vol. 3 of Mozart's complete piano works.

Argo, although the smallest of all our record companies, has managed to carve a distinctive niche for itself as Britain's main purveyors of recorded poetry. Its latest contribution in this field, perhaps the most rewarding so far, is devoted to the memory of Dylan Thomas, whose premature death last winter, while on a lecture tour in the USA, robbed us of one of the greatest poets of our age. "Under Milk Wood," described as "A Play for Voices," was composed for broadcasting and completed shortly before his death. When produced by the BBC earlier this year this kaleidoscopic picture of a day in the life of a small Welsh town created an indelible impression on all who heard it (and it has to be heard; merely to read it is scarcely more satisfying than reading a musical score), and Argo has now issued a recording of this broadcast—with Richard Burton and Hugh Griffith heading the large and brilliant cast, mainly composed of Welsh actors—on two LP discs. A further record, "Homage to Dylan Thomas," perpetuates a memorial evening which took place at London's Globe Theatre last January. This consists of Louis MacNeice's

"Requiem Canto," read by the poet, and a selection of Thomas's own poems read by Burton, Griffith, and Emlyn Williams. My own hope is that Argo, which is generously devoting all proceeds from these records to the Dylan Thomas Memorial Fund, will be able to coax from the BBC some recordings of the poet himself, for he possessed a unique microphone personality. —THOMAS HEINITZ.



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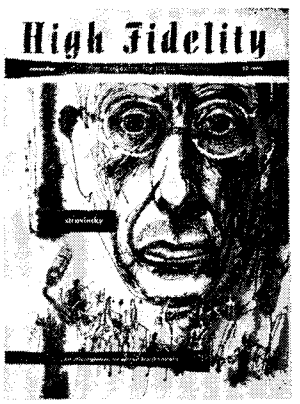

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A noted recording engineer, son of a famous composer, tells why "concert hall realism" is more often claimed than achieved.

"Scarlatti Forever".....by Fernando Valenti
Pity the poor harpsichordist who finds he has been trapped into recording the works of a composer who wrote 550 sonatas!

"Where Did THAT NOISE Come From?" by Irving Fried
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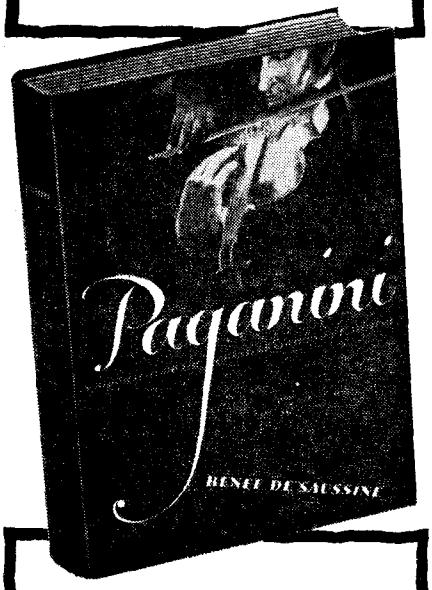
The dramatic biography of the greatest of all violin virtuosos



Paganini

By RENÉE DE SAUSSINE

Translated by Marjorie Laurie

Foreword by Jacques Thibaud

Using the records of Paganini's contemporaries as well as the violinist's own correspondence, Renée de Saussine, a violinist herself, creates an unforgettable picture of the virtuoso's infernal inspiration, his incredible talent, and his impact on the whole art of violin playing. And she communicates the strangeness of the man who was the object of both scandal and reverence, friend of such men as Rossini, Berlioz, and Balzac, but haunted all his life by his enemies.

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McGRAW-HILL

Musing

Continued from page 62

especially remarkable by the simplicity of their outline and the way in which this is adhered to. In most composers the instrumentation goes wild and the orchestral effects are designed merely to produce a momentary effect; they do not invariably sustain the architecture of the piece by their regular ordering. But in Beethoven the effects are, as it were, plotted in advance. They are like the disposition of regiments in a plan of battle . . .'" For owners of large Beethoven LP collections, Balzac may be a good man to stock up on this winter. Others need not apply.

Every now and then a novel will revive memories of quaint bygone days in the pre-fidelity era. Old-time audiophiles may experience a thrill of recognition on reading in Huxley's "Point Counter Point": "Spandrell led the way into his sitting room. The gramophone stood on the table. Four or five records lay scattered near it. 'Here's the beginning of the slow movement,' he went on, picking up one of them. . . . He wound up the clockwork, the disc revolved; he lowered the needle of the sound-box onto its grooved surface. More than a hundred years before, Beethoven, stone deaf, had heard the imaginary music of stringed instruments expressing his inmost thoughts and feelings. He had made signs with ink on ruled paper. A century later four Hungarians had reproduced from the printed reproductions of Beethoven's scribbles that music which Beethoven had never heard except in his imagination. Spiral grooves on a surface of shellac remembered their playing. The artificial memory revolved, a needle traveled its grooves, and through a faint scratching and roaring that mimicked the noise of Beethoven's convictions and emotions quivered out into the air . . ." The work in question is Opus 132. Reading that passage while listening to "La Mer" or Kostelanetz would be unthinkable. The perfect musico-literary balance requires a sense of what's appropriate, a feeling for the essential fitness of things. How much depends on it Leverkühn has already pointed out.

I will not mention here the hi-finatic who confines his "reading" to manuals, how-to-do-its, and inspirational literature. Art is too good for the likes of him. Let him read "How to Build a Cork-Lined Room," "20,000 Cycles Above C," or the recent "Be Glad You're Atonal." Or he could just listen and forget about reading.

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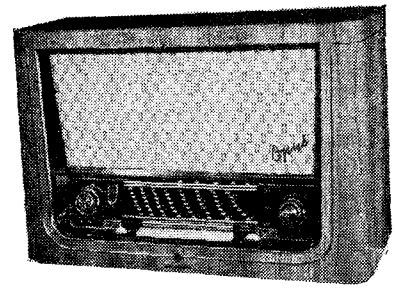

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Schoenberg

Continued from page 53

thing bound together to the time and rhythm of the music except where a Pause is indicated." [From Schoenberg's instructions for the speaking of Moses.]) It is a true dialogue, the two voices wrestling the argument, but there is also a contrapuntal economy as in an expository theological dialogue by Bach. The speaking voice and the singing voice can be heard together and, being free of the composer's tonal devices of inclusive harmony, can be understood speaking the two aspects of the thought at once.

The base of the drama is presented, a triangle standing on its point, or, if one prefer, a diamond figure, beginning and ending with the single voice of Moses. In the background a very large orchestra, three choruses, and a hierarchy of lesser soloists carry the involvement of the music. The burden of the argument may be summarized in its conclusion, when Moses and Aron together praise God with opposing epithets:

MOSES: "Inexorable
Thought-designing
Compels to
Fulfilment."

ARON: "Almighty
Who art the God of This
People
Free us of Pharaoh's
Tyranny!"

Leaving the theologian to do with these words as he will, let us examine now the political or philosophical aspect. The one leader, Moses, like Gandhi appealing to the Hindus and Moslems to live peaceably together, speaks to the inward voice, *pace* Freud, conscience. The other, the singing demagogue, appeals to the exclusive divinity of a freed people. At a lower level the second argument is very persuasive; at this level it may be recognized for what it is.

But the children of Israel have not been granted the dramatic vision here given us. They swarm around Aron and call for a blood-sacrifice. Now the choruses and the orchestra take the foreground, broken through by solo voices speaking for the people, Aron replying in his unendingly sweet song. The people describe out of their desires the God they wish and summon Aron to lead them. Moses retires to the rear, while Aron dominates the stage. Moses yields, and Aron exults: "I am the Word and the Deed!" He transforms Moses's staff into a serpent; he turns Moses's hand leprous and heals it; he changes the water of the river to blood. The argument, thus made false and vivid to the people, swings in favor of Aron; and the act ends in a hymn, alternating between Handelian grandeur and mob excitement, in honor of Aron's and the people's God.

There is now an interlude for chorus and orchestra. Moses has gone back up the mountain to speak again with God, and the devout call for him in his absence. Then the second act begins, the riot of the Golden Calf. In the absence of Moses, "my brother," Aron agrees to make an image to be worshiped. The Calf is hymned, and in the oncoming darkness the leaders of the people heal and sacrifice. A young man tries to prevent the blood-sacrifice and is killed. An orgy of dancing and bloodletting ensues. Klingsors and Kundries fling to the night enchanting vocal enticements.

And brooding over these words the reader may tell himself, I have heard enough of this sort of music, the emotional extremes of "Salome" and "Elektra," "Wozzeck" and "Lulu." What more is there to be oversaid? Schoenberg has avoided this fault of excessiveness as he has avoided so many others: excessive orchestration

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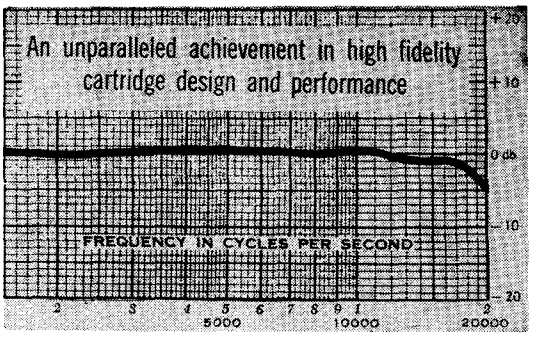

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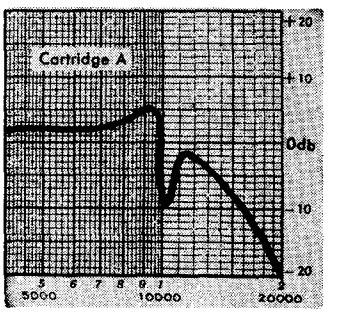

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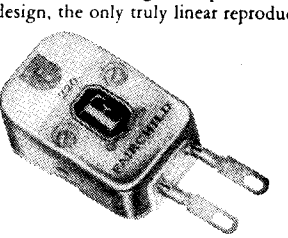

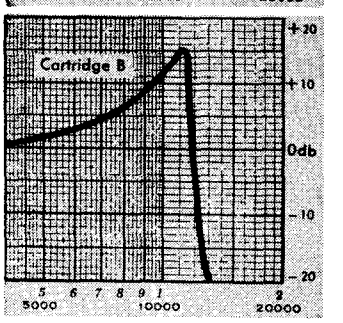

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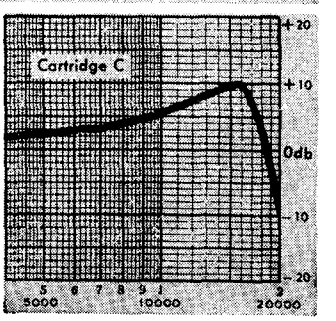

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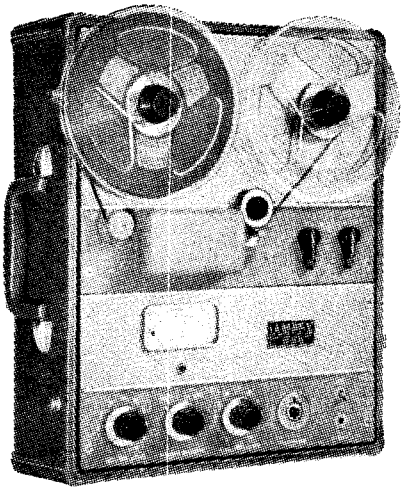

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and harmony, recurrent climaxes, frenzy for its own sake. Even the single tone-row upon which the entire opera is composed has been designed so that one is never aware of it, only of the melodic and rhythmical symmetry that it imposes. It is a row of unparalleled simplicity—or can one row be simpler than another?—and of unparalleled versatility, entirely in small intervals, fragmented in contrasting motion. Reading the row, its variants, and their mirrors, in the little notebook Schoenberg kept with his manuscript for reference, one seems to hear the notation of an abstract speech.

THROUGH the darkness and the glare of night the orgy continues, to music as restrained as it is continuously suggestive. The music accompanies the dance and does not try to take its place, reports agonies and tumult without seeking to imitate them. The long orchestral interlude, broken in upon by voices and choral outcries, conveys the scene to the mind but leaves the visible action to the stage. The instrumental music complements, develops, accentuates, carries into further dimensions, conveys news of place and situation. The enlarged orchestra does not overpower the performers; it is controlled by a composer who was always during his mature life a chamber musician, one who indicated much by little, mass by extension or equally by concentration, who allowed space for silence, who knew that a voice speaks and stops.

And then the people see Moses come down from the mountain, carrying the tables of the Law God has spoken to him.

Moses asks: "Aron, what have you done?"

Aron answers: "Nichts neues! Nothing new. Only my job . . ." The leader of the people!

"At whose command?"

"As always I followed the voice in me." Irony, and for Arnold Schoenberg an especial irony! Aron is defending himself with words of Moses.

In the presence of Moses the Calf vanishes, and the second dialogue of Moses and Aron begins. Aron pleads the necessity of a symbol, a man-made image, visible and external,

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to which men may direct their worship. Moses denies this and pleads his difficult, abstract word, symbolized by the Tables of the Law. Aron throws back at him that the Tables of the Law, too, are an image. Moses despairing, crying "Superstition!" breaks the Tables and in a final gesture of the speaking voice sinks to the earth:

O Wort, du Wort, das mir fehlt!
"Oh Word, Thou Word, that fails me."

The triangle or diamond stands on its apex. Here the opera ends, by the original design incomplete of its third act, which consists of another dialogue between Moses and Aron in the desert. Aron is a prisoner; Moses reproaches him for his defection. The soldiers offer to kill Aron, but Moses orders him freed; freed, he dies. Moses speaks to the elders of the people the last message of his renewed faith: "But in the desert you shall be invincible and shall achieve your destiny: in union with God." It is the hard promise of consolation; it is not optimism. Schoenberg's devotion to humanity was too great to let him swerve from the path of conviction. For twenty years until his death the opera lay in his workroom, emotionally and esthetically complete and still unfinished. Death then confirmed the decision.

Having in mind the structure of the plot and its argument one may now consider the dates of the opera: the words written during the later 1920's, the music begun at Lugano in 1930, continued at Meran 1930; the first act completed at Territet, July 14, 1931; the second act begun at Berlin, July 26, 1931, and completed at Barcelona, March 10, 1932. In 1933 the Schoenberg family fled from Berlin to Paris. Shortly afterwards they came to America.

Schoenberg's art, like Bach's, is rigorous because it could not be otherwise. In them conscience was joined with duty and delight. Both were rejected by the spokesmen of the crowd. Their art is inclusive, not exclusive; their admirers learn to enter one by one.

Schoenberg's often simple, naive expression of his inward necessity has given laughter to sophisticated critics. Twice he has answered in such manner that, overhearing, they may be ashamed: in the music for mixed chorus, Peace On Earth *(Friede auf Erden)*, and in this tragic opera, an *ur*-form by which the inward spirit may measure the manifold activities and decisions of outward, political man.

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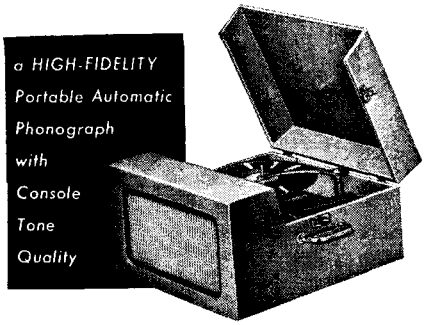

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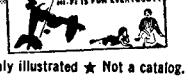

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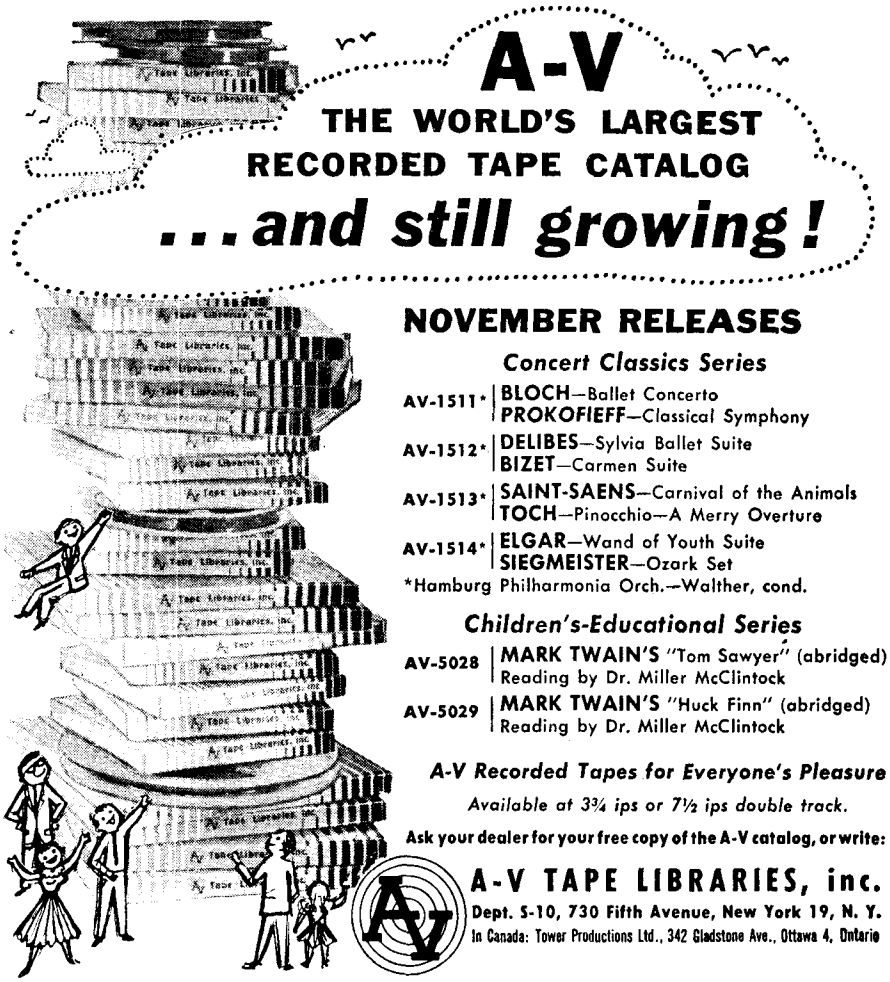

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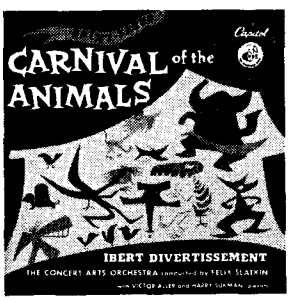

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Continued from page 69

depth in the slow movement of Opus 10, No. 3, the pathos of the tragic introduction of the "Pathetique." The "moonlight" of Opus 27, No. 2 loses its serenity when the constant triplet figure of the first movement becomes rhythmically hesitant in the effort to make the melody above it expressive. The first movement of the "Waldstein" has little spontaneity or urgency, and the profoundly beautiful modulations of the Adagio lack the emotional potentialities in the bold harmonic scheme. The prestissimo coda of the last movement is strangely cautious, wanting in drive and excitement.

DESPITE the pianistic splendor of the "Appassionata," it is anything but passionate, as particularly exemplified at that sublime moment at the end of the last variation of the Andante when the dream is suddenly interrupted by the unexpected diminished seventh; then follows the shattering tension of its shrieking repetition in the higher octave, and the overwhelming torrent and tragedy rushing down upon us. This is evidently alien to Backhaus's feeling about it.

These impressions are intensified in the last four sonatas. Although Backhaus's performances of these exalted works are obviously the result of a lifelong dedication, his characteristics grow more noticeable as the music grows in emotional depth. No music for the piano requires more beauty of tone, more eloquent expressiveness, and something of the unseen.

The recordings themselves vary in quality. In the set which came to me some had excellent piano sound and quiet surfaces. Others sounded edgy and thin, and disclosed pops, crackles, and even wows. Nevertheless, they are mechanically by all odds the finest obtainable.

It is to no artist's discredit not to be able to give all these prophetic works their complete due. This is not remarkable. What is remarkable is to be able to do so many of them with so much distinction.

Apropos, I recall a conversation with Rachmaninoff some years ago. His fabulous playing of Beethoven's first piano concerto as well as a few of the sonatas caused me to ask him if he had ever given thought to performing all thirty-two. "No," he answered. "Never. No artist can play everything equally well. And in the Beethoven sonatas there is everything."

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

WALTER-BRUCKNER?

IMAGINE MY great surprise and delight when I picked up my August 28 copy of *SR* and saw Winthrop Sargeant's article on Bruckner. Being a great admirer of that Austrian genius, it warmed my heart, though I might not go so far in my claims as Mr. Sargeant did. From my early high-school days when I heard radio performances of the old RCA Ninth and E minor mass, I have held this composer in singular esteem. Now, *when* I ask, will Columbia give us a Walter-Bruckner Fifth or Ninth and HMV a Furtwängler Bruckner Eighth?

JAMES L. FAHEY.

Milton, Mass.

SANTA FE TO BRUCKNER

JUST A LINE while vacationing in wonderful musical Santa Fe to tell you what a superior job Mr. Sargeant did on the Bruckner article. I am anxious to get home to play and replay my Bruckner symphonies now. Can't we have more similar articles?

JOHN BENNETT SHAW.

Tulsa, Okla.

BRUCKNER VS. BERLIOZ

THIS WILL PROBABLY be only one of many letters rebuting the statements in Mr. Sargeant's article. In column two on page 45 he states, "Bruckner was, to my mind, the only nineteenth-century symphonist to take symphonic form a step onward from where Beethoven left it." I would like to ask Mr. Sargeant whether he has even heard of the not-too-obscure nineteenth-century French composer named Hector Berlioz and what he thinks of Berlioz's contributions? Were not Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet" the logical continuations of the dramatic-symphony concept which Beethoven hinted of in his Ninth? Was not "Harold in Italy" the logical continuation of the concerto form after Beethoven's Fifth Piano Concerto? What of Berlioz's introduction of new instruments into the orchestra (such as the saxophone), his method of writing the entire orchestration for the orchestra without first reducing his ideas to a piano score, and last but not least his textbooks on modern orchestration? Were these to have no great influence on the evolution of the modern symphony?

L. J. BOGGESS, Lt., USN.

At Sea.

LOEWE VS. BRUCKNER

IN THE SARGEANT article on Bruckner I see no reason for the refusal to acknowledge the SPA release of the Loewe edition under the artistic direction of "the Munich Adler." While I admit I was attracted to this set (SPA 24/5) substantially as a fan and mentor of Frederick Charles Adler, and enticed into actually purchasing by the teasing tone-study of the fine "Overture in G minor" (filler side, SPA 24), performed with an audacious grace that might be called "gramophonic conception" (possible when conducting within the protecting walls of the Vienna studio where no Tomato Throwers would be admitted), my prolonged study of the Loewe version has awakened me to a hearty approval of its worth: artistically, musically, gramophonically. Granting that my enthusiasm be exceptional, and that as a creative musician myself I can feel free to condone—if not also sanction—the editorial license assumed by Ferdinand Loewe respecting the Ninth of Bruckner, nevertheless I do believe others might be willing to admit that this is the best recording available of Bruckner's unfinished "monument to Wagner."

E. R. PETRICH.

Seattle, Washington.

BRUCKNER IN AMERICA

SARGEANT'S "The Case for Bruckner" was greatly appreciated, for several reasons. A musician was talking shop and sense at the same time, and someone said some simple words about a very simple man (one of the simplest in music's rich history of characters) named Bruckner. Finally, "The Case for Bruckner" appeared in an American journal. So little is written about Bruckner and even less known about him here. As Toscanini once said, the further one is distanced from Germany the less one hears Bruckner.

Among the recordings Sargeant discusses, I am wondering why he omitted some wonderful releases (perhaps, he didn't hear them?). For instance, of the Fourth Symphony he mentions only the one conducted by Van Otterloo (Epic 6001), of which even *SR*'s Editor did not think too highly, whereas the older, but probably more adept, versions by Klemperer (Vox PL-6930), which also has the advantage of being played on one disc, and by Abendroth (Urania 401) should be preferable. The Seventh has a competitor in Boehm (Vox LP-7190) and in Jochum (Capitol P8067/8), both having probably superior orchestras than Beinum with his Concertgebouw.

In the whole, however, I agree with Sargeant that the older, 78-rpm versions, such as Hausegger's Ninth and Boehm's Seventh, were superior in their interpretation of Bruckner's "Great Cathedral," the spiral fugue toward Heaven.

DR. HANS A. ILLING.

Chicago, Ill.

BEETHOVEN IN D FOR PIANO

THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S usually unerring music editor stands to be corrected on his review of the Beethoven Concerto in D (Helen Schnabel, piano, with F. Charles Adler conducting) [*SR* RECORDINGS, Aug. 28]. In the first place, the concerto in the form here under discussion is not an "adaptation by the composer himself of his familiar

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  Chopin: Piano Concerto #1 ..R-44

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masterpiece." The D major concerto was composed in 1806 as a piano concerto and the adaptation which followed was the now familiar violin concerto. Furthermore, the composition first appeared in print in the original piano version. Secondly, I take issue with the Editor's statement that "it is not likely that many will consider the whole enterprise more than the satisfaction of a musicological curiosity." I, for one, find the piano version infinitely more interesting and appealing than the violin counterpart. . . . Many nuances which are lost in the violin version are brought out beautifully to the surface in the piano version.

JACK C. HARPER.

Columbus, Ohio.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As to the "intent" of Beethoven, deponent knoweth not; the prior publication of the piano version could have well been to safeguard the right of violin performance to Bridgetower, who introduced it. As to the merits of the two finished products, tastes may differ: but the greater suitability of the work to the violin rather than the piano seems to me overwhelmingly evident. Musical literature is abundant with works that started out in the composer's mind in one instrumental category and ended up in quite another. Brahms especially found second thoughts worth heeding. Finally, there is a letter quoted by Thayer in his monumental "Beethoven" to the English publishing firm headed by Muzio Clementi, in which arrangements are discussed for issue of various works of Beethoven. Among them is "a violin concerto, which is beautiful and which at my request he will adapt for the pianoforte." The "requester" was the head of the firm, Muzio Clementi.*

"FANTASIA CONTRAPPUNTISTICA"

IN REGARD TO Putnam Aldrich's article on the "Art of Fugue" ["Points Contrapunctus," *SR* July 31] I would like to draw attention to a work of considerable merit based entirely on the final, unfinished contrapunctus which deserves to be brought to light. It is the "Fantasia Contrappuntistica," by Ferruccio Busoni, written for two pianos. It treats each theme of Bach's in the modern idiom, exploring them all to the fullest. I heard it performed at City College, New York, last spring, and can only say that it is dramatic and stimulating.

DAVID BISHLER.

Long Beach, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Considering the steady inroads by LP impresarios on the musical literature, there would seem to be grounds for believing that Busoni's little-known work will eventually find its way into the catalogue.*

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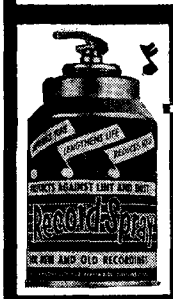

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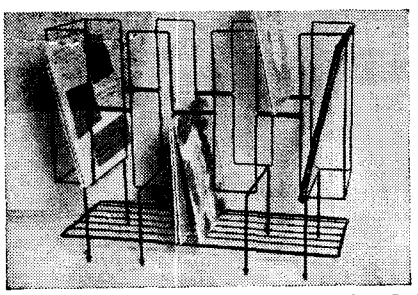

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